This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07485600 0

THE

WORKS

OF

Mr [redacted].

Presented by
Mrs. Henry R. Hoyt,
to the
New York Public Library

REHEARSAL at GOATHAM.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED BY JAMES POTTS, AT SWIFT'S-HEAD, IN DAME-STREET.
MDCCLXX.

THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. JOHN GAY.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CONTAINING,

THE CAPTIVES.
THE BEGGAR's OPERA.
POLLY, or, the SECOND PART of the BEGGAR's OPERA.
ACHILLES.
THE DISTRESS'D WIFE.
REHEARSAL at GOATHAM.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED BY JAMES POTTS, AT SWIFT'S-HEAD, IN DAME-STREET.
MDCCLXX.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
23[illegible]
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1921

THE

CAPTIVES:

A

TRAGEDY.

Splendidè mendax, & in omne Virgo
Nobilis ævum.

H.

TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCESS.

MADAM,

THE honour I received from Your ROYAL HIGHNESS, in being permitted to read this play to you before it was acted, made me more happy than any other ſucceſs that could have happened to me. If it had the good fortune to gain Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's approbation, I have been often reflecting to what to impute

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Phraortes,	Mr. *Wilks.*
Sophernes,	Mr. *Booth.*
Hydarnes,	Mr. *Mills.*
Araxes,	Mr. *Williams.*
Orbaſius,	Mr. *Bridgwater.*
Magi.	
Conſpirators.	

WOMEN.

Aſtarbe,	Mrs. *Porter.*
Captive,	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Doraſpe,	Mrs. *Campbell.*

THE

THE CAPTIVES.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Hydarnes, Conſpirators.

1ſt Conſpirator.

IS night near ſpent?

2d Conſp. 'Tis yet the dead of night;
And not a glimm'ring ray behind yon hills
Fore-runs the morning's dawn.

1ſt Conſp. Thus far w' are ſafe.

2d Conſp. Silence and ſleep throughout the palace reign.

1ſt Conſp. Succeſs is now ſecure.

2d Conſp. Are all aſſembled?

1ſt Conſp. Our number's not complete.

2d Conſp. What, not yet come!
Thoſe two were over-zealous. It looks ill.

1ſt. Conſp. Why fear ye? I'm their pledge. I know them brave.
They'll ſoon be with us and partake our glory.

Hyd. What mean theſe murmurs?

1ſt Conſp. If miſtruſt divide us,
Our enterprize is foil'd, and we are loſt.

Hyd. My vengeful heart pants for the glorious deed,

And my thirſt quickens for *Phraortes'* blood.
Why ſtops the lazy night?—O morning, riſe;
Call up the drowſy prieſts to the day's taſk;
The king to day the holy hill aſcends,
And proſtrate falls before the riſing ſun.

1ſt Conſp. The ſun ſhall riſe, but riſe to him n
For as he paſſes from the royal chamber
This ſtrikes him home.

2d Conſp. Let each man give him death.
We cannot be too ſure.

Hyd. Revenge is mine.
By him my father fell, by him my brothers;
They fail'd, they periſh'd in the great deſign:
Succeſs and vengeance are reſerv'd for me.
My father led the *Median* hoſts to battle,
And all the hoſts of *Media* ſung his triumphs.

1ſt Conſp. The people's hearts were his.

Hyd. The people ſaw
His royal virtues. He, to pleaſe his country,
Graſp'd at the ſceptre which *Phraortes* holds.
For this he ſuffer'd ignominious death:
His houſe was raz'd; my brave, unhappy broth
Fell in his ruin; I alone eſcap'd;
In baniſhment I've ſigh'd whole years away,
Unknown, forgot—But now, even in his glory,
Now, while he leads the *Perſian* princes captive,
And overflows whole nations with his armies,
I'll ſtab him to the heart.

2d Conſp. What ſound was that?

1ſt Conſp. Lights paſs acroſs the rooms, and ſteps
Move to the king's apartment. Sleep is fled,
And all the palace lives; *Phraortes* wakes.

2d Conſp. Huſh! hark again!

1ſt Conſp. The echoes of the night
Catch ev'ry whiſper.

2d Conſp. Some have overheard us.

1ſt Conſp. It muſt be ſo. The guards have to alarm
Our lives, (what's worſe) our enterprize is loſt!

2d Conſp. Retreat, my friends; let us reſerve our
For ſome more proſp'rous hour.

Hyd. You raiſe up phantoms,
Then ſtart at them yourſelves. Some ſickly qualm
Has wak'd the king too ſoon. Hence ſpring your fears,
Hence grows this mean ſurprize. Are theſe your boaſts?
Danger but whets the edge of reſolution,
And at each noiſe I graſp my dagger faſter.
Is every thing diſpos'd to give th' alarm
Among the *Perſian* captives? Hope of freedom
Will arm them on our ſide.

1ſt Conſp. Were the blow ſtruck,
The reſt would follow.

Hyd. See a gleam of light
Darts from the king's apartment. Man your hearts,
Be firm, be ready. Let not trembling fear
Miſguide your aim; let ev'ry wound be mortal.

1ſt Conſp. This way and that way danger preſſes near us.
Where ſhall we fly? The tread of nimble feet
Hurries from room to room, and all the palace
Swarms as at noon.

2d Conſp. Let us conſult our ſafety.

1ſt Conſp. To ſtay and to be taken is deſpair;
And what's deſpair? but poor, mean cowardice.
By timely caution heroes are preſerv'd
For glorious enterprize, and mighty kingdoms
Are levell'd with the duſt.

Hyd. Withdraw yourſelves.
Be ſtill, and liſten. Theſe will beſt inform us
If ſtill it may be done; or if the blow
Muſt be deferr'd. But huſh, they come upon us.

Enter Orbaſius, Araxes, *at one door; two* Magi *at the other, ſervants with lights.* Hydarnes *and* Conſpirators *liſtning.*

Ara. Whence come ye, rev'rend fathers; why theſe looks
Of terror and amaze? why gaze ye back
As if the ſtrides of Death ſtalk'd cloſe behind you?

1ſt Mag. The king ev'n at this ſolemn hour of night
Sent privately to call us to his preſence.
Ye Gods preſerve him!

Ara. Why this wild confuſion?

In ev'ry paſſing face I read ſuſpicion,
[*People croſſing the ſtage.*
And haggard fear. Has ſickneſs ſeiz'd the king,
And groans he with the lateſt pang of death?
Speak forth your terrors.

2d Mag. May *Phraortes* live!

Orba. Tell us the cauſe. If violence or treachery,
Our duty bids us interpoſe our lives
Between the king and death. O Heaven, defend him!

1ſt Mag. The king, diſturb'd by viſionary dreams,
Bade the moſt learn'd magicians ſtand before him
We ſtood before the king; and the king trembled
While he declar'd his dream; and thus I ſpoke:
'O may the great *Phraortes* live for ever!
'Avert the dire preſages of the dream!
'This night the Gods have warn'd thee to beware
'Of deep-laid treaſons, ripe for execution;
'Aſſaſſination lurks within the palace,
'And murder graſps the dagger for the blow.
'If the king truſt his ſteps beyond his chamber,
'I ſee him bleed! I hear his dying groan!
'Obey the voice of Heaven.'

2d Mag. The king is wiſe;
And therefore to the will of Heaven aſſented;
Nor will he truſt his life, a nation's ſafety,
From out the royal chamber. See the dawn
Breaks in the Eaſt, and calls us to devotion.
It is not man, but 'tis the Gods he fears. [*Ex.* Magi.

Hyd. Let's quit the palace while retreat is ſafe.
The deed muſt be deferr'd. Revenge, be calm.
This day is his, to-morrow ſhall be ours.
[*Ex. Conſpirators on one ſide. Enter guards on the other.*

Orba. See that each centinel is on ſtrict watch.
Let all the guards be doubled; bar the gates,
That not a man paſs forth without obſervance.
[*Ex. a party of ſoldiers.*
Go you; and with the utmoſt vigilance
Search ev'ry room; for treaſon lies in wait.
[*Ex. a party of ſoldiers.*

Ara. Divide yourſelves this inſtant o'er the palace,
Think *Media* is in danger; and remember

That

That he who takes a traytor, ſaves the king.
[*Exeunt ſoldiers.*

Orba. Whence can theſe dangers threaten?

Ara. From the *Perſians.*
Captivity's a yoke that galls the ſhoulders
Of new-made ſlaves, and makes them bold and reſty.
He that is born in chains may tamely bear them;
But he that once has breath'd the air of freedom,
Knows life is nothing when depriv'd of that.
Our lord the king has made a people ſlaves,
And ev'ry ſlave is virtuouſly rebellious.
I fear the *Perſian* prince.

Orba. You injure him.
I know him, have convers'd with him whole days,
And ev'ry day I ſtronger grew in virtue.
Load not th' unhappy with unjuſt ſuſpicion;
Adverſity ne'er ſhakes the heart of honour:
He who is found a villain in diſtreſs,
Was never virtuous.

Ara. Who ſuſpects his virtue?
'Tis not diſhoneſt to demand our right;
And freedom is the property of man.

Orba. That glorious day when *Perſia* was ſubdu'd,
Sophernes fought amidſt a hoſt of foes,
Diſdaining to ſurvive his country's fate:
When the whole torrent of the war ruſh'd on,
Phraortes interpos'd his ſhield, and ſav'd him.
And canſt thou think this brave, this gen'rous prince
Would ſtab the man to whom he owes his life?

Ara. Whoever is, muſt feel himſelf a ſlave.
And 'tis worth ſtruggling to ſhake off his chains.

Orba. But gratitude has cool'd his ſoul to patience.
Ingratitude's a crime the *Perſians* hate;
Their laws are wiſe, and puniſh it with death.

Enter Guards with Sophernes.

Ara. Behold, *Orbaſius*; have I wrong'd your friend?
Behold a ſlave oblig'd by gratitude
To wear his chains with patience! This is he
Phraortes honours with his royal favours!
This is the man that 'I accus'd unjuſtly!
Soldiers, advance, and bring the priſoner near us.

Orba. Yet think ſhe may have found a milder fate.
All ſoldiers are not of that ſavage temper;
May ſhe not chance to be ſome brave man's captive?
And valour ever lov'd to ſhield diſtreſs.

Soph. Can I think thus? I cannot be ſo happy.

Orba. Is ſtill the king a ſtranger to this ſorrow,
That day and night lies rankling in your breaſt?

Soph. A grateful heart is all I've left to pay him.
Phraortes is as liberal as Heaven,
And daily pours new benefits upon me.
Laſt night he led me to the royal garden,
(His talk all bent to ſoften my misfortunes)
Like a fond friend he grew inquiſitive,
And drew the ſtory from me.

Orba. All his heart
Is turn'd to your relief. What further happen'd?

Soph. The king was mov'd, and ſtrait ſent forth commands
That all the female captives of his triumph
Should ſtand before his preſence. Thus (ſays he)
Unhappy prince, I may retrieve your peace,
And give *Cylene* to your arms again.
O ſource of light! O Sun, whoſe piercing eye
Views all below on earth, in ſea or air;
Who at one glance can comprehend the globe,
Who ev'ry where at preſent, point me out
Where my *Cylene* mourns her bitter bondage;
If ſhe yet live!

Orba. Why will you fear the worſt?
Why ſeek you to anticipate misfortune?
The king commands. Obedience on ſwift wing
Flies through his whole dominions to redreſs you;
From hence you ſoon will learn what chance befell her.
'Tis ſoon enough to feel our adverſe fortune
When there's no room for hope. This laſt diſtreſs
I know muſt move the king to tend'reſt pity.

Soph. He dwelt on ev'ry little circumſtance,
And as I talk'd, he ſigh'd.

Orba. It reach'd his heart.
A tale of love is fuel to a lover.
Phraortes dotes with ſuch exceſs of fondneſs,
All his purſuits are loſt in that of love.

Aſtarbe

Aſtarbe ſuffers him to hold the ſceptre,
But ſhe directs his hand which way to point.
The king's decrees were firm and abſolute,
Not the whole earth's confederate powers could ſhake 'em;
But now a frown, a ſmile, from fair *Aſtarbe*,
Renders them light as air.

Soph. If you have lov'd,
You cannot think this ſtrange.

Orba. Yet this ſame woman,
To whom the king has given up all himſelf,
Can ſcarce prevail upon her haughty temper
To ſhow diſſembled love She loves his power,
She loves his treaſures; but ſhe loaths his perſon:
Thus ev'ry day he buys diſſimulation.
Whene'er a woman knows you in her power,
She never fails to uſe it.

Soph. That's a ſure proof
Of cold indifference and fixt diſlike.
In love both parties have the power to govern,
But neither claims it. Love is all compliance.
Aſtarbe ſeem'd to me of gentleſt manners,
A tender ſoftneſs languiſh'd in her eyes,
Her voice, her words, beſpoke an eaſy temper.
I thought I ſcarce had ever ſeen till then
Such beauty and humility together.

Orba. How beauty can miſlead and cheat our reaſon!
The queen knows all the ways to uſe her charms
In their full force, and *Media* feels their power.
Whoever dares diſpute her hourly will,
Wakens a buſy fury in her boſom.
Sure, never love exerted greater ſway;
For her he breaks through all the regal cuſtoms,
For ſhe is not confin'd like former queens,
But with controling power enjoys full freedom.
I am to blame, to talk upon this ſubject.

Soph. My innocence had made me quite forget
That I'm your priſoner. Load me with diſtreſſes,
They better ſuit my ſtate. I've loſt my kingdom,
A palace ill befits me. I'm a captive,
And captives ſhould wear chains. My fellow ſoldiers
Now pine in dungeons, and are gall'd with irons,

And I the cauſe of all! Why live I thus
Amidſt the pomp and honours of a court?
Why breathe I morn and ev'n in fragrant bowers?
Why am I ſuffer'd to behold the day?
For I am loſt to ev'ry ſenſe of pleaſure.
Give me a dungeon, give me chains and darkneſs;
Nor courts, nor fragrant bowers, nor air, nor day-light
Give me one glimpſe of joy——O loſt *Cylene!*

Orba. Misfortunes are the common lot of man,
And each man has his ſhare of diff'rent kinds:
He who has learnt to bear them beſt is happieſt.
But ſee, *Araxes* comes with guards and priſoners.

Enter Araxes, Hydarnes, Conſpirators, *with guards.*

Arax. Behold your leader. Where are now your hopes
[*To the Conſpirators.*
Of murd'ring kings and overturning nations?
See with what ſtedfaſt eyes they gaze upon him,
As thinking him the man that has betray'd them.
Angry ſuſpicion frowns on ev'ry brow;
They know their guilt, and each miſtruſts the other.
We ſeiz'd them in th' attempt to make eſcape.
All arm'd, all deſperate, all of them unknown,
And ev'ry one is obſtinately dumb. [*To* Orba.
I charge you, ſpeak. Know you that priſoner there?
Ay, view him well. Confeſs, and merit grace.
What, not a word! Will you accept of life? [*To* Hyd.
Speak, and 'tis granted. Tortures ſhall compel you.
Will you, or you, or you, or any of you?
What, all reſolv'd on death! Bring forth the chains.
[*Exit ſoldier.*

Orba. Be not too raſh, nor treat the prince too roughly.
He may be innocent.

Arax. You are too partial.
I know my duty. Juſtice treats alike
Thoſe who alike offend, without regard
To dignity or office. Bring the chains.
[*Enter ſoldiers with chains.*

Orba. This over zeal perhaps may give offence,
The prince is treated like no common ſlave.
Phraortes ſtrives to leſſen his affliction,

Nor

Nor would he add a ſigh to his diſtreſſes:
Aſtarbe too will talk to him whole hours,
With all the tender manners of her ſex,
To ſhorten the long tedious days of bondage.
I'll be his guard. My life ſhall anſwer for him.

Ara. My life muſt anſwer for him. He's my charge,
And this is not a time for courteſy.
Are you ſtill reſolute and bent on death?
[*To the Conſpirators.*
Once more I offer mercy. When the torture
Cracks all your ſinews and diſjoints your bones,
And death grins on you, arm'd with all his terrors,
'Twill looſe your ſtubborn tongue. Know ye this man?

Hyd. We know him not; nor why we wear theſe chains.
We aſk no mercy, but appeal to juſtice.
Now you know all we know: lead to our dungeons.
[*Ex.* Hyd. *and* Conſpirators, *guarded.*

Orba. How have you wrong'd the prince! theſe ſhameful irons
Should not diſgrace the hands of innocence.
Let's ſee him free.

Ara. This is all artifice,
To let their leader 'ſcape. Guards, take him hence,
And let him be confin'd till further orders.

Soph. Who ſhall plead for me in a foreign land!
My words will find no faith; for I'm a ſtranger:
And who holds friendſhip with adverſity?
So fate may do its worſt. I'm tir'd of life.
[*Exit, guarded.*

Ara. I've done my duty, and I've done no more.
Why wear you that concern upon your brow?
It misbecomes you in this time of joy.
Strait let us to the king, and learn his pleaſure,
Juſtice is ours, but mercy's lodg'd in him.

Orba. I never can believe the prince ſo vile
To mix with common murderers and aſſaſſins.
I think him virtuous, and I ſhare his ſuff'rings.
All generous ſouls muſt ſtrong reluctance find,
In heaping ſorrows on th' afflicted mind. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Queen's Apartment.*

ASTARBE.

HOW expectation can prolong an hour,
And make it ſeem a day! a tedious day!
What not yet come! the wonted hour is paſt:
In vain I turn my eye from walk to walk,
Sophernes is not there.—Here, every morn
I watch his penſive ſteps along the garden,
And gaze and wiſh till I am loſt in love!
What not yet come! But hark! methinks I hear
The ſound of feet! How my heart pants and flutters!
No. 'Twas the wind that ſhook yon cypreſs boughs.
Where are my views of wealth, of power, of ſtate?
[*Riſes.*
They're blotted from my mind. I've loſt ambition.
O love, thou haſt me all. My dreams, my thoughts,
My every wiſh is center'd in *Sophernes*.
Hence, Shame, thou rigid tyrant of our ſex,
I throw thee off——and I'll avow my paſſion.
Doraſpe. I can bear to think no longer. [*Sits again.*

Enter Doraſpe.

Dor. Why ſits the queen thus overcaſt with thought?
Is majeſty all plac'd in outward pomp?
Is it a queen, to have ſuperior cares?
And to excel in ſorrows and diſtreſſes?
'Tis in your power to have ſuperior pleaſures,
And feel yourſelf a queen.

Aſt. This mighty empire
I know I do command, and him that rules it.
That was a pleaſure once, but now 'tis paſt!
To you alone I have diſclos'd my heart.
I know you faithful.

Dor. What avails my ſervice?
Can I redreſs you? can I calm your mind?

Aſt. Thou know'ſt, *Doraſpe*, amidſt all this power.

That

That I'm a ſlave, the very worſt of ſlaves.
The yoke of bondage, and the dungeon's horrors,
Are eaſy ſuff'rings, if compar'd with mine.
I am confin'd to dwell with one I hate,
Confin'd for life to ſuffer nauſeous love,
Like a poor mercenary proſtitute:
His fondneſs is my torture.

Dor. Love is a pleaſure for inferior minds;
Your lot is rais'd above that vulgar paſſion.
Ambition is the pleaſure of the great,
That fills the heart, and leaves no room for love.
Think you're a queen, enjoy your pomp, your power;
Love is the paradiſe of ſimple ſhepherds.
You hold a ſceptre.

Aſt. O inſipid greatneſs!
She who has never lov'd, has never liv'd.
All other views are artificial pleaſures
For ſluggiſh minds, incapable of love.
My ſoul is form'd for this ſublimer paſſion:
My heart is temper'd for the real joy;
I ſigh, I pant, I burn, I'm ſick of love!
Yes, *Media*, I renounce thy purple honours. [*Riſes.*
Farewell the pomp, the pageantry of ſtate,
Farewell ambition, and the luſt of empire;
I've now no paſſion, no deſire but love.
O may my eyes have power!—I aſk no more.
Where ſtays *Sophernes?* Were he now before me,
My tongue ſhould own what oft my eyes have ſpoke,
For love has humbled pride.—Why this intruſion?
Who call'd you here a witneſs to my frailties?
Away and leave me.

Dor. I obey my queen.

Aſt. Doraſpe, ſtay. Excuſe this ſtart of paſſion;
My mind is torn with wiſhes, doubts, and fears;
I had forgot myſelf.—Should fortune frown,
And tear the diadem from off my brow,
Couldſt thou be follower of my adverſe fortune?
I think thou couldſt.

Dor. If I might give that proof,
Without your ſufferings, I could wiſh the trial;
So firm I know my heart.

Aſt. Life, like the ſeaſons,

Is intermix'd with ſun-ſhine days and tempeſts.
Proſperity has many thouſand friends;
They ſwarm around us in our ſummer hours,
But vaniſh in the ſtorm.

Dor. What means my queen,
To wound her faithful ſervant with ſuſpicion?

Aſt. Whene'er my mind is vex'd and torn with troubles,
In thee I always find the balm of counſel:
And can I then miſtruſt thee? No, *Doraſpe*,
Suſpicion ne'er with held a thought from thee,
Thou know'ſt the cloſe receſſes of my heart:
And now, ev'n now, I fly to thee for comfort.

Dor. How my ſoul longs to learn the queen's commands!

Aſt. When conqueſt overpower'd my father's legions,
We were made captives of the war together;
Phraortes ſaw me, rais'd me to his throne;
Heav'n knows with what reluctance I conſented!
For my heart loath'd him. But, O curs'd ambition!
I gave myſelf a victim to his love,
To be a queen; the outſide of a queen.
I then was, what I'm now, a wretch at heart!
Whene'er I was condemn'd to hours of dalliance,
All *Media*'s gems lay glitt'ring at my feet,
To buy a ſmile, and bribe me to compliance.
But what's ambition, glory, riches, empire?
The wiſh of miſers, and old doating courtiers;
My heart is fill'd with love——Go, my *Doraſpe*,
Enquire the cauſe that has detain'd *Sopbernes*
From his accuſtom'd walk.——I'm fix'd, determin'd,
To give up all for love.——A life of love.
With what impatience ſhall I wait thy coming!

Dor. Happy *Sopbernes!*

Aſt. If you chance to meet him,
Talk of me to him, watch his words, his eyes;
Let all you ſay be turn'd to wake deſire;
Prepare him for the happy interview,
For my heart burſts, and I muſt tell it all.
To what an abject ſtate am I reduc'd?
To proffer love! Was beauty given for this?
Yes. 'Tis more gen'rous; and I'll freely give

What

What kneeling monarchs had implor'd in vain.

Dor. This well rewards him for an empire loſt.

[*Exit.*

Aſt. Have I not caught the eyes of wond'ring nations,
While warm deſire has glow'd on ev'ry cheek,
Ev'n when I wore the pride of majeſty?
When opportunity awakes deſire,
Can he then gaze, inſenſible of beauty?
When ardent wiſhes ſpeak in ev'ry glance,
When love and ſhame by turns in their full force,
Now pale, now red, poſſeſs my guilty cheek;
When heaving breaſts, and ſighs, and kindling bluſhes
Give the moſt ſtrong aſſurance of conſent,
In the convincing eloquence of love;
Will he then want a proof that's leſs ſincere?
And muſt I ſpeak?—O love, direct my lips,
And give me courage in that hour of ſhame!

Enter Doraſpe.

Dor. May the queen never know a moment's ſorrow;
Nor let my words offend!—the prince *Sophernes*,
Leagu'd with a crew of daring deſperate men,
Had meditated to deſtroy *Phraortes*,
And let looſe war and rapine o'er the land.
But Heav'n has made their machinations vain;
And they now groan in dungeons.

Aſt. Then I'm wretched,
And ev'ry pleaſing view of life is loſt.
Was it confirm'd? or was it only rumour?

Dor. *Araxes* ſaid *Sophernes* was his priſoner.
My haſte would not allow me further queſtion:
And this is all I learnt.

Aſt. Have I not power?
I have. Why then, I'll give *Sophernes* freedom,
I'll give him life.—I think you nam'd *Araxes*;
That man to me owes all his growth of fortune;
And if I judge him right, he's very grateful.
Tell him the queen admits him to her preſence.

[*Ex.* Dor.

O Heaven! I thank thee for this bleſt occaſion.
Did ever proof of fondneſs equal mine?
And ſure ſo ſtrong a proof muſt find return.

With

With what exceſs of tranſport ſhall I go
To lead him forth from heavy chains and darkneſs,
To liberty and love!—But ſee, *Araxes.*

Enter Araxes.

Ara. All health attend the mighty queen of *Media.*

Aſt. I'm told, *Araxes*, that the *Perſian* prince
Hath join'd in horrid league, and hath conſpir'd
The murder of my lord and king *Phraortes.*
Speak forth; ſay what thou know'ſt.

Ara. The hand of heaven
Protects the king; and all the black deſign
Is ſhown in open daylight. The foul traitor
Is taken in the ſnares of death he laid.
Sophernes is my charge. O baſe ingratitude,
That he, whom the king honour'd next himſelf,
That he, whom the king's mercy ſpar'd in battle,
Should mix with vile aſſaſſins! Juſtice longs
To puniſh the vaſt crime.

Aſt. Owns he the guilt?

Ara. No. With the calmeſt face of innocence,
With looks known only to hypocriſy,
He ſolemnly deny'd it.

Aſt. Is he confin'd?

Ara. Yes, with the ſtricteſt guard and heavieſt irons.
The priſon joining to the queen's apartment
Lodges the horrid crew in ſep'rate dungeons.
To-day the king will mount the judgment-ſeat,
And death ſhall be their portion.

Aſt. Is *Sophernes*
Stubborn and ſullen? made he no confeſſion?
I often have convers'd with that vile man,
That hypocrite, whoſe talk was always honeſt.
How have I been deceiv'd—Yet, ere his ſentence,
With ſecreſy I fain once more would ſee him.

Ara. I'm happy to obey my queen's commands.
His priſon lies ſo cloſe to theſe apartments,
That unobſerv'd I can conduct him hither.

Aſt. I know thee faithful, and ſuch ready zeal
Shall always find reward.

Ara. The queen is gracious. [*Exit.*

Aſt. Now my deſign is ripe for execution.

Then

Then let *Doraſpe* well conſult her heart,
If ſhe will ſhare with me all change of fortune.
Dor. Doubt not your faithful ſervant. I'm prepar'd.
I know, however heinous is his crime,
Your interceſſion always muſt prevail.
His gratitude will kindle into love,
And in poſſeſſion every wiſh be loſt.
Aſt. How little thou haſt div'd into my thoughts!
My purpoſes are otherways determin'd.
I'll ſhake off bondage, and abandon empire;
For him diſrobe myſelf of majeſty;
Then to my native *Parthia* will I fly,
With all my ſoul holds dear—my guide *Sophernes.*
Dor. Let me not find my gracious queen's diſpleaſure
If I diſſent, and offer other counſel.
Why will you quit your crown? why fly from *Media?*
Does jealouſy reſtrain your liberty?
Your love, your empire, both are in your power.
Aſt. Mine's not the common paſſion of our ſex,
Which ev'ry day we can command at pleaſure,
And ſhift and vary as occaſion offers.
My love is real and unchangeable,
Controuls my heart, and governs abſolute.
My eyes, words, actions, are no more my own;
My ev'ry thought's *Sophernes.*—Other women,
Who have the power to practiſe little arts
To cheat a huſband, and delude his fondneſs,
Ne'er knew the burning paſſion that I feel.
Thoſe are the trifling wanton airs of women,
All vanity, and only love in name.
No. She who loves, muſt give up all herſelf;
She ne'er can be content with a ſtol'n minute,
Then paſs whole days and nights with him ſhe hates.
Adviſe no further—for I am determin'd.
Dor. Araxes, with the *Perſian* prince!
Aſt. Retire. [*Exit* Doraſpe.
Enter Araxes *and* Sophernes.
It is not meet, while in the royal preſence,
That he ſhould wear theſe irons: take them off.
[Ara. *takes off the chains.*
Now leave me; and without attend my pleaſure.
[*Exit* Araxes.

Be

Think what confuſion riſes in my face,
To aſk what (to be aſk'd) would kindle bluſhes
In ev'ry modeſt cheek!—where's ſhame? where's pride?
Sophernes has ſubdu'd them. Women, I own,
Are vers'd in little frauds, and fly diſſemblings:
But can we rule the motions of the blood?
Theſe eyes,—this pulſe—theſe tremblings—this confuſion,
Make truth conſpicuous, and diſcloſe the ſoul.
Think not I fly with man for his protection;
For only you I could renounce a kingdom,
For you, even in the wild and barren deſart,
Forget I was a queen; ev'n then more happy
Than ſeated on a throne. Say, wilt thou chuſe
Or liberty, and life, and poor *Aſtarbe*;
Or dungeons, chains, and ignominious death!

Soph. O how I ſtruggle in the ſnares of beauty!
Thoſe eyes could warm pale elders to deſire;
I feel them at my heart; the fever rages,
And if I gaze again——how ſhall I anſwer!

Aſt. How is my pride brought low! how vilely treated!
The worſt of ſcorn is cold deliberation.

Soph. Cylene may be found. What, take me from her?
How can I go and leave my hopes for ever?
Can I renounce my love, my faith, my all?
Who can reſiſt thoſe eyes?—I go—I'm loſt!
Cylene holds me back, and curbs deſire. [*Aſide.*

Aſt. Reſolve and anſwer me. For ſoon as night
Favours our flight I'll gather up my treaſures:
Prepare thee then, leſt death ſhould intercept thee,
And murder all my quiet.

Soph. If in her ſight
I've favour found, the queen will hear me ſpeak.
How can my heart refuſe her? how obey her?
Can I deny ſuch generous clemency?
Join'd with all beauties ever found in woman?
Yet think on my unhappy circumſtance.
I've giv'n my word, the ſtricteſt tye of honour,
Never to paſs beyond my bounds preſcrib'd;
And ſhall I break my faith? Who holds ſociety
With one who's branded with that infamy?

Did

Did not *Phraortes*, in the heat of battle,
Stay the keen ſword that o'er me menac'd death?
Do not I ſhare his palace, and his friendſhip?
Does he not ſtrive, by daily courteſies,
To baniſh all the bitter cares of bondage?
And ſhall I ſeize and tear his tend'reſt heart-ſtring?
Shall I conſpire to rob him of all peace?
For on the queen hangs ev'ry earthly joy,
His ev'ry pleaſure is compriz'd in you!
What virtue can reſiſt ſuch ſtrong temptation?
O raiſe not thus a tempeſt in my boſom!
What ſhall I do?—my ſoul abhors ingratitude.
Should I conſent, you muſt deteſt and loath me,
And I ſhould well deſerve thoſe chains, and death.

Aſt. Is this thy beſt return for proffer'd love?
Such coldneſs, ſuch indifference, ſuch contempt!
Riſe, all ye Furies, from th' infernal regions,
And prompt me to ſome great, ſome glorious vengeance!
Vengeance is in my power, and I'll enjoy it.
But majeſty perhaps might awe his paſſion,
And fear forbid him to reveal his wiſhes.
That could not be. I heard, I ſaw him ſcorn me;
All his diſdainful words his eyes confirm'd.
Ungrateful man! Hence, traytor, from my ſight.
Revenge be ready. Slighted love invokes thee.
Of all the injuries that rack the ſoul,
Mine is moſt exquiſite! Hence, to thy dungeon.
Araxes!

Enter Araxes.

Take the villain from my preſence;
His crimes are black as hell. I'll turn away,
Leſt my heart melt and cool into compaſſion.
His ſight offends me. Bind his irons faſt.
[Ara. *puts on his irons.*
So. lead him hence; and let *Doraſpe* know
The queen permits her entrance.
[*Exeunt* Araxes *and* Sophernes.

Enter Doraſpe.

Dor. What's the queen's pleaſure? See your ſervant ready.

Why

Why are your eyes thus fix'd upon the ground?
Why that deep ſigh? and why theſe trembling lips?
This ſudden paleneſs, and theſe ſtarts of frenzy?
You're ſick at heart.

Aſt. Yes; I will be reveng'd.

Dor. Lift up your eyes, and know me. 'Tis *Doraſpe.*

Aſt. Look on me, tell me, is my beauty blighted?
And ſhrunk at once into deformity?
Slighted! deſpis'd! my charms all ſet at nought!
Yes. I will be reveng'd.——O my *Doraſpe,*
I've met with foul contempt, and cold diſdain:
And ſhall the wretch who gave me guilt and ſhame,
The wretch who's conſcious of my infamy,
Outlive that crime? he muſt not, nay, he ſhall not.

Dor. Let reaſon mitigate and quell this fever;
The ſafeſt, ſureſt, is the cool revenge.
Raſh anger, like the hafty ſcorpion's fury,
Torments and wounds itſelf.

Aſt. It is in vain.
The torrent ruſhes on; it ſwells, ferments,
And ſtrongly bears away all oppoſition.
What means that hurry in the antichamber?
What are thoſe crowds?

Dor. The king intends to mount the judgment-ſeat,
And the conſpirators now wait their ſentence.

Aſt. Go, tell *Araxes* (if with privacy
He could conduct him) I would ſee their chief;
The deſp'rate inſtrument of this bold ſcheme;
This inſtant; ere he ſtands before the preſence.
[*Exit* Doraſpe.
Revenge, I thank thee for this ready thought:
Death now ſhall reach *Sophernes*, ſhameful death;
Thus will I ſatiate love. His death alone
Can raze him from my heart, and give me peace.

Araxes *conducts in* Hydarnes, *and retires.*

The king is gracious, and delights in mercy;
And know, that free confeſſion merits life:
I'll intercede. Know you the prince *Sophernes?*
You are unhappy men betray'd to ruin:
And will ye ſuffer for another's crime?
Speak of him, as ye ought; 'twas he betray'd you.

Hyd.

Hyd. If racks and tortures cannot tear confeſſion,
From innocence, ſhall woman's flattery do it?
No; my heart's firm, and I can ſmile on death.
Aſt. Think not to hide what is already known.
'Tis to *Sophernes* that you owe thoſe chains:
We've fathom'd his deſigns, they're all laid open;
We know him turbulent and enterprizing.
By the foul murder of my lord the king,
He meant to ſet his captive nation free.
Unfold this truth, and I'll inſure thy pardon.
Hyd. What! lead a hateful life of ignominy!
And live the bane of all ſociety!
Shun'd like a peſtilence, a curſt informer!
Yet ſince the fate of kingdoms may depend
On what I ſpeak; truth ſhall direct my lips.
The queen has offer'd grace. I know the terms.
Aſt. By the king's life, I ſwear.

Enter Araxes.

Ara. Excuſe this entrance.
The priſ'ner muſt attend.
Aſt. I'm ſatisfy'd.'
This man ſeems open, and may be of ſervice.
[*Exeunt* Araxes *and* Hydarnes.
How my heart bleeds, thus to purſue revenge
Againſt the man I love! But me he ſcorns;
And from my beauty turns his head away
With ſaucy arrogance and proud contempt.
I could forgive him ev'ry other crime,
Ev'n the baſe murder of my deareſt friend;
But ſlighted love, no woman can forgive:
For thro' our life we feel the bitter ſmart,
And guilt and ſhame lye feſt'ring at the heart.

A C T. III.

SCENE, *A Room of State with a Throne.*

Hydarnes, Conſpirators, Orbaſius, Guards.

1ſt Conſpirator.

THE information of thoſe two vile cowards,
Who mingled with us brave and active ſpirits,

Hath

Hath giv'n us death. Let thoſe mean creatures live,
They're fitter for the world.

2d Conſp. Lead us to death.

Hyd. Death is pronounc'd on you, on me, on all.
Would I could take your guilt upon myſelf,
So to preſerve ſome virtue in the world:
But thoſe informers have deny'd me that;
We all muſt periſh, and fall unreveng'd.
But ſince I cannot take your crimes upon me;
I'll live, and execute our great deſign,
And thus revenge your deaths.

1ſt Conſp. Could this be done!

Hyd. It can.

1ſt Conſp. You flatter us.

Hyd. I ſay, I'll do it.
Soon as the king returns to ſign our ſentence,
Only confirm the words which I ſhall ſpeak,
And I'll revenge you ſoon, and ſoon be with you.
[*Talks to them apart.*

Orba. The guilty periſh; innocence is freed.
Suſpicion has not caſt the ſmalleſt ſtain
Upon the virtuous *Perſian.* Thoſe accuſers,
Who have condemn'd their fellows, know him not.
Of all the pleaſures that a monarch taſtes,
Sure mercy is moſt ſweet! 'Tis heavenly pleaſure,
To take the galling chains from off the hands
Of injur'd innocence! That privilege
O'er-balances the cares that load a crown.

Enter Phraortes, *who ſeats himſelf on the Throne*; Magi, Araxes, Sophernes, *Guards, and Attendants.*

Ara. Make room: The *Perſian* prince attends his ſentence.

Phra. Moſt noble prince, I grieve that you were injur'd.
When foul conſpiracy moleſts a ſtate,
The ear of kings is open to ſuſpicion,
And we grow jealous of our boſom friends.
When calumny would blaſt a virtuous man,
And juſtice has made clear his innocence;
It only throws a brighter luſtre on him,
And ſerves to make his virtues more conſpicuous.

Approach

Approach the throne; and let the king's embrace
Make ſome atonement for your ſhameful bonds.
I feel your ſuff'rings, and my heart grows fonder.
Now bring the priſ'ners to receive their ſentence.
Juſtice cries loud for vengeance on your crimes:
Say, have ye ought to plead to ward the blow,
Ere I enrol your names among the dead?

Hyd. That I deſign'd to bathe theſe hands in blood,
Even in thy blood, O king, I dare confeſs,
And glory in th' attempt. I know thy power;
I know that death, with all his dreadful tortures,
Stands ready at thy nod. Give then the ſignal,
For I unmov'd can face the ghaſtly terror.
How is thy wiſdom foil'd! Prepare to follow.
Think not with us our enterprize is loſt:
A king ſhall bleed to pacify our ghoſts.
Come, lead to death. Spend all thy wrath on us.
The raging tiger bites the ſhaft that wounds him,
And ſpares the man who threw it. I have done.

Phra. Theſe are the ſtarts and ravings of deſpair.
Think'ſt thou by threats to force me into mercy?

Hyd. I grow impatient; lead me to my fate.

Phra. Know you that I have life within my power?

Hyd. I know the utmoſt of thy power is death.

Mag. Ye Gods avert his words, and ſave the king!

Phra. What ſaid he? Speak again.

Hyd. Death is my choice.

Phra. I will be ſatisfy'd.

Hyd I've ſaid too much.

Phra. Say more, or torture ſhall extort it from you.

Hyd. Let torture do its worſt. You dare not try it.

Mag. If memory can recall the ſolemn ſpeech,
Theſe were his very words:
'A king ſhall bleed to pacify our ghoſts.
'The raging tiger bites the ſhaft that wounds him,
'But ſpares the man who threw it.' Was it thus?

Hyd. Now let your wiſdom fathom this deep ſecret.
I anſwer no more queſtions.

Phra. Reverend fathers,
What may theſe words portend? Expound the myſtery.

Mag. Thy ſacred life, O king, is ſtill in danger.
While juſtice pours down vengeance on theſe wretches,

Theſe mean ſubſervient inſtruments of miſchief,
Their leader 'ſcapes, and lives for future crimes.
Hyd. Go on.
Mag. The words imply no more.
Hyd. 'Tis well.
All's ſafe.—I'm ready.—Why is death delay'd?
Phra. Thus ſpeaks the voice of mercy from my l
Th' irrevocable ſentence is not ſign'd,
And ſtill there's room for hope. Attend, and live:
By this bright ſceptre, by the throne of *Media*,
By yon great light that rules the rolling year,
If you lay ope the depth of this foul treaſon,
And point me out that undetected villain,
I ſwear, to grant you life and liberty.
Speak now, or death ſhall ſeal your lips for ever.
Hyd. The royal word is giv'n, and I accept it.
The king ſhall live, and all his foes ſhall periſh.
Danger ſtands near the throne. How blind is juſtic
The *Perſian* prince!
Phra. Sophernes!
Hyd. He's a traitor.
'Twas he that put the dagger in my hand.
So. Now I have betray'd. O love of life!
Where was my reſolution? I'm a coward;
And cowards can endure a life of ſhame.
Phra. Sophernes!——Let ſtrong proof conf
your charge;
I muſt have proof.
Hyd. Call in my fellow-priſoners.
Soph. What can ſet bounds to man's impiety,
And where is virtue ſafe? Accus'd thus falſely,
With all the ſtrongeſt circumſtance of guilt,
By one I know not! Heav'n has then determin'd
That I muſt fall. Shall man conteſt with *Jove?*
'Tis all in vain. The will of Fate be done.
Hyd. Thoſe who accus'd us, brib'd with *Perſian* gc
Conceal'd the author of our enterprize.

Enter Conſpirators.

Know ye that man?
1ſt Conſp. Would he had been unknown.

Hyd. The king has trac'd our miſchief to the ſource;
Who was it prompted you to this attempt?
Had ye not views to ſet a nation free?
And to reſtore him to his crown and kingdom?

1ſt Conſp. By him we fell, 'tis juſt that he fall with us.

2d Conſp. So, now one ruin has involv'd us all.

Phra. Death is the lot of thoſe that thirſt for blood.
Conduct them hence. This hour prepare to ſuffer.
[*Exeunt* Conſpirators.
Ungrateful prince!

Soph. Since 'tis the will of heaven
To load me with calamities and ſhame,
Since the moſt ſearching eye cannot diſcern
The heart of man; O where ſhall I find juſtice!
I am a ſtranger, in adverſity,
Bereſt of wealth and power, without a friend.

Phra. Hence, baſe diſſembler. Take him from my preſence.
When hypocrites are ſtript of virtue's plumes,
Vice then appears moſt hideous and deform'd.
Back to thy dungeon, to remorſe and death.

Soph. Vain are excuſe and ſolemn proteſtation;
How ſhall my words prevail, and truth appear,
When there's a crowd of witneſſes againſt me!
The guilty periſh with remorſe and horror,
But innocence ne'er feels the ſting of death.
Death is a bleſſing to adverſity;
Anxiety, calamity, and ſorrow,
And all the daily fretting cares of life,
Are ſhook from off our ſhoulders, and we reſt.
[*Exit* Sophernes *guarded.*

Hyd. Safety now guards the throne, and *Media*'s happy.

Phra. I ratify my word, and give you life,
I give you liberty; but on conditions.
Thoſe I ſhall ſend you ſoon, and then you're free.
O Sun! I thank thee; thy all-ſeeing eye
Has trac'd the villain through his ſecret ways,
And now the hand of juſtice is upon him,

Ara. Media rejoice.

All. May the king live for ever!

Phra. Proclaim a feſtival for ſeven days ſpace;
Let the court ſhine in all its pomp and luſtre:
Let all our ſtreets reſound with ſhouts of joy;
Let muſick's care-diſpelling voice be heard;
The ſumptuous banquet and the flowing goblet
Shall warm the cheek, and fill the heart with gladneſs:
For *Media*'s foes are put to ſhame and death.
Aſtarbe ſhall ſit ſovereign of the feaſt,
That queen of beauty ſhall direct our pleaſures.
I'll to her bower.——I would have no attendance.
[*Exeunt* Phraortes, *&c.*

Enter Doraſpe.

Dor. Inform me, what has paſt?

Ara. The queen's conjectures
The king has now confirm'd. The *Perſian* prince,
That hypocrite, is known, and prov'd a traytor,
And leader of that crew of vile aſſaſſins.
But ſee the queen.——The king is gone to ſeek her.
Excuſe my haſte; for duty calls me hence. [*Exit.*

Enter Aſtarbe.

Aſt. 'Twas downright arrogance. I ſaw his ſcorn.
A lover reads the thought of every look,
And needs no comment or interpreter.
What woman can forgive that worſt of inſults?
Not ev'n the moſt deform'd of all our ſex
Can bear contempt. And ſhall I pardon it?
To pardon it, is to inſult myſelf,
And own that I deſerve it. [*aſide.*] Know you ought
Of what the king in judgment has determin'd?

Dor. Sophernes was accus'd.

Aſt. Was he found guilty?

Dor. Yes, prov'd a traitor.

Aſt. Then I'm ſatisfy'd.

Dor. How one affliction crowds upon another,
To puniſh this ungrateful man!

Aſt. What mean you?

Dor. It is confirm'd among the captive women
(Who now attend to paſs before the preſence)
His wife was ſlain in battle.

Aſt.

Aſt. Would he were dead!
Yet were he dead, would he die in my thoughts?
Talk to me, ſpeak; leave me not to reflection.
[*To* Doraſpe.
Yet what will talk avail?——I've loſt attention.
Were her words ſoft and ſoothing as the lyre,
Or ſtrong and ſprightly as th' enlivening trumpet,
I could hear nought but conſcience. Would he were dead!
You ſhall not leave me.
Dor. See the king returns. [*Exit.*

Enter Phraortes.

Phra. Welcome, my queen; how my heart ſprings to meet thee!
Each day, each hour, thy beauty grows upon me;
Ev'n while I gaze, ſome undiſcover'd charm
Opens itſelf, and wounds my heart anew.
Rejoice, *Aſtarbe*; *Media* is deliver'd:
The gathering ſtorm, that threaten'd deſolation,
Is over-blown, and all is now ſerene.
Then let us give our future days to pleaſure;
My ev'ry pleaſure is compris'd in thee.
Aſt. Be firm in juſtice, nor give way to mercy,
'Tis the mind's frailty, and the nurſe of crimes.
Puniſh: and root out treaſon from the land.
Phra. Sophernes was their chief.
Aſt. Ungrateful villain!
Phra. How he deceiv'd me!
Aſt. Your too eaſy nature
Muſt always harbour miſchiefs in your empire.
Does he ſtill live?
Phra. His death is fix'd and ſign'd.
Aſt. Each hour he lives, your people doubt your juſtice.
Would you deter the populace from crimes,
Let puniſhment be ſudden. That's true mercy.
Phra. He never ſhall behold another ſun.
But why ſhould cares of ſtate intrude upon us?
Aſt. Why this reproof? In what have I deſerv'd it?
All my concern was for the peace of *Media*,
And for your ſafety. I have ſaid too much.

Phra. What has *Aſtarba* aſk'd that I refus'd?
Thy beauty has all power. Who waits without?
Go; let the captives be diſmiſs'd the palace,
[*Speaks at the door.*
The king reſigns his privilege of choice.
Should the ſelected beauties of the world [*To* Aſtarbe.
In full temptation ſtand before my preſence,
Still would my heart and eye be fixt on thee.
Thy charms would (like the ſun's all powerful rays)
Make all thoſe little ſtars of beauty fade.
Why that dejected look? that thoughtful ſigh?
In what have I offended? If to love,
Be to offend, *Phraortes* is moſt wretched.

Enter Araxes.

Ara. I ſpoke the king's commands; when from the crowd
One of the captives roſe, and humbly pray'd
Admiſſion to the throne.
Phra. I hear no ſuits.
Ara. She wiſh'd to ſpeak a matter of importance.
Phra. Diſmiſs them all. Let us retire, my queen.
Aſt. Araxes, ſtay. [Araxes *going out.*
Phra. What is *Aſtarbe*'s pleaſure?
Aſt. This matter ſhould be ſearch'd. The fate of empires
Turns often on the ſlighteſt information;
And were my counſel worthy to be heard,
I would admit her.
Phra. Let her be admitted. [*Exit* Araxes.
[Phraortes *ſeats* Aſtarbe *on the throne, then places himſelf by her. The guards enter, and range themſelves on each ſide.*

Enter Captive, Doraſpe, *and* Attendants.

Phra. Ariſe, fair maid; and let thy ſuit be heard.
Cap. The King has done his proſtrate ſervant juſtice. [*Kneeling.*
Thus low I pay my thanks to heaven and you.
Phra. Riſe from that humble poſture, and ſpeak forth.
Cap.

Cap. The *Perſian* prince, to whom we owe our bondage, [*Riſes.*
'Tis ſaid, is doom'd to death for horrid treachery.
Phra. He well deſerves it. If you fall before me,
To melt me into mercy with your tears,
Woman, your tears are fruſtrate. Take her hence.
Cap. I ſpeak for mercy! No, I ſue for tortures.
With rapture I could gaze upon his ſufferings,
Enjoy his agonies and dying groans,
And then this hand could ſtab him to the heart.
Phra. Whence roſe this furious ſpirit of revenge?
Cap. By brutal violence he ſlew my huſband.
Excuſe my Tears; Love calls them from my eyes.
With him I loſt all joy, all peace and comfort.
Phra. What mov'd *Sophernes* to the barb'rous deed?
Cap. My huſband was diſtinguiſh'd in his armies;
With him I always ſhar'd the toils of war,
The tedious marches, and the ſcorching ſuns,
For love makes all fatigue ſeem light and eaſy.
Sophernes ſaw me, ſigh'd, and ſpoke his paſſion.
I ſpurn'd his offers, and deſpis'd his ſuit.
He ſtill perſiſted, and my virtue ſtrengthen'd:
Till on a day, inflam'd with looſe deſire,
He ſent my lord upon ſome feign'd command;
I in his tent ſat waiting his return,
Then ſuddenly the raviſher ruſh'd in. [*Weeps.*
Phra. Go on.
Cap. He ſeiz'd me, tore me, dragg'd me to his arms;
In vain I ſtruggled; by reſiſtance weaken'd,
I loſt all ſtrength, and ſo—he ſpoil'd my honour.
O ſhame! O brutal force! [*Weeps.*
Phra. Unhappy woman!
Proceed.
Cap. Juſt in the moment of my ſhame
My huſband enter'd. Strait the villain left me.
And, deſperate by the ſtings of guilt and terror,
He ſtabb'd him to the heart. [*Weeps.*
Phra. Moſt monſtrous villain!
His life's a ſeries of the blackeſt crimes.
Cap. I in the hurry of the murder fled,
And 'ſcap'd the tyrant's power. Alone, diſguis'd,
I've paſt away my reſtleſs hours in ſorrow.

Revenge was all my wiſh, and all my comfort;
For that I've watch'd him thro' long weary marches,
And revenge gave me ſtrength and reſolution.
Why fell he not by me? His crime requir'd it.
Vengeance o'ertakes him for another guilt,
And I have loſt revenge. O may he feel
The pain and horror due to both his crimes.

Phra. His death is ſign'd.

Cap. That is his due for treachery.

Phra. What would revenge have more? Th' offender's blood
Allays its ſtrongeſt thirſt.

Cap. Moſt gracious king, [*Kneels.*
Hear an unhappy woman's juſt petition,
And may my prayer find favour and acceptance!
Grant me to ſee him in his lateſt gaſp;
Let my appearance ſtrike him with confuſion;
Let me awake freſh terrors in his conſcience,
And bring my murder'd huſband to his view.
Entruſt the ſword of juſtice in my hand;
The ſtroke ſhall then be ſure.

Phra. What fortitude
Lies hid beneath that face of ſofteſt feature!
The death of his confederates is ſign'd,
And he with privacy this very evening
Shall be diſpatch'd in priſon. Now you're ſatisfy'd.

Cap. O, were that office mine!

Aſt. For ſuch offence
He cannot feel too much; her ſuit is juſt.
Then let me intercede in her behalf;
Grant her requeſt. Give her the fatal ſignet;
Give her the dagger.—Such revenge is virtue.

Phra. Take this; your boon is granted. Soon my orders [*Gives her his dagger.*
Shall ſend you to revenge a huſband's murder.
Let her attend without. Draw near, *Araxes.*

[*Exit* Captive.

[Phraortes *talks aſide to* Araxes.

Aſt. What, ſue to her! and when I ſued diſdain me!
How my diſgrace grows on me! Let him periſh,
And periſh by that woman. My reſentment

Kindles

Kindles and burns, to take her charge upon me.
Yet ſtill would he relent, I could forgive him.
Dor. His wife is dead, on whom his heart was fix'd:
That obſtacle's remov'd.
Aſt. And death hangs o'er him.
That ſight perhaps may ſhake his reſolution.
If I could hope, I would delay his ſentence.
I dread his death. What is there to be done?
I'll ſee him ere he dies. O abject thought!
Yes, I will ſee him, and renew my offers
In his laſt moments; for whene'er he dies
My mind will ne'er know peace. I will defer it.
I'll ſooth the king in his ſoft hours of love,
When all his ſtrongeſt purpoſes are nothing.
When 'tis deferr'd—Would I could ceaſe from thought!
Phra. Tell her, as ſoon as juſtice is perform'd,
The king requires her thanks——She's wond'rous fair!
You know my will; theſe are my laſt commands,
Let punctual care and diligence obey me. [*Ex.* Araxes.
Go, bid the prieſts prepare the ſacrifice;
This ev'ning ſhall the fragrance of devotion
Smoak in our temples and perfume the ſkies.
Phraortes ſhall attend the ſolemn rites,
To pay his grateful thanks in ſongs of joy.
[*Exeunt* Doraſpe *and Attendants.*
Aſtarbe, come.——One glance of thoſe bright eyes
Diſpells all care, and empires are forgot.
In what is man ſuperior to the brute?
Brutes eat, drink, ſleep; like us, have all the ſenſes.
The male and female meet, then coldly part,
Part with indifference, and deſire is cloy'd:
In love alone we feel th' immortal part,
And that celeſtial fire refines the heart.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Priſon.*

Hydarnes, Conſpirators.

Hyd. I Shall ſurvive but for a little ſpace;
Doubt not my plighted faith, and die in peace.

What is an hour of life! an hour of torment.
Think then what I ſhall ſuffer for your ſake,
How I ſhall long and pant to be among you!
To him who fears not death revenge is ſure;
To him who fears not death revenge is ſpeedy.
Soon as the chains are ſtruck from off theſe hands,
I'll dye them purple in the royal blood;
I'll watch all time. The throne ſhall not ſecure him;
The ſolemn temple, even that ſacred ground,
Shall not protect him from my reſolution.
Would it were done; that we might fall together!

1ſt Conſp. May all ſucceſs attend thy glorious purpoſe!
Thinking upon thy brave undaunted ſpirit,
I ſhall forget my pains, and ſmile in torture,
Ev'n when the ſharpeſt pang of death is on me.

Hyd. Ere you are cold, my ghoſt ſhall overtake you,
And bring the welcome news.——Impatience racks me.

2d Conſp. We thank our bold revenger, and will die
Like men that well deſerv'd ſo great a chief.

3d Conſp. Farewell. And when you lift the dagger for the blow,
Think on my friendſhip.

4th Conſp. And on mine.

5th Conſp. And mine.

1ſt Conſp. Think of us all, and give him death for each.

Hyd. Farewell, unhappy friends; you're brave and true,
And you entruſt one who deſerves ſuch friendſhips.
Your prayers and wiſhes ſhall direct the dagger
Deep in his heart. And when this deed is done
I've done my taſk of life, and I'll reſign it.

Enter Araxes, *and officers.*

Ara. Time preſſes on us, and your hour is come.
We muſt obey our orders. Lead them hence.
Torture and death expect you.

1ſt Conſp. Well. Lead on.

Ara. 'Tis your laſt moment.

1ſt Conſp. We're impatient for it.

Ara. Stay here till my return. To you, my meſſage
[To Hyd.
Is

Is of a ſweeter ſound; 'tis life, 'tis freedom.
I'll ſee them to the ſcaffold; then diſcharge you.
[*Exeunt* Araxes, Conſpirators, *and* Officers.
Hyd. What's death to that I feel within! 'Tis nothing.
Tortures but tear the fleſh, and cruſh the bones;
But guilt and horror tear my reſtleſs ſoul,
And ev'ry thought's an arrow in my heart.
Sophernes is condemn'd, and I accuſed him.
For what?——For means to ſatiate my revenge,
And that's ſufficient.——O revenge, ſupport me!
What, am I grown a coward? Does repentance,
Does vile contrition ſink my boaſted courage?
Does reſolution ſtagger! Hence, away,
I will not hear thee, daſtard, meddling conſcience!
No, I'll go on, I feel my ſpirits riſe;
My heart grows harder, and I ſcorn remorſe;
That's the poor whining refuge of a coward.
My friends are now expiring. Hark, their groans
Start me from thought, and ſummon me to vengeance!
I come, my friends; in that great deed I'll fall.

Enter Araxes.

Ara. Phraortes ſends you life and liberty.
Twelve days are granted you to paſs the confines
Of his domains: to ſtay beyond that time
Annuls his pardon, and your life is forfeit.
You're now diſcharg'd. Be grateful for this mercy,
Pray for the peace of *Media*, and repent.
Hyd. Media, farewell. With all the wings of ſpeed
I fly thy bounds. Let me forget thy name;
'Twill bring to my remembrance my loſt friends.
[*Exit.*
Ara. Come forth, unhappy prince; excuſe my words:
[*Unlocks the dungeon.*
'Tis with reluctance that I bring the meſſage.
Your death's at hand.
Soph. Death is the only friend
That I have left; thy meſſage is moſt welcome.
My friend's at hand; O how I long to meet him!
In him is all my hope, in him my refuge,
He ſhall diſburthen me of all misfortune,
He ſhall wipe off calamity and ſorrow,

And

And give me peace and everlaſting reſt.
I thank thee for the news.

Ara. Such unconcern,
Such ſteady fortitude amidſt afflictions,
Was never ſeen till now.

Soph. My wife is dead!
And I have no attachment to the world.
What is't to live? And who counts life a bleſſing?
It is to ſee injuſtice hold the ſcale,
And weigh with partial hand the deeds of men;
It is to ſee a race of ſervile flatterers
Worſhip the author of all miſchief, gold;
To ſee oppreſſion rich, and virtue ſtarving.
Death only cloſes this diſtaſteful ſcene.

Ara. This ſcorn of death appears like innocence.

Soph. All mortal juſtice errs. Heaven knows the heart.
'Tis eaſy in my circumſtance to die,
For I have no poſſeſſions to forego:
My kingdom is another's; round my couch
No faithful ſervants ſtand with weeping eyes;
No darling children cling around my neck,
And with fond kiſſes warm my hollow cheek;
No wife, who (worn, and wearied out with grief)
Faints in my arms. Theſe give the pangs of death;
Theſe make us covet life. But I leave nothing.

Ara. What manly reſolution! I grieve for you.

Soph. At death's approach the guilty conſcience trembles,
But I have not thoſe horrors.——Hark, he knocks.
[*Knocking heard.*
With what impatient joy I come to meet thee!

Ara. Farewell, thou moſt unfortunate of men;
A mind ſo great, unſhaken by diſtreſs,
Deſerv'd a nobler end. Forgive my duty,
It ſeems ſevere, but 'tis the king's command;
The dungeon muſt confine you.

Soph. I ſubmit. [*Araxes locks him in the dungeon.*

Enter Captive.

Cap. This letter will inſtruct you in your duty.

Ara. The priſoner ſhall be given into your hands.

Cap.

Cap. And he ſhall periſh by an injur'd woman.
hus has the king decreed; ſo ſhall he ſuffer,
ith for his treaſon, and my murder'd lord.
o ſee me arm'd with ſuch juſt reſolution,
y huſband's ghoſt is pleas'd, and ſmiles upon me.
raortes gave this dagger: this ſhall end him.
Ara. Within that iron gate he mourns in darkneſs.
[*Gives the keys.*
his will conduct you.——'Tis the king's command,
on as the bloody office is perform'd,
hat you preſent yourſelf once more before him.
Cap. His will ſhall be obey'd.
Ara. He's now your charge.
Cap. And ſoon my charge ſhall end.——Leave me to juſtice.
ow will my ſight diſmay his guilty ſoul?
n while that terror preys upon his heart,
l hurl him to the deepeſt ſhades below.
ut I delay; and juſtice grows impatient.
l be alone. You now have done your duty.
[*Exit* Araxes.
Cap. Come forth, *Sophernes.* [*Unlocks the dungeon.*
Soph. I will meet thee, death.
Cap Draw near.
Soph. Hark! was it not a woman's voice?
hat voice no more is ſweet;——*Cylene*'s dead.
es. 'Tis the queen. Here ſatiate thy revenge,
ly boſom heaves, and longs to meet the dagger.
hy is thy hand ſo ſlow?
Cap. Look on this face. [*Lifts up her veil.*
not thy heart acquainted with theſe eyes?
nd is thy ear a ſtranger to this voice?
hat, not a word!
Soph. O dear deluſion! [*Faints.*
Cyl. Wake.
'is thy *Cylene* calls, thy loſt *Cylene.*
annot this boſom warm thee into life?
annot this voice recall thy ſinking ſpirits?
annot theſe lips reſtore thee? O look up;
hy voice, thy lips, could call me from the dead.
ook up, and give me comfort.

Soph.

Soph. 'Tis *Cylene.*
'Tis no deluſion. Do I live to ſee thee?
And muſt I be torn from thee? cruel thought!
O tyrant death, now thou haſt made me fear thee!
Cyl. When will misfortunes leave us?
Soph. Death muſt end them.
'Twas ſaid you fell in battle; from that time
I loſt all pleaſure, and deſire of life.
Cyl. In that ſad day of our adverſity,
When *Perſia* was made captive, every eye
Wept for the fall of my dear lord *Sophernes*,
For you they ſorrow'd, and forgot their bondage.
I loſt myſelf in heart-conſuming grief,
And, leſt a conqueror's arrogance and pride
Should tempt him to condemn a captive queen
To his looſe hours, induſtriouſly I ſpread
The rumour of my death; and by thoſe means
Have ſigh'd away my days obſcure, unknown.
Soph. How gain'd you this acceſs? and why that dagger?
Cyl. This is no time for talk; conſult thy ſafety.
Catch at the preſent moment, for the next
May throw us back again into deſpair.
Soph. What means my love? No innocence can ſtand
Againſt the voice of perjur'd calumny.
Cyl. This dagger was deſign'd to murder thee;
And I am ſent upon that bloody errand:
This hand that now is thrown about thy neck,
Was to have done the deed O horrid thought!
Unknown, among a train of captive women,
They brought me to the palace, there I learnt
The tale of thy unhappy ſufferings,
And how the king had ſign'd the fatal ſentence.
I fell before the throne, extoll'd his juſtice;
Then, with feign'd tears, and well-diſſembled ſpeech,
Charg'd thee with violation of my honour,
And murder of a huſband. He was mov'd;
Pleas'd with my bold requeſt, he heard my prayer,
And for revenge and juſtice gave me this.
[*Shews the dagger.*
But the time flies. I come, my lord, to ſave thee.
'Tis by that hope, I live.

Soph.

Soph. That hope is paſt:
It is impoſſible. Reſentment, power,
And perjury, all work againſt my life.
O how I fear to die! for thee, I fear;
To leave thee thus expos'd, a helpleſs captive,
In a ſtrange land, and not one friend to chear thee!
Cyl. I think thou lov'ſt me.
Soph. Sure thou long haſt known it.
Cyl. Is there ought that I could deny *Sophernes*?
No. I have try'd my heart!
Soph. What mean theſe doubts?
I never gave you cauſe.
Cyl. Then promiſe, ſwear,
That you will not refuſe me what I aſk;
Thus on her knees *Cylene* begs it of you.
Soph. Does this appear like love? ſpeak, and 'tis granted.
Cyl. I thank thee. Thou haſt given me all my wiſhes,
For now thy life is ſafe; and ſav'd by me.
Here, take this veil; this ſhall ſecure thy flight,
With this thou ſhalt deceive the watchful guard.
O bleſt occaſion! fly, my lord, with ſpeed;
I never wiſh'd to part till now.
Soph. What, go and leave thee thus! my heart forbids it.
No. Death is all that I am doom'd to ſuffer;
But thy diſtreſs is more.
Cyl. Diſpute it not.
Haſt thou not ſworn?
Soph. What never can be done.
Why wilt thou force ſeverer torture on me?
No. Give me death; I chooſe the ſhorter pain.
When I am dead, may the juſt Gods relieve thee.
Cyl. Was ever love thus obſtinately cruel!
Only thy life can ſave me; think on that.
[Sophernes *fixes his eyes on the ground.*
Like the deaf rock he ſtands immoveable.
How my fears grow, and chill my ſhiv'ring heart!
Has then thy ſtubbornneſs reſolv'd to kill me?
Soph. Shall I, that was her ſhield in every danger,
Abandon her to the rude hand of power?

Cyl.

Cyl. Hear me, my lord; embrace the happy moment:
This is, perhaps, the laſt that is allow'd us.
Soph. What! give her my diſtreſs!
Cyl. Look up, and anſwer.
Have my words loſt all int'reſt in thy heart?
Hear then my purpoſe; and I will perform it.
I'll never feel the pang of that ſad hour
When thou ſhalt ſuffer. No: I'll die before thee.
How gracious was this preſent of the king.
'Tis kind, 'tis merciful, 'twill give me peace,
And ſhew me more compaſſion than *Sophernes*.
Soph. O give me ſtrength, ye powers, to break my chains,
That I may force the lifted weapon from her!
Spare, ſpare thy dearer life! I grant thee all.
I will abandon thee to my diſtreſſes;
I'll fly this inſtant; by our loves, I will.
The Gods are kind. O may their mercy ſave her!
Cyl. From thy dear hands I take the galling chains.
Leſt danger intercept thee: haſte, be gone;
And as thou valueſt mine, ſecure thy life.
Thou hadſt no hope: who knows but my offence
May find forgiveneſs! 'tis a crime of love;
And love's a powerful advocate to mercy.
Soph. O how I ſtruggle to unlooſe my heart-ſtrings,
That are ſo cloſely knit and twin'd with thine!
Is't poſſible that we may meet again?
That thought has fill'd my ſoul with reſolution.
Farewell: may heaven ſupport thee, and redreſs us! [*Exit.*

Cyl. O bleſſed opportunity, I thank thee.
If for this pious act of love I periſh,
Let not *Sophernes* raſhly follow me.
Live to revenge me, and the world ſhall praiſe thee.
Though all my hours be doom'd to chains and darkneſs,
The pleaſing thought that I have given thee ſafety,
Will chear me more than liberty and day-light.
Though I'm condemn'd to ſuffer ſhameful death,
Ev'n in that hour I ſhall forget his terrors,
And knowing that preſerv'd thee, die with pleaſure.
But hark! what noiſe was that? New fears alarm me.
Is he detected?——Heaven has more compaſſion.

Be ſtill, my heart. I go to take his place,
And wait th'event with ſteady reſignation.
[*Enters the dungeon.*

Enter Araxes *and* Aſtarbe.

Aſt. I bring the royal mandate, read your order.
The ſentence of *Sophernes* is ſuſpended;
I'd queſtion him in private. Guide me to him.
Ara. He's dead.
Aſt. *Sophernes* dead! when? how? by whom?
Ara. The captive woman by whoſe hand he fell,
Is gone before the king; juſt now ſhe parted.
Aſt. My guilt, my hate, my love, all war within.
And conſcience and diſtraction will betray me. [*Aſide.*
Ara. Within that dungeon lies the breathleſs body.
Aſt. Name him no more. Begone; I'd be alone.
You know my pleaſure.
Ara. I am all obedience. [*Exit.*
Aſt. Who ſhall appeaſe this tempeſt of my ſoul?
'Tis done. He's dead: now it will rage for ever!
Yet why? Hence, conſcience. All I did was juſtice.
Am I the cauſe? I proffer'd life and love;
The murder was not mine. Why then this horror?
Could a queen bear ſuch inſolence and ſcorn?
Was I not injured? ſhall I not reſent?
He well deſerv'd his fate. Ungrateful man!
The bloody ſpectacle ſhall pleaſe revenge,
And fix eternal hatred in my heart. [Cylene *comes forth.*
Hah! ſpeak: what art?——
It moves! it comes! where ſhall I hide me from it?
Nature ſhrinks back, and ſhivers at the ſight.
[*Hides her face.*
Cyl. See at your feet a poor unhappy captive.
[*Kneeling.*
O may the queen be gracious to her ſervant!
Aſt. *Araxes* ſaid that he had let you forth,
And by command you went before the king.
Why has he thus deceiv'd me?
Cyl. Turn not away;
Beſtow one look of pity on a wretch,
Who lifts her eyes to you for grace and pardon.
Aſt. Pardon! for what? you did it by command.

Is it a crime t'obey the voice of juſtice?
And did not thy own wrongs demand his blood?
What has detain'd thee in that horrid place?
Was it to hear him in the pangs of death,
And taſte the pleaſure of his dying groan?
Stretch forth thy hands: where are the crimſon ſtains?
Where lies the reeking ſword? Is he yet cold?
'Twas bravely done.—Go, haſte, before the throne;
Phraortes ſhall reward thee for this ſervice.

Cyl. When I ſhall ſtand before that awful preſence,
How ſhall I ſtem the torrent of his wrath!
Then let the queen inſtill ſoft mercy in him,
And intercede to ſpare a wretched wife.

Aſt. Make known thy crime.

Cyl. All my offence is love.
Sophernes is my huſband.

Aſt. Haſt thou kill'd him?

Cyl. No. I dar'd diſobey. My love has ſav'd him:
With lying ſpeeches I deceiv'd the king,
Accus'd *Sophernes* of imagin'd crimes,
And thus have given him life. My veil conceal'd him,
And brought him forth from death. This is my guilt.
If e'er your heart has felt the tender paſſion,
You will forgive this juſt, this pious fraud.
Who would not do the ſame for him ſhe loves?
Conſult thy heart; and pity will plead for me.

Aſt. How dar'ſt you contradict the king's command?

Cyl. No power on earth commands the heart but love; [*Riſes.*
And I obey'd my heart.

Aſt. Thy life is forfeit.
Dar'ſt thou avow thy crime?

Cyl. I glory in it.
If 'tis a crime, when innocence is wrong'd
To ſnatch it from the rage of credulous power;
If 'tis a crime to ſuccour the diſtreſt;
If 'tis a crime to relieve injur'd virtue;
If 'tis a crime to be a faithful wife;
Thoſe crimes are mine; for I have ſav'd my huſband.

Aſt. Is this an anſwer turn'd to move compaſſion!
Such inſolence is only match'd in him.
Thine is the moſt conſummate pitch of treaſon.

Who

Who gave thee power? Are traitors at thy mercy?
Let not hope flatter thee. Nor prayers nor tears
Shall turn away the ſword of juſtice from thee.
Raſh woman, know, thy life ſhall pay his ranſom.
Cyl. Alas! my life is of too little price:
Such as it is, I freely give it for him.
May ſafety guard his days, and watch his nights!
[*Kneeling.*
May ev'ry ſun riſe happier than the laſt,
'Till he ſhall re-aſcend his native throne!
Then think upon *Cylene*. Heaven ſhall aid thee
To puniſh *Media* for thy murder'd wife.
Aſt. Araxes! [*Enter* Araxes.] Seize this bold preſumptuous woman.
Your charge, beneath her veil, is fled from juſtice,
And ſhe dares own the crime. I fear your duty
Will be ſuſpected. Lead her to the dungeon.
There wait thy fate.
Cyl. Ye gods, preſerve *Sophernes*.
[*She is lock'd into the dungeon.*
Aſt. If I had power, this inſtant ſhe ſhould die.
Ara. I fear the king will ſoften into mercy.
Aſt. Why that ſuſpicion?
Ara. While ſhe ſpoke before him,
I ſaw the king with the moſt fond attention
Hang on her words; and as ſhe ſpoke, he languiſh'd,
And ev'ry look he gave was love or pity.
Aſt. She ſhall not live an hour. Left with each moment
His paſſion ſtrengthen, and my power diminiſh.
Did beauty ſtrike all hearts as well as eyes,
For me the rival world would be in arms:
Beauty's admir'd and prais'd, not always lov'd.
Some eyes are dazzled with too ſtrong a luſtre,
That gaze with pleaſure on a fainter object;
This homely captive then may ſteal his heart,
And bring diſgrace upon me. I'll prevent her.
This hour I'll ſee her bleed, and thus remove
At once the rival of my throne and love.

ACT V.

SCENE, *a Temple.*

ASTARBE.

Doraſpe knows,—and I am in her power.
Araxes was employ'd; he may ſuſpect me.
One crime ſupports another—I muſt on.
I fear them both. How ſhall I loſe my fear?
Their deaths muſt end it. But they may be honeſt.
I'll ſift them—for my ſoul has loſt all reſt.
But ſee *Doraſpe.*

Enter Doraſpe.

Thou ſometimes wert known
To miſs devotion's hours. How comes it then
Thou'rt now ſo ſoon? haſt thou ought that concerns me?
Think'ſt thou *Araxes* honeſt? I have doubts.
I fear the priſoner 'ſcap'd by his connivance.
Are my commands obey'd?

Dor. 'Tis not yet done:
He could not gain admiſſion to the king.

Aſt. Does he not know a frown of mine can cruſh him?

Dor. I know his heart and hand are wholly your's.
He waits the king's commands.

Aſt. Are mine then nothing?
And want I power to juſtify the deed?
Why was ſhe not diſpatch'd? He knew my pleaſure.
My pleaſure is his duty. 'Twas I rais'd him;
And dares he now diſpute what I ordain?
Tell him, I'll have it done; that I command it.
Thou too art falſe. Then on herſelf alone
Aſtarbe ſhall depend. Away, thou flatterer.
Go hence, and tremble at the queen's diſpleaſure.
She ſhall this inſtant die. For ſee *Phraortes.*
Aſtarbe now has all things at her nod.
Of this day's worſhip I'll appoint the victim.

Enter Phraortes; *A ſolemn proceſſion of* Prieſts.

[*The queeen talks a part to* Phraortes.

Phra. Bid them ſuſpend a while the ſacrifice:

The

The queen requires a private conference
On matters that concern the ſtate. Withdraw.
[*Exeunt* Prieſts.
Now ſpeak, my queen; I'm ready to obey.
Aſt. All is not ſafe. Your ſtate ſtill harbours treaſon.
Ev'n now I tremble for my lord the king;
For through the dark the traitor's arrow flies;
And which way will you turn your ſhield againſt it?
Phra What means my queen?
Aſt. Caſt off all clemency;
So ſhall your throne ſtand firm to lateſt time.
Phra. And has my danger given *Aſtarbe* fear?
Where ſhall I find reward for ſo much goodneſs?
I ſwear by *Jove*, and yon wide ſapphire heaven,
Aſtarbe's will ſhall fix the king's decree.
Aſt. What ſhall be done to him, whoſe lying lips
Miſlead the king from the ſtrait paths of juſtice?
Phra. Media decrees that death ſhall be his portion.
Aſt. What is ordain'd for him, who (when the king
Entruſts the royal ſignet in his hands)
Dares contradict the ſacred mandate?
Phra. Death.
Aſt. What ſhall our laws inflict on that bold miſcreant,
Who ſaves th' offender whom the king condemns?
Phra. The fatal ſentence falls upon his head.
Aſt. Let juſtice then ſupport the throne of *Media*;
Let juſtice then preſerve thy ſacred life!
All theſe offences are that captive woman's,
Who with feign'd tears beg'd pity and revenge.
With lying lips ſhe fell before the throne,
She turn'd the king from the ſtrait paths of juſtice,
The royal ſeal was truſted in her hands;
Preſumptuouſly ſhe broke the ſacred mandate,
She ſpar'd whom you condemn'd, and with vile treachery
Hath ſet *Sophernes* free. So this aſſaſſin
Shall kindle new rebellions in your empire.
Phra. Theſe flagrant crimes demand immediate death.
Aſt. Let it be ſo. The king is wiſe and juſt.
Phra. She ſhall this inſtant bleed. Audacious woman!

Aſt.

Aſt. Let her endure the ſhameful pomp of death,
Expoſe her through the city's public ſtreet;
So ſhall your people's ſhouts extol your juſtice;
So ſhall you ſtrike your enemies with fear,
And awe them to ſubjection. Bring her forth;
Here let her bleed, ev'n on this holy ground,
Before the preſence; *Jove* delights in juſtice,
The righteous ſacrifice ſhall pleaſe the gods.

Enter Orbaſius, Magi, Attendants.

Phra. Come from the crowd, *Orbaſius*: hear and obey.
Haſte to the priſon, and bring forth that woman
(Who freed *Sophernes* from the hand of power)
To public juſtice. She ſhall bleed before me.
Let her be led a public ſpectacle.
Diſpatch. Remember that the king expects you.
[*Exit* Orbaſius.
The ſhield of heaven has turn'd deſtruction from us;
And gratitude requires our thanks and praiſe.
Call up the prieſts. Begin the ſacred rites.

1*ſt Mag.* Turn all your eyes to yon bright arch of heaven.

2*d Mag.* When *Jove* in thunder threatens impious men,
May the red lightnings ſcatter *Media*'s foes,
And lay their cities deſolate and waſte!

1*ſt Mag.* May the vaſt globe of inexhauſted light,
That rolls its living fires from eaſt to weſt,
Strow all his paths with fragrant herbs and flowers,
And bleſs his people with perpetual ſpring!

2*d Mag.* May the bright lamp of night, the ſilver moon,
And all the ſtarry myriad that attend her,
Guard and defend his midnight couch from dangers!

1*ſt Mag.* May ever living ſprings ſupply our fountains,
And wind in fertile rivers through the land!

2*d Mag.* Bleſs him, ye winds, with ever proſp'rous gales!

1*ſt Mag.* Pour not your wrath in tempeſts on his people.
Let your ſweet breath chaſe dearth and peſtilence,
And cool our ſummers with eternal health!

Enter

Enter Orbaſius, *with* Cylene, *as led to execution.*

[Orbaſius *talks apart to the king.*

Phra. Again we muſt defer the ſolemn worſhip.
Bid the proceſſion move towards the temple:
And let th' offender ſtand before the preſence. [*To* Orb.

Aſt. Sophernes has expos'd me to this woman;
And while ſhe lives, I live in fear and ſhame.
Shall ſhe then triumph in a queen's diſgrace? [*Aſide.*

Cyl. Moſt gracious king, conſider my tranſgreſſion.
[*Kneels.*
My life is forfeit; juſtice has condemn'd me.
I broke th' inviolable laws of *Media.*
Yet let *Phraortes* with impartial ſcale
Weigh my offence; he'll find my crime was virtue.
Sure heaven that tries the heart, will pardon me:
And kings, who imitate the gods in juſtice,
Should not forſake them in the paths of mercy.

Phra. Have not thy lying lips deceiv'd the king?
How ſhall thy words find faith! They're air, they're nothing!

Cyl. O be not raſh in judgment! Hear me ſpeak.
What mov'd my tongue to practiſe this deceit?
Was it ambition and the luſt of power?
Was it to vex your empire with rebellion?
Was it the meaner views of ſordid gain?
Was it to hurt the loweſt of your people?
All my offence is faithful love and duty:
Sophernes is my huſband, and I ſav'd him.

Phra. Thy huſband!

Aſt. Hear her not: woman, away.
Remember you have ſworn.

Phra. Thy huſband, ſay'ſt thou?

Aſt. Think on your oath, and ſpurn diſſimulation.

Phra. Am I debarr'd the chief delight of kings?
Have I the power to puniſh; not to pardon?
But I have ſworn.

Cyl. If there's no room for mercy [*Riſes.*
My life is well beſtow'd. My death is glorious;
I choſe it; and repine not at my fate.

Aſt. Turn from her. Liſten not to fraud and guile.

Cyl. Think not I ſhudder at th' approach of death;

That

That the keen ſword, which glitters in my eyes,
Makes my heart fail, and ſinks me to deſpair.
I fear not for myſelf; for him I fear.
How will he bear my death?—As I could his.
Phra. Why have I bound the tender hands of mercy?
[*Muſing.*
Aſt. You but delay. The royal oath is ſacred.
Cyl. Well then. Lead on. His puniſhment is mine.
Live, live, *Sophernes*, and forget *Cylene*;
Leſt grief deſtroy thy peace, and make thee wretched.
I'm ready.
Phra. How ſhall I pronounce the ſentence!
Aſt. For your oath's ſake.
Phra. 'Tis granted. Let her die.
But let me firſt perform my due devotions,
To beg that mercy which I muſt refuſe.
As ſoon as I have paid my ſolemn vows,
I'll make the ſign: then let the blow be given.
See all be ready. Now renew the rites.

Enter Hydarnes, *diſguis'd.*

Hyd. Thus far I'm undiſcover'd.—Now's my time.
The king of *Media*'s given into my hands.
And when he leaves his guards to truſt the gods,
Ev'n while he proſtrate falls, and lifts his eyes
To the bright god of day, th' all-ſeeing ſun,
This ſhall diſpatch him firſt, and then *Hydarnes.*
1*ſt Mag.* Now let the king advance.
Phra. O glorious ſun! [*Kneeling.*
[Hydarnes *attempting to ſtab* Phraortes, *is ſtab'd by* Sophernes, *diſguis'd, who is ſeiz'd by the* Magi.
What means this conſternation in all eyes?
Whence this alarm, and all this wild diſorder?
Hah! who lies here thus weltring in his blood,
Gaſping for life? what means this horrid murder?
Strike not till I command, [*To the Executioner.*] Who did this deed?
1*ſt Mag.* Behold the man. What bounty can reward him?
What ſhall be done for him who ſav'd the king?
Phra. Say who, and whence thou art?
Soph. A wretched man

Who

Who comes to take his ſentence on him, death.
Sophernes was condemn'd; 'tis he muſt ſuffer.
Spare then that pattern of heroic virtue.
The ſentence is not her's; I claim my right.
Sophernes ſtands before you, and demands it.
[*Throws off his diſguiſe.*

Cyl. O ſtay not for the ſignal. Give the blow.
Save him, ye gods! Why is the ſtroke delay'd?
The king has ſworn. O may my death preſerve him!

Phra. Suſpend her ſentence till my further orders.
Who ſlew this man? what mov'd thee to the murder?
Why haſt thou ſtain'd this holy place with blood?

Soph. That villain who lies groveling there before thee,
Had rais'd his arm to take thy life, O king;
And as the point deſcended, in the moment
I laid him low; and heaven has done me juſtice.
If favour ſhall reward me for this deed,
Spare my *Cylene*, grant her your protection.
I aſk not life, for without her 'tis nothing.

Aſt. Where will this end? How are my ſchemes deſtroy'd!
Fear chills my heart, and guilt lies heavy on me.
Leave me not, hell! deſert not now thy cauſe
I've gone too far. O blind the eyes of juſtice!
And ſink me not in ruin and perdition. [*Aſide.*

Phra. Know you this bold aſſaſſin? View him well.

Hyd. Ay, gaze upon me.

Orba. Sure I've ſeen this man.

Soph. Among the crowd I mark'd this perjur'd wretch,
Who charg'd me with ingratitude and treaſon:
With fury in his looks, and haſty ſtrides
He ſtept before me; ſtrait he rais'd his dagger:
In juſtice to myſelf and thee, I ſmote him.

Aſt. Where ſhall I hide me? how my fears diſtract me!
Who knows the torment of the guilty wretch,
When accuſation ſtares him in the face?
Then all our ſpirits ſink into deſpair,
And when we want moſt ſtrength, then moſt it fails us.
He ſpeaks, and I'm betray'd. Why err'd the dagger!
To bring confuſion, ſhame, and death upon me.
Where ſhall I fly?—for conſcience will detect me,
'Twill faulter on my tongue, and ſtain my cheek.

) horror! O disgrace!—I fly from shame. [
Soph. 'Twas I that gave thee death.
Hyd. Thou hast done justice.
Phra. What say'st thou? speak again.
Hyd. He has done justice.
I barb'rously accus'd him of my crimes;
That guilt upbraids me; and I ask forgiveness. [*To*
Phra. Whence art thou?—why this zealous
against me?
Hyd. I grieve not that I perish'd by his hand:
But that he disappointed *my* revenge,
I can't forgive him. Had he stay'd 'till then,
Hydarnes had fall'n greatly. But that's past.
Still I shall wound thee in the tenderest part,
[*To* Phra
I faint. O grant me strength to give it utterance!
Draw near, *Araxes*. Speak, inform the king;
Did not you guide me to the queen's apartment?
You know why I was call'd. Disclose the secret.
Ara. What past I know not.
Hyd. What you fear to own,
I dare reveal: hear then a dying man.
The queen, on promise of my life and pardon,
Prevail'd upon me to accuse this prince:
I knew him not; yet, to pursue thy life,
And gratify revenge, I undertook it.
Phra. It is impossible. Advance, my queen,
And let thy presence strike him with confusion.
Come forth, *Astarbe*. Hah! she's fled; she's g
Haste, bring her back. I will extort confession.
What mov'd her to this perjur'd information?
[*Ex.*
Whence sprung this hate and malice to *Sopher*
[*To* H
Hyd. Ask her. I speak the truth, and know n
Look on me, tyrant, and observe my features:
Seest thou not here the lines of brave *Lysamn*
He by thy power was led to shameful death,
His son now dies, and never has reveng'd him

Enter Astarbe. *brought in by* Officer

Ast. Bring me before the king.

Phra. Perfidious woman!
Look on that wretch, who there lies pale and cold;
Was he not brought in private to your chamber?
Who gave inſtructions to accuſe *Sophernes?*
Who promis'd life and pardon to *Hydarnes?*
Aſt. All then is loſt. *Aſtarbe* is betray'd.
But ſhall I ſtoop to lead a life of ſhame?
No. This ſhall cloſe a ſcene of long remorſe.
[*Stabs herſelf.*
Phra. Aſtarbe! hold!
Aſt. Forgive me! [*Dies.*
Phra. Her foul treachery
My ſoul deteſts. But love will force a tear.
What mov'd her hatred thus againſt your life?
Soph. She was unhappy. Let her be forgot.
Phra. Draw near, *Cylene.* May heav'n bleſs your loves!
[*Gives her to* Sophernes.
Cyl. Shall he then live? My heart o'erflows with joy.
Now life is worth accepting, worth deſiring,
Worth ev'ry wiſh, and ev'ry daily prayer.
Phra. By you the royal veſtment ſhall be worn,
And, next the king, all honour ſhall be paid
To you who ſav'd him. [*To* Sophernes.
Soph. What I did was due;
I've only paid a debt of gratitude:
What would your bounty more?—you've given me all:
For in theſe arms I ev'ry wiſh poſſeſs.
Phra. Life is a voyage, and we with pain and labour
Muſt weather many a ſtorm, to reach the port.
Soph. Since 'tis not given to mortals to diſcern
Their real good and ill; let men learn patience:
Let us the toils of adverſe fate ſuſtain,
For through that rugged road our hopes we gain.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

SHALL authors teaze the town with tragic paſſion;
When we've more modern moral things in faſhion?
Let poets quite exhauſt the Muſe's treaſure;
Sure maſquerades muſt give more feeling pleaſure,
Where we meet finer ſenſe and better meaſure;
The marry'd dame, whoſe buſineſs muſt be done,
Puts on the holy veſtments of a nun;
And brings her unprolific ſpouſe a ſon.
Coquettes, with whom no lover could ſucceed,
Here pay off all arrears, and love in—deed:
Ev'n conſcious prudes are ſo ſincere and free,
They aſk each man they meet—Do you know me?
Do not our Operas unbend the mind,
Where ev'ry ſoul's to ecſtaſy reſign'd?
Entranc'd with ſound fits each ſeraphic toaſt:
All ladies love the play that moves the moſt.
Ev'n in this houſe I've known ſome tender Fair,
Touch'd with mere ſenſe alone, confeſs a tear.
But the ſoft voice of an Italian *Wether,*
Makes them all languiſh three whole hours together.
And where's the wonder? Plays, like Maſs, are ſung,
(Religious Drama!)—*in an unknown tongue.*
Will Poets ne'er conſider what they coſt us?
What tragedy can take, like Doctor Fauſtus?
Two ſtages in this moral ſhow excell,
To frighten vicious youth with ſcenes of hell;
Yet both theſe Fauſtuſes *can warn but few.*
For what's a conj'rer's fate to me or—you?
Yet there are wives who think heav'n worth their care;
But firſt they kindly ſend their ſpouſes there.
When you my lover's laſt diſtreſs behold,
Does not each huſband's thrilling blood run cold?
Some heroes only die.—Ours finds a wife.
What's harder than captivity for life?
Yet Men, ne'er warn'd, ſtill court their own undoing:
Who, for that circle, would but venture ruin?

THE

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

——Nos hæc noviſſimus eſſe nihil. MART.

INTRODUCTION.

BEGGAR, PLAYER.

BEGGAR.

IF poverty be a title to poetry, I am ſure no body can diſpute mine. I own myſelf of the Company of Beggars; and I make one at their weekly feſtivals at *St. Giles*'s. I have a ſmall yearly ſalary for my catches, and am welcome to a dinner there whenever I pleaſe, which is more than moſt poets can ſay.

INTRODUCTION.

Player. As we live by the Muſes, it is but gratitude in us to encourage poetical merit wherever we find it. The Muſes, contrary to all other ladies, pay no diſtinction to dreſs, and never partially miſtake the pertneſs of embroidery for wit, nor the modeſty of want for dulneſs. Be the author who he will, we puſh his play as far as it will go. So (though you are in want) I wiſh you ſucceſs heartily.

Beggar. This piece I own was originally writ for the celebrating the marriage of *James Chanter* and *Moll Lay*, two moſt excellent ballad-ſingers. I have introduced the ſimilies that are in all your celebrated opera's: The *Swallow*, the *Moth*, the *Bee*, the *Ship*, the *Flower*, &c. Beſides I have a priſon ſcene, which the ladies always reckon charmingly pathetic. As to the parts, I have obſerved ſuch a nice impartiality to our two ladies, that it is impoſſible for either of them to take offence. I hope I may be forgiven, that I have not made my opera throughout unnatural, like thoſe in vogue; for I have no recitative; excepting this, as I have conſented to have neither Prologue nor Epilogue, it muſt be allowed an opera in all its forms. The piece indeed hath been heretofore frequently repreſented by ourſelves in our great room at *St. Giles*'s, ſo that I cannot

I cannot too often acknowledge your charity in bringing it now on the ſtage.

Player. But I ſee it is time for us to withdraw; the Actors are preparing to begin. Play away the overture. [*Exeunt.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Peachum,		Mr. *Hippeſley*.
Lockit,		Mr. *Hall*.
Macheath,		Mr. *Walker*.
Filch,		Mr. *Clark*.
Jemmy Twitcher,	*Macheath*'s Gang,	Mr. *H. Bullock*.
Crook-finger'd Jack,		Mr. *Houghton*.
Wat. Dreary,		Mr. *Smith*.
Robin *of* Bagſhot,		Mr. *Lacy*.
Nimming Ned,		Mr. *Pitt*.
Harry Paddington,		Mr. *Eaton*.
Mat. *of the* Mint,		Mr. *Spiller*.
Ben Budge,		Mr. *Morgan*.
Beggar,		Mr. *Chapman*.
Player,		Mr. *Milward*.

Conſtables, Drawers, Turnkey, &c.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Peachum,		Mrs. *Marten*.
Polly Peachum,		Miſs *Fenton*.
Lucy Lockit,		Mrs. *Egleton*.
Diana Trapes,		Mrs. *Marten*.
Mrs. Coaxer,	*Women of the Town*,	Mrs. *Holiday*.
Dolly Trull,		Mrs. *Lacy*.
Mrs. Vixen,		Mrs. *Rice*.
Betty Doxy,		Mrs. *Rogers*.
Jenny Diver,		Mrs *Clarke*.
Mrs. Slammekin,		Mrs. *Morgan*.
Suky Tawdry,		Mrs. *Palin*.
Molly Brazen,		Mrs. *Sallee*.

THE

THE

BEGGAR's OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Peachum's *Houſe.*

Peachum *ſitting at a table, with a large book of accounts before him.*

AIR I. An old woman cloathed in grey.

THROUGH all the employments of life
Each neighbour abuſes his brother;
Whore and rogue they call huſband and wife:
All profeſſions be-rogue one another.
The prieſt calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer be-knaves the divine;
And the ſtateſman, becauſe he's ſo great,
Thinks his trade as honeſt as mine.

A lawyer is an honeſt employment, ſo is mine. Like me too he acts in a double capacity, both againſt rogues and for 'em; for 'tis but fitting that we ſhould protect and encourage cheats, ſince we live by 'em.

SCENE II.

Enter Filch.

Filch. Sir, black *Moll* hath ſent word her trial comes on in the afternoon, and ſhe hopes you will order matters ſo as to bring her off.

Peach.

Peach. Why, ſhe may plead her belly at worſt; to my knowledge ſhe hath taken care of that ſecurity. But as the wench is very active and induſtrious, you may ſatisfy her that I'll ſoften the evidence.

Filch. *Tom Gagg*, Sir, is found guilty.

Peach A lazy dog! When I took him the time before, I told him what he would come to if he did not mend his hand. This is death without reprieve. I may venture to book him. [*writes*] for *Tom Gagg*, forty pounds Let *Betty Sly* know that I'll ſave her from tranſportation, for I can get more by her ſtaying in *England.*

Filch. Betty hath brought more goods into our lock this year than any five of the gang; and in truth, 'tis pity to loſe ſo good a cuſtomer.

Peach. If none of the gang takes her off, ſhe may, in the common courſe of buſineſs, live a twelve-month longer. I love to let women 'ſcape. A good ſportſman always lets the hen-partridges fly, becauſe the breed of the game depends upon them. Beſides, here the law allows us no reward: there is nothing to be got by the death of women———except our wives.

Filch. Without diſpute, ſhe is a fine woman! 'Twas to her I was obliged for my education, (to ſay a bold word) ſhe hath trained up more young fellows to the buſineſs, than the gaming-table.

Peach. Truly, *Filch*, thy obſervation is right. We and the ſurgeons are more beholden to women, than all the profeſſions beſides.

AIR II. The bonny grey-ey'd morn, &c.

Filch. *'Tis woman that ſeduces all mankind,*
By her we firſt were taught the wheedling arts:
Her very eyes can cheat, when moſt ſhe's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts:
For her, like wolves, by night we roam for prey,
And practice every fraud to bribe her charms;
For ſuits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty muſt be fee'd into our arms.

Peach. But make haſte to *Newgate*, boy, and let my friends know what I intend; for I love to make *them eaſy* one way or other.

Filch.

Filch. When a gentleman is long kept in ſuſpenſe, penitence may break his ſpirit ever after. Beſides, certainty gives a man a good air upon his trial, and makes him riſque another without fear or ſcruple. But I'll away, for it's a pleaſure to be the meſſenger of comfort to friends in affliction.

SCENE III.

Peachum.

But 'tis now high time to look about me for a decent execution againſt next ſeſſions. I hate a lazy rogue, by whom one can get nothing till he's hang'd. A regiſter of the gang, [*reading*] Crook-finger'd *Jack*. A year and a half in the ſervice; let me ſee how much the ſtock owes to his induſtry; one, two, three, four, five gold watches, and ſeven ſilver ones. A mighty clean handed fellow! Sixteen ſnuff-boxes, five of them of true gold. Six dozen of handkerchiefs, four ſilver-hilted ſwords, half a dozen of ſhirts, three tye perriwigs, and a piece of broad-cloth. Conſidering theſe are only the fruits of his leiſure hours, I don't know a prettier fellow, for no man alive hath a more engaging preſence of mind upon the road. *Wat Dreary*, alias *Brown Will*, an irregular dog, who hath an underhand way of diſpoſing of his goods. I'll try him only for a ſeſſions or two longer upon his good behaviour. *Harry Paddington*, a poor petty larceny raſcal, without the leaſt genius; that fellow, though he were to live theſe ſix months, will never come to the gallows with any credit. Slippery *Sam*; he goes off the next ſeſſions, for the villain hath the impudence to have views of following his trade as a taylor, which he calls an honeſt employment. *Mat* of the *Mint*, lifted not above a month ago, a promiſing ſturdy fellow, and diligent in his way, ſomewhat too bold and haſty, and may raiſe good contributions on the publick, if he does not cut himſelf ſhort by murder. *Tom Tipple*, a guzzling, ſoaking ſot, who is always too drunk to ſtand himſelf, or to make others ſtand. A cart is abſolutely neceſſary for him. *Robin* of *Bagſhot*, alias *Gorgan*, alias *Bluff Bob*, alias *Carbuncle*, alias *Bob Booty*.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Peachum, *Mrs.* Peachum.

Mrs. *Peach.* What of *Bob Booty*, Huſband? I hope nothing bad hath betided him? You know, my dear, he's a favourite cuſtomer of mine. 'Twas he made me a preſent of this ring.

Peach. I have ſet his name down in the black liſt, that's all, my dear; he ſpends his life among women; and as ſoon as his money is gone, one or other of the ladies will hang him for the reward, and there's forty pounds loſt to us for ever.

Mrs. *Peach.* You know, my dear, I never meddle in matters of death; I always leave thoſe affairs to you: women indeed are bitter bad judges in theſe caſes, for they are ſo partial to the brave that they think every man handſome who is going to the camp or the gallows.

AIR III. Cold and raw, *&c.*

If any wench Venus's *girdle wear,*
Though ſhe be never ſo ugly;
Lilies and roſes will quickly appear,
And her face look wond'rous ſmuggly:
Beneath the left ear ſo fit but a cord,
(A rope ſo charming a zone is!)
The youth in his cart hath the air of a lord,
And we cry, there dies an Adonis.

But really, huſband, you ſhould not be too hardhearted, for you never had a finer, braver ſet of men than at preſent. We have not had a murder among them all theſe ſeven months. And truly, my dear, that is a great bleſſing.

Peach. What a dickens is the woman always a whimpering about murder for? No gentleman is ever look'd upon the worſe for killing a man in his own defence; and if buſineſs cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a gentleman do?

Mrs. *Peach.* If I am in the wrong, my dear, you muſt excuſe me, for nobody can help the frailty of an over ſcrupulous conſcience.

Peach.

Peach. Murder is as fashionable a crime as a man can be guilty of. How many fine gentlemen have we in *Newgate* every year, purely upon that article! If they have wherewithal to perſuade the jury to bring it in manſlaughter, what are they the worſe for it? So, my dear, have done upon this ſubject. Was captain *Macheath* here this morning, for the Bank notes he left with you laſt week?

Mrs. *Peach.* Yes, my dear, and tho' the bank hath ſtopt payment, he was ſo chearful and ſo agreeable! ſure there's not a finer gentleman upon the road than the captain! If he comes from *Bagſhot* at any reaſonable hour, he hath promiſed to make one this evening with *Polly* and me, and *Bob Booty*, at a party of Quadrille. Pray, my dear, is the captain rich?

Peach. The captain keeps too good company ever to grow rich. *Marybone* and the chocolate-houſes are his undoing. The man that propoſes to get money by play ſhould have the education of a fine gentleman, and be trained up to it from his youth.

Mrs. *Peach.* Really, I am ſorry upon *Polly*'s account the captain hath not more diſcretion. What buſineſs hath he to keep company with lords and gentlemen? He ſhould leave them to prey upon one another.

Peach. Upon *Polly*'s account! what a plague does the woman mean?——Upon *Polly*'s account!

Mrs *Peach.* Captain *Macheath* is very fond of the girl.

Peach. And what then?

Mrs. *Peach* If I have any ſkill in the ways of women, I am ſure *Polly* thinks him a very pretty man.

Peach. And what then? You would not be ſo mad to have the wench marry him! Gameſters and highwaymen are generally very good to their whores, but they are very devils to their wives.

Mrs. *Peach.* But if *Polly* ſhould be in love, how ſhould we help her, or how can ſhe help herſelf? Poor girl, I am under the utmoſt concern about her.

AIR IV. Why is your faithful Slave diſdain'd? &c.

If love the virgin's heart invade,
How, like a moth, the ſimple maid

Still

Still plays about the flame!
If ſoon ſhe be not made a wife,
Her honour's ſing'd, and then for life
She's——what I dare not name.

Peach. Look ye, wife, a handſome wench in our way of buſineſs is as profitable as at the bar of a *Temple* coffee-houſe, who looks upon it as her livelihood to grant every liberty but one. You ſee I would indulge the girl as far as prudently we can, in any thing, but marriage! after that, my dear, how ſhall we be ſafe? Are we not then in her huſband's power: for a huſband hath the abſolute power over all a wife's ſecrets but her own. If the girl had the diſcretion of a court lady, who can have a dozen young fellows at her ear without complying with one, I ſhould not matter it; but *Polly* is tinder, and a ſpark will at once ſet her on a flame. Married! if the wench does not know her own profit, ſure ſhe knows her own pleaſure better than to make herſelf a property! My daughter to me ſhould be like a court lady to a miniſter of ſtate, a key to the whole gang. Married! If the affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it, by the example of our neighbours.

Mrs. *Peach.* May hap, my dear, you may injure the girl. She loves to imitate the fine ladies, and ſhe may only allow the captain liberties in the view of intereſt.

Peach. But 'tis your duty, to warn the girl againſt her ruin, and to inſtruct her how to make the moſt of her beauty. I'll go to her this moment, and ſift her. In the mean time, wife, rip out the coronets and marks of theſe dozen of cambric handkerchiefs, for I can diſpoſe of them this afternoon to a chap in the city.

SCENE V.

Mrs. Peachum.

Never was a man more out of the way in an argument than my huſband! why muſt our *Polly*, forſooth, differ from her ſex, and love only her huſband? And why muſt *Polly*'s marriage, contrary to all obſervation, make her the leſs followed by other men? All men are thieves in love, and like a woman the better for being another's property.

AIR

AIR V. Of all the ſimple things we do, &c.

A maid is like the golden ore,
Which hath guineas intrinſical in't,
Whoſe worth is never known before
It is try'd and impreſt in the mint.
A wife's like a guinea in gold,
Stampt with the name of her ſpouſe;
Now here, now there; is bought or is ſold;
And is current in every houſe.

SCENE VI.

Mrs. Peachum, Filch.

Mrs. *Peach.* Come hither, *Filch.* I am as fond of this child as though my mind miſgave me he were my own. He hath as fine a hand at picking a pocket as a woman, and is as nimble-finger'd as a juggler. If an unlucky ſeſſion does not cut the rope of thy life, I pronounce, boy, thou wilt be a great man in hiſtory. Where was your poſt laſt night, my boy?

Filch. I ply'd at the opera, madam; and conſidering 'twas neither dark nor rainy, ſo that there was no great hurry in getting chairs and coaches, made a tolerable hand on't. Theſe ſeven handkerchiefs, madam.

Mrs. *Peach.* Colour'd ones, I ſee. They are of ſure ſale from our warehouſe at *Redriff* among the ſeamen.

Filch. And this ſnuff-box.

Mrs. *Peach.* Set in gold! A pretty encouragement this to a young beginner.

Filch. I had a rare tug at a charming gold watch. Pox take the taylors for making the fobs ſo deep and narrow! It ſtuck by the way, and I was forced to make my eſcape under a coach. Really, madam, I fear I ſhall be cut off in the flower of my youth, ſo that every now and then (ſince I was pumpt) I have thoughts of taking up and going to ſea.

Mrs. *Peach.* You ſhould go to *Hockley in the Hole*, and to *Marybone*, child, to learn valour. Theſe are the ſchools that have bred up ſo many brave men. I thought, boy, by this time, thou hadſt loſt fear as well as ſhame. Poor lad! how little does he know as yet of the *Old Bailey!* For the firſt fact I'll inſure thee from being hang'd; and

and going to ſea, *Filch*, will come time enough upon a ſentence of tranſportation. But now, ſince you have nothing better to do, ev'n go to your book, and learn your catechiſm; for really a man makes but an ill figure in the Ordinary's Paper, who cannot give a ſatisfactory anſwer to his queſtions. But, hark you, my lad, don't tell me a lye; for you know I hate a lyar. Do you know of any thing that hath paſt between captain *Macheath* and our *Polly*.

Filch. I beg you, madam, don't aſk me; for I muſt either tell a lie to you or to Miſs *Polly*, for I promis'd her I would not tell.

Mrs. *Peach*. But when the honour of our family is concern'd——

Filch. I ſhall lead a ſad life with Miſs *Polly*, if ever ſhe come to know that I told you. Beſides, I would not willingly forfeit my own honour by betraying any body.

Mrs. *Peach*. Yonder comes my huſband and *Polly*. Come, *Filch*, you ſhall go with me into my own room, and tell me the whole ſtory. I'll give thee a glaſs of a moſt delicious cordial that I keep for my own drinking.

SCENE VII.

Peachum, Polly.

Polly. I know as well as any of the fine ladies how to make the moſt of myſelf and of my man too. A woman knows how to be mercenary, though ſhe hath never been in a court or at an aſſembly. We have it in our natures, Papa. If I allow captain *Macheath* ſome trifling liberties, I have this watch and other viſible marks of his favour to ſhow for it. A girl who cannot grant ſome things, and refuſe what is moſt material, will make but a poor hand of her beauty, and ſoon be thrown upon the common.

AIR. VI. What ſhall I do to ſhow how much I love her, &c.

Virgins are like the fair flower in its luſtre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground;
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluſter,
And gaudy butterflies frolick around:

But

But when once pluck'd 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent-Garden *'tis ſent (as yet ſweet,)*
There fades and ſhrinks, and grows paſt all enduring,
Rots, ſtinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

Peach. You know, *Polly*, I am not againſt your toying and trifling with a cuſtomer in the way of buſineſs, or to get out a ſecret, or ſo. But if I find out that you have play'd the fool and are married, you jade you, I'll cut your throat, huſſy. Now you know my mind.

SCENE VIII.

Peachum, Polly, *Mrs.* Peachum.

AIR VII. Oh *London* is a fine town.

Mrs. Peachum in a very great paſſion.

Our Polly *is a ſad ſlut! nor heeds what we have taught her,*
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!
For ſhe muſt have both hoods and gowns, and hoops to ſwell her pride,
With ſcarfs and ſtays, and gloves and lace; and ſhe'll have man beſide;
And when ſhe's dreſt with care and coſt, all-tempting fine and gay,
As men ſhould ſerve a cucumber, ſhe flings herſelf away.
Our Polly *is a ſad ſlut,* &c.

You baggage! you huſſy! you inconſiderate jade! had you been hang'd it would not have vex'd me, for that might have been your misfortune; but to do ſuch a mad thing by choice! the wench is married, huſband.

Peach. Married! the captain is a bold man, and will riſque any thing for money; to be ſure he believes her a fortune. Do you think your mother and I ſhould have lived comfortably ſo long together, if ever we had been married, baggage?

Mrs. *Peach.* I knew ſhe was always a proud ſlut; and now the wench has play'd the fool and married, becauſe forſooth ſhe would do like the gentry. Can you ſupport the expence of a huſband, huſſy, in gaming, drinking, and whoring? Have you money enough to carry

carry on the daily quarrels of a man and wife about who ſhall ſquander moſt? There are not many huſbands and wives, who can bear the charges of plaguing one another in a handſome way. If you muſt be married, could you introduce nobody into our family but a highwayman? Why, thou fooliſh jade, thou wilt be as ill uſed, and as much neglected, as if thou hadſt married a lord!

Peach. Let not your anger, my dear, break through the rules of decency, for the captain looks upon himſelf in the military capacity, as a gentleman by his profeſſion. Beſides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting, or of dying: and both theſe ways, let me tell you, are moſt excellent chances for a wife. Tell me, huſſy, are you ruined or no?

Mrs. *Peach.* With *Polly*'s fortune ſhe might very well have gone off to a perſon of diſtinction. Yes, that you might, you pouting ſlut!

Peach. What, is the wench dumb? Speak, or I'll make you plead by ſqueezing out an anſwer from you. Are you really bound wife to him, or are you only upon liking? [*Pinches her.*

Polly. Oh! [*Screaming.*

Mrs. *Peach.* How the mother is to be pitied who hath handſome daughters! locks, bolts, bars, and lectures of morality are nothing to them: they break through them all. They have as much pleaſure in cheating a father and mother as in cheating at cards.

Peach. Why, *Polly*, I ſhall ſoon know if you are married, by *Macheath*'s keeping from our houſe.

AIR VIII. Grim king of the ghoſts, &c.

Polly. *Can love be controul'd by advice?*
Will Cupid *our mothers obey?*
Though my heart were as frozen as ice,
At his flame 'twould have melted away.
When he kiſt me ſo cloſely he preſt,
'Twas ſo ſweet that I muſt have comply'd:
So I thought it both ſafeſt and beſt
To marry for fear you ſhould chide.

Mrs. *Peach.* Then all the hopes of our family are gone for ever and ever.

Peach.

Peach. And *Macheath* may hang his father and mother-in-law, in hope to get into their daughter's fortune.

Polly. I did not marry him (as 'tis the fashion) coolly and deliberately for honour or money. But, I love him.

Mrs. *Peach.* Love him! worse and worse! I thought the girl had been better bred. O husband, husband! her folly makes me mad! my head swims! I'm distracted! I can't support myself——Oh! [*Faints.*

Peach. See, wench, to what a condition you have reduced your poor mother; a glass of cordial, this instant. How the poor woman takes it to heart!

[Polly *goes out and returns with it.*

Ah, hussy, now this is the only comfort your mother has left!

Polly. Give her another glass, sir; my mamma drinks double the quantity whenever she is out of order. This, you see, fetches her.

Mrs. *Peach.* The girl shews such a readiness, and so much concern, that I could almost find in my heart to forgive her.

AIR IX. O *Jenny*, O *Jenny*, where hast thou been?

O Polly, *you might have toy'd and kist,*
By keeping men off, you keep them on.
Polly. *But he so teaz'd me,*
And he so pleas'd me,
What I did, you must have done.

Mrs. *Peach.* Not with a highwayman—You sorry slut!

Peach. A word with you, wife. 'Tis no new thing for a wench to take man without consent of parents. You know 'tis the frailty of woman, my dear.

Mrs. *Peach.* Yes, indeed, the sex is frail. But the first time a woman is frail, she should be somewhat nice methinks, for then or never is the time to make her fortune. After that, she hath nothing to do but to guard herself from being found out, and she may do what she pleases.

Peach. Make yourself a little easy: I have a thought shall soon set all matters again to rights. Why so melancholy,

lancholy, *Polly?* ſince what is done cannot be undone, we muſt endeavour to make the beſt of it.

Mrs. *Peach.* Well, *Polly*, as far as one woman can forgive another, I forgive thee—Your father is too fond of you, huſſy.

Polly. Then all my ſorrows are at an end.

Mrs. *Peach.* A mighty likely ſpeech in troth, for a wench who is juſt married.

AIR X. *Thomas*, I cannot, *&c.*

Polly. *I like a ſhip in ſtorms was toſt;*
Yet afraid to put in to land;
For ſeiz'd in the port the veſſel's loſt,
Whoſe treaſure is contreband.
The waves are laid,
My duty's paid,
O joy beyond expreſſion!
Thus, ſafe aſhore,
I aſk no more,
My all's in my poſſeſſion.

Peach. I hear cuſtomers in t'other room, go talk with 'em, *Polly*; but come to us again, as ſoon as they are gone.—But hark ye, child, if 'tis the gentleman, who was here yeſterday about the repeating-watch, ſay, you believe we can't get intelligence of it, till to-morrow; for I lent it to *Suky Straddle*, to make a figure with it to-night at a tavern in Drury-Lane. If t'other gentleman calls for the ſilver-hilted ſword, you know beetle-brow'd *Jemmy* hath it on, and he doth not come from Tunbridge till Tueſday night; ſo that it cannot be had till then.

SCENE IX.

Peachum, *Mrs.* Peachum.

Peach. Dear wife be a little pacified. Don't let your paſſion run away with your ſenſes. *Polly*, I grant you, hath done a raſh thing.

Mrs. *Peach.* If ſhe had only an intrigue with the fellow, why the very beſt families have excuſed and huddled up a frailty of that ſort. 'Tis marriage, huſband, that makes it a blemiſh.

Peach.

Peach. But money, wife, is the true Fuller's earth for reputations, there is not a ſpot or a ſtain but what it can take out. A rich rogue now-a-days is fit company for any gentleman; and the world, my dear, hath not ſuch a contempt for roguery as you imagine. I tell you, wife, I can make this match turn to our advantage.

Mrs. *Peach.* I am very ſenſible, huſband, that Captain *Macheath* is worth money; but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three wives already; and then if he ſhould die in a ſeſſion or two, *Polly*'s dower would come into diſpute.

Peach. That indeed is a point which ought to be conſidered.

AIR XI. A ſoldier and a ſailor.

A fox may ſteal your hens, ſir,
A whore your health and pence, ſir,
Your daughter rob your cheſt, ſir,
Your wife may ſteal your reſt, ſir,
A thief your goods and plate.
But this is all but picking,
With reſt, pence, cheſt, and chicken;
It ever was decreed, ſir,
If lawyer's hand is feed, ſir,
He ſteals your whole eſtate.

The lawyers are bitter enemies to thoſe in our way. They don't care that any body ſhould get a clandeſtine livelihood but themſelves.

SCENE X.

Mrs. Peachum, Peachum, Polly.

Polly. 'Twas only Nimming *Ned.* He brought in a damaſk window-curtain, a hoop petticoat, a pair of ſilver candleſticks, a perriwig, and one ſilk ſtocking, from the fire that happen'd laſt night.

Peach. There is not a fellow that is cleverer in his way, and ſaves more goods out of the fire than *Ned.* But now, *Polly*, to your affairs; for matters muſt not be left as they are. You are married then, it ſeems?

Polly Yes, ſir.

Peach.

Peach. And how do you propoſe to live, child?

Polly. Like other women, ſir, upon the induſtry of my huſband.

Mrs. *Peach.* What, is the wench turn'd fool? a highway-man's wife, like a ſoldier's, hath as little of his pay, as of his company.

Peach. And had not you the common views of a gentlewoman in your marriage, *Polly?*

Polly. I don't know what you mean, ſir.

Peach Of a jointure, and of being a widow.

Polly. But I love him, ſir: How then could I have thoughts of parting with him?

Peach. Parting with him! Why that is the whole ſcheme and intention of all marriage articles. The comfortable eſtate of widowhood, is the only hope that keeps up a wife's ſpirits. Where is the woman who would ſcruple to be a wife, if ſhe had it in her power to be a widow whenever ſhe pleas'd? If you have any views of this ſort, *Polly*, I ſhall think the match not ſo very unreaſonable.

Polly. How I dread to hear your advice! Yet I muſt beg you to explain yourſelf.

Peach. Secure what he hath got, have him peach'd the next ſeſſion, and then at once you are made a rich widow.

Polly. What, murder the man I love! The blood runs cold at my heart with the very thought of it.

Peach. Fy, *Polly!* what hath murder to do in the affair? ſince the thing, ſooner or later muſt happen. I dare ſay, the captain himſelf would like that we ſhould get the reward for his death ſooner than a ſtranger. Why, *Polly*, the captain knows, that as 'tis his employment to rob, ſo 'tis ours to take robbers; every man in his buſineſs. So that there is no malice in the caſe.

Mrs. *Peach.* Ay, huſband, now you have nick'd the matter. To have him peach'd is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

AIR XII. Now ponder well, ye parents dear.

Polly. *Oh ponder well, be not ſevere;*
So ſave a wretched wife!

For

For on the rope that hangs my dear,
Depends poor Polly's *Life.*

Mrs. *Peach.* But your duty to your parents, huſſy, obliges you to hang him. What would many a wife give for ſuch an opportunity.

Polly. What is a jointure, what is widowhood to me? I know my heart, I cannot ſurvive him.

AIR XIII. Le printemps rapelle aux armes.

The Turtle thus with plaintive crying,
Her lover dying,
The Turtle thus with plaintive crying,
Laments her dove.
Down ſhe drops quite ſpent with ſighing,
Pair'd in death, as pair'd in love.

Thus, ſir, it will happen to your poor *Polly.*

Mrs. *Peach.* What is the fool in love in earneſt then? I hate thee for being particular: why, wench, thou art a ſhame to thy very ſex.

Polly. But hear me, mother.——if you ever lov'd.

Mrs. *Peach.* Thoſe curſed play-books ſhe reads have been her ruin. One word more, huſſy, and I ſhall knock your brains out, if you have any.

Peach. Keep out of the way, *Polly*, for fear of miſchief, and conſider of what is propoſed to you.

Mrs. *Peach.* Away, huſſy, hang your huſband and be dutiful.

SCENE XI.

Mrs. Peachum, Peachum.

[Polly *liſtening.*

Mrs. *Peach.* The thing, huſband, muſt and ſhall be done. For the ſake of intelligence we muſt take other meaſures, and have him peach'd the next ſeſſion without her conſent. If ſhe will not know her duty, we know ours.

Peach. But really, my dear, it grieves ones heart to take off a great man. When I conſider his perſonal bravery, his fine ſtratagem, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I can't

Mach. *And I would love you all the day,*
Polly. *Every night would kiſs and play,*
Mach. *If with me you'd fondly ſtray*
Polly. *Over the hills and far away.*

Yes, I would go with thee. But oh!—how ſhall I ſpeak it? I muſt be torn from thee. We muſt part.

Mach. How! Part!

Polly. We muſt, we muſt—My Papa and Mamma are ſet againſt thy life. They now, ev'n now are in ſearch after thee. They are preparing evidence againſt thee. Thy life depends upon a moment.

AIR XVII. Gin thou wert mine awn thing——

O what pain it is to part!
Can I leave thee, can I leave thee!
O what pain it is to part!
Can thy Polly *ever leave thee?*
But left death my love ſhould thwart,
And bring thee to the fatal cart,
Thus I tear thee from my bleeding heart!
Fly hence, and let me leave thee.

One kiſs and then—one kiſs, begone—farewell.

Mach. My hand, my heart, my dear, is ſo rivetted to thine, that I cannot unlooſe my hold.

Polly. But my Papa may intercept thee, and then I ſhould loſe the very glimmering of hope. A few weeks, perhaps, may reconcile us all. Shall thy *Polly* hear from thee?

Mach. Muſt I then go?

Polly. And will not abſence change your love?

Mach. If you doubt it let me ſtay—and be hang'd.

Polly. Oh, how I fear! How I tremble!—Go—but when ſafety will give you leave, you will be ſure to ſee me again; for till then *Polly* is wretched.

AIR XVIII. O the broom, &c.

Mach. *The miſer thus a ſhilling ſees,*
Which he's oblig'd to pay,
With ſighs reſigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for aye.

Polly.

Polly. *The boy, thus, when his ſparrow's flown,*
The bird in ſilence eyes;
But ſoon as out of ſight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, ſobs, and cries.

[Parting and looking at each other with fondneſs; he at one door, ſhe at the other.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A tavern near* Newgate.

Jemmy Twitcher, *Crook-finger'd* Jack, Wat Dreary, Robin *of* Bagſhot, Nimming Ned, Henry Padington, Matt *of the* Mint, Ben Budge, *and the reſt of the gang, at the table, with wine, brandy and tobacco.*

Ben. BUT prithee, *Matt*, what is become of thy Brother *Tom?* I have not ſeen him ſince my return from tranſportation.

Matt. Poor Brother *Tom* had an accident this time twelve month, and ſo clever a made fellow he was, that I could not ſave him from thoſe fleaing raſcals the ſurgeons; and now, poor man, he is among the otamies at *Surgeons Hall.*

Ben. So it ſeems, his time was come.

Jem. But the preſent time is ours, and no body alive hath more. Why are the laws levell'd at us? Are we more diſhoneſt than the reſt of mankind? What we win, gentlemen, is our own by the laws of arms, and the right of conqueſt.

Crook. Where ſhall we find ſuch another ſet of practical philoſophers, who to a man are above the fear of death!

Wat. Sound men and true!

Robin. Of try'd courage, and indefatigable induſtry!

Ned. Who is there here that would not die for his friend?

Harry. Who is there here that would betray him for his intereſt?

Matt. Show me a gang of courtiers that can ſay as *much.*

Ben. We are for a juſt partition of the world, for every man hath a right to enjoy life.

Matt. We retrench the ſuperfluities of mankind. The world is avaritious, and I hate avarice. A covetous fellow, like a Jack-daw, ſteals what he was never made to enjoy, for the ſake of hiding it. Theſe are the robbers of mankind, for money was made for the free-hearted and generous, and where is the injury of taking from another what he hath not the heart to make uſe of?

Jem. Our ſeveral ſtations for the day are fixt. Good luck attend us all. Fill the glaſſes.

AIR XIX. Fill ev'ry glaſs, *&c.*

Matt. *Fill ev'ry glaſs, for wine inſpires us,*
And fires us,
With courage, love and joy;
Women and wine ſhould life employ,
Is there ought elſe on earth deſirous?
Chorus. *Fill ev'ry glaſs,* &c.

SCENE II.

To them enter Macheath.

Mach. Gentlemen, well met. My heart hath been with you this hour; but an unexpected affair hath detain'd me. No ceremony, I beg you.

Matt. We were juſt breaking up to go upon duty. Am I to have the honour of taking the air with you, ſir, this evening upon the heath? I drink a dram now and then with the ſtage-coach-men in the way of friendſhip and intelligence; and I know that about this time there will be paſſengers upon the weſtern road, who are worth ſpeaking with.

Mach. I was to have been of that party—but—

Matt. But what, ſir?

Mach. Is there any man who ſuſpects my courage?

Matt. We have all been witneſſes of it.

Mach. My honour and truth to the gang!

Matt. I'll be anſwerable for it.

Mach. In the diviſion of our booty, have I ever ſhown the leaſt marks of avarice or injuſtice?

Matt.

Matt. By theſe queſtions ſomething ſeems to have ruffled you. Are any of us ſuſpected?

Mach. I have a fixt confidence, gentlemen, in you all, as men of honour, and as ſuch I value and reſpect you. *Peachum* is a man that is uſeful to us.

Matt. Is he about to play us any foul play? I'll ſhoot him through the head.

Mach. I beg you, gentlemen, act with conduct and diſcretion. A piſtol is your laſt reſort.

Matt. He knows nothing of this meeting.

Mach. Buſineſs cannot go on without him. He is a man that knows the world, and is a neceſſary agent to us. We have had a ſlight difference, and till it is accommodated I ſhall be obliged to keep out of his way. Any private diſpute of mine ſhall be of no ill conſequence to my friends You muſt continue to act under his direction, for the moment we break looſe from him our gang is ruin'd.

Matt. As a bawd to a whore, I grant you, he is to us of great convenience.

Mach. Make him believe I have quitted the gang, which I can never do but with life. At our private quarters I will continue to meet you. A week or ſo will probably reconcile us.

Matt. Your inſtructions ſhall be obſerved. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our ſeveral duties; ſo till the evening at our quarters in Moor-fields we bid you farewell.

Mach. I ſhall wiſh myſelf with you. Succeſs attend you. [*Sits down melancholly at the table.*

AIR XX. March in *Rinaldo*, with drums and trumpets.

Matt. *Let us take the road.*
Hark! I hear the ſound of coaches!
The hour of attack approaches,
To your arms, brave boys, and load.
See the bull I hold!
Let the chymiſts toil like aſſes,
Our fire their fire ſurpaſſes,
And turns all our lead to gold.

[The gang, ranged in the front of the ſtage, load their piſtols, and ſtick them under their girdles; then go off ſinging the firſt part in chorus.

SCENE III.

Macheath, Drawer.

Mach. What a fool is a fond wench! *Polly* is moſt confoundedly bit—I love the ſex. And a man who loves money, might be as well contented with one guinea, as I with one woman. The town perhaps hath been as much obliged to me, for recruiting it with free hearted ladies, as to any recruiting officer in the army. If it were not for us and the other gentlemen of the ſword, Drury-Lane would be uninhabited.

AIR XXI. Would you have a young virgin, *&c.*

If the heart of a man is depreſt with cares,
The miſt is diſpell'd when a woman appears;
Like the notes of a fiddle, ſhe ſweetly, ſweetly,
Raiſes the ſpirits and charms our ears.
Roſes and lilies her cheeks diſcloſe,
But her ripe lips are more ſweet than thoſe.
Preſs her,
Careſs her,
With bliſſes
Her kiſſes
Diſſolve us in pleaſure, and ſoft repoſe.

I muſt have women. There is nothing unbends the mind like them. Money is not ſo ſtrong a cordial for the time. Drawer.—[*Enter drawer.*] Is the porter gone for all the ladies, according to my directions?

Draw. I expect him back every minute. But you know, ſir, you ſent him as far as Hockley in the Hole for three of the ladies, for one in Vinegar-Yard, and for the reſt of them ſomewhere about Lewkner's-lane. Sure ſome of them are below, for I hear the bar bell. As they come I will ſhow them up. Coming, coming.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Macheath, *Mrs.* Coaxer, Dolly Trull, *Mrs.* Vixen, Betty Doxy, Jenny Diver, *Mrs.* Slammekin, Suky Tawdry, *and* Molly Brazen.

Mach. Dear Mrs. *Coaxer*, you are welcome. You look charmingly to-day. I hope you don't want the repairs of quality, and lay on paint—*Dolly Trull!* Kiſs me, you ſlut; are you as amorous as ever, huſſy? You are always ſo taken up with ſtealing hearts, that you don't allow yourſelf time to ſteal any thing elſe. Ah, *Dolly*, thou wilt ever be a coquette — Mrs. *Vixen*, I'm yours, I always loved a woman of wit and ſpirit; they make charming miſtreſſes, but plaguy wives — *Betty Doxy!* Come hither, huſſy, do you drink as hard as ever? You had better ſtick to good wholeſome beer; for in troth, *Betty*, ſtrong-waters will in time ruin your conſtitution. You ſhould leave thoſe to your betters.—What and my pretty *Jenny Diver* too! as prim and demure as ever! There is not any prude, though ever ſo high bred, hath a more ſanctify'd look, with a more miſchievous heart. Ah! thou art a dear, artful hypocrite—Mrs. *Slammekin!* as careleſs and genteel as ever! All you fine ladies, who know your own beauty, affect an undreſs—But ſee, here's *Suky Tawdry* come to contradict what I was ſaying. Every thing ſhe gets one way ſhe lays out upon her back. Why, *Suky*, you muſt keep at leaſt a dozen tally men.—*Molly Brazen!* [*She kiſſes him.*] That's well done. I love a free hearted wench. Thou haſt a moſt agreeable aſſurance, girl, and art as willing as a turtle—But hark, I hear muſick. The harper is at the door. *If muſick be the food of love, play on.* Ere you ſeat yourſelves, ladies, what think you of a dance? Come in.

[*Enter Harper.*] Play the French tune, that Mrs. *Slammekin* was ſo fond of.

[*A dance* à la ronde *in the French manner; near the end of it this ſong. Chorus.*

AIR XXII. Cotillon.

Youth's the ſeaſon made for joys,
Love is then our duty,
She alone who that employs,
Well deſerves her beauty.
Let's be gay,
While we may,
Beauty's a flower, deſpis'd in decay.
Youth's the ſeaſon, &c.
Let us drink and ſport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow.
Love with youth flies ſwift away,
Age is nought but ſorrow.
Dance and ſing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of ſpring.
Let us drink, &c.

Mach. Now, pray ladies, take your places, here fellow, [*pays the harper.*] Bid the drawer bring us more wine, [*Ex. harper.*] If any of the ladies chooſe gin, I hope they will be ſo free to call for it.

Jenny. You look as if you meant me. Wine is ſtrong enough for me. Indeed, ſir, I never drink ſtrong-waters but when I have the cholic.

Mach. Juſt the excuſe of the fine ladies: Why, a lady of quality is never without the cholic. I hope, Mrs. *Coaxer*, you have had good ſucceſs of late in your viſits among the mercers.

Coax. We have ſo many interlopers—Yet, with induſtry, one may ſtill have a little picking. I carried a ſilver flower'd luteſtring, and a piece of black paduaſoy to Mr. *Peachum*'s lock but laſt week.

Vix. There's *Molly Brazen* hath the ogle of a rattleſnake. She rivetted a linen-draper's eye ſo faſt upon her, that he was nick'd of three pieces of cambrick before he could look off.

Braz. O dear madam!——But ſure nothing can come up to your handling of laces! And then you have ſuch a ſweet deluding tongue! To cheat a man is nothing; but the woman muſt have fine parts indeed, who cheats a woman!

Vix. Lace, madam, lies in a ſmall compaſs, and is of eaſy conveyance. But you are apt, madam, to think too well of your friends.

Coax.

Coax. If any woman hath more art than another, to be ſure, 'tis *Jenny Diver*. Though her fellow be never ſo agreeable, ſhe can pick his pocket as cooly, as if money were her only pleaſure. Now that is a command of the paſſions uncommon in a woman!

Jenny. I never go to the tavern with a man, but in the view of buſineſs. I have other hours, and other ſort of men for my pleaſure. But had I your addreſs, madam———

Mach. Have done with your compliments, ladies; and drink about. You are not ſo fond of me, *Jenny*, as you uſed to be.

Jenny. 'Tis not convenient, ſir, to ſhow my fondneſs among ſo many rivals. 'Tis your own choice, and not the warmth of my inclination, that will determine you.

AIR XXIII. All in a miſty morning, *&c.*

Before the barn-door crowing,
The cock by hens attended,
His eyes around him throwing,
Stands for a while ſuſpended:
Then one he ſingles from the crew,
And cheers the happy hen;
With how do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again.

Mach. Ah *Jenny!* thou art a dear ſlut.

Trull. Pray, madam, were you ever in keeping?

Tawd. I hope, madam, I ha'nt been ſo long upon the town, but I have met with ſome good fortune as well as my neighbours.

Trull. Pardon me, madam, I meant no harm by the queſtion; 'twas only in the way of converſation.

Tawd. Indeed, madam, if I had not been a fool, I might have lived very handſomely with my laſt friend. But upon his miſſing five guineas, he turn'd me off. Now I never ſuſpected he had counted them.

Slam. Who do you look upon, madam, as your beſt ſort of keepers?

Trull. That, madam, is thereafter as they be.

Slam. I, madam, was once kept by a *Jew*; and, bating their religion, to women they are a good ſort of people.

Tawd.

Tawd. Now for my part, I own I like an old fellow: for we always make them pay for what they can't do.

Vix. A ſpruce 'prentice, let me tell you, ladies, is no ill thing; they bleed freely. I have ſent at leaſt two or three dozen of them, in my time, to the plantations.

Jenny. But to be ſure, ſir, with ſo much good fortune as you have had upon the road, you muſt be grown immenſely rich.

Mach. The road, indeed, hath done me juſtice, but the gaming-table hath been my ruin.

AIR XXIV. When once I lay with another man's wife, *&c.*

Jenny. *The gameſters and lawyers are jugglers alike,*
If they meddle, your all is in danger:
Like gypſies, if once they can finger a ſouſe,
Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your houſe,
And give your eſtate to a ſtranger.

A man of courage ſhould never put any thing to the riſque, but his life. Theſe are the tools of a man of honour. Cards and dice are only fit for cowardly cheats, who prey upon their friends.

[*She takes up his piſtol.* Tawdry *takes up the other.*

Tawd. This, ſir, is fitter for your hand. Beſides your loſs of money, 'tis a loſs to the ladies. Gaming takes you off from women. How fond could I be of you! but before company, 'tis ill bred.

Mach. Wanton huſſies!

Jen. I muſt and will have a kiſs to give my wine a zeſt. [*They take him about the neck, and make ſigns to* Peachum *and* Conſtables, *who ruſh in upon him.*

SCENE V.

Enter to them Peachum *and* Conſtables.

Peach. I ſeize you, ſir, as my priſoner.

Mach. Was this well done, *Jenny!*——Women are decoy ducks; who can truſt them! Beaſts, jades, jilts, harpies, furies, whores!

Peach. Your caſe, Mr. *Macheath*, is not particular. The greateſt heroes have been ruin'd by women. But,

to

to do them juſtice, I muſt own they are a pretty ſort of creatures, if we could truſt them. You muſt now, ſir, take your leave of the ladies, and if they have a mind to make you a viſit, they will be ſure to find you at home. The gentleman, ladies, lodges in *Newgate*. Conſtables wait upon the captain to his lodgings.

AIR XXV. When firſt I laid ſiege to my *Chloris*.

Mach. *At the tree I ſhall ſuffer with pleaſure,*
At the tree I ſhall ſuffer with pleaſure,
Let me go where I will,
In all kinds of ill,
I ſhall find no ſuch furies as theſe are.

Peach. Ladies, I'll take care the reckoning ſhall be diſcharged.

[*Exit* Macheath *guarded, with* Peachum *and* Conſtables; *the women remain.*

Vix. Look ye, Mrs. *Jenny*, though Mr. *Peachum* may have made a private bargain with you and *Suky Tawdry*, for betraying the captain, as we were all aſſiſting, we ought all to ſhare alike.

Coax. I think Mr. *Peachum*, after ſo long an acquaintance, might have truſted me as well as *Jenny Diver*.

Slam. I am ſure at leaſt three men of his hanging, and in a year's time too, (if he did me juſtice) ſhould be ſet down to my account.

Trull. Mrs. *Slammekin*, that is not fair: for you know one of them was taken in bed with me.

Jenny. As far as a bowl of punch or a treat, I believe Mrs. *Suky* will join with me.——As for any thing elſe, ladies, you cannot in conſcience expect it.

Slam Dear madam ——

Trull. I would not for the world.——

Slam. 'Tis impoſſible for me——

Trull. As I hope to be ſaved, madam——

Slam. Nay, then I muſt ſtay here all night——

Trull. Since you command me.

[*Exeunt, with great ceremony.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *Newgate.*

Lockit, Turnkeys, Macheath, *and* Conſtables.

Lock. Noble captain, you are welcome. You have not been a lodger of mine this year and half. You know the cuſtom, ſir; garniſh, captain, garniſh. Hand me down thoſe fetters there.

Mach. Thoſe, Mr. *Lockit*, ſeem to be the heavieſt of the whole ſet. With your leave, I ſhould like the further pair better.

Lock. Look ye, captain, we know what is fitteſt for our priſoners. When a gentleman uſes me with civility, I always do the beſt I can to pleaſe him.—Hand them down I ſay—We have them of all prices, from one guinea to ten, and 'tis fitting every gentleman ſhould pleaſe himſelf.

Mach. I underſtand you, ſir, [*Gives money.*] The fees here are ſo many, and ſo exorbitant, that few fortunes can bear the expence of getting off handſomely, or of dying like a gentleman.

Lock. Thoſe, I ſee, will fit the captain better.—— Take down the further pair.—Do but examine them, ſir—Never was better work.——How genteelly they are made!——They will ſit as eaſy as a glove, and the niceſt man in *England* might not be aſhamed to wear them. [*He puts on the chains.*] If I had the beſt gentleman in the land in my cuſtody, I could not equip him more handſomely. And ſo, ſir,—I now leave you to your private meditations.

[*Exeunt* Lockit, Turnkeys, *and* Conſtables.

AIR XXVI. Courtiers, courtiers think it no harm.

Mach. *Man may eſcape from rope and gun;*
Nay, ſome have out-liv'd the doctor's pill:
Who takes a woman muſt be undone,
That baſiliſk is ſure to kill.
The fly that ſips treacle is loſt in the ſweets,
So he that taſtes woman, woman, woman,
He that taſtes woman, ruin meets.

To what a woful plight have I brought myſelf! Here muſt I (all day long, till I am hanged) be confin'd to hear

hear the reproaches of a wench, who lays her ruin at my door.——I am in the cuſtody of her father, and to be ſure, if he knows of the matter, I ſhall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my execution.——But I promiſed the wench marriage.—What ſignifies a promiſe to a woman? does not a man in marriage itſelf promiſe a hundred things that he never means to perform? Do all we can, women will believe us; for they look upon a promiſe as an excuſe for following their own inclinations.——But here comes *Lucy*, and I cannot get from her—wou'd I were deaf.

SCENE V.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. You baſe man, you,——how can you look me in the face, after what hath paſt between us?——See here, perfidious wretch, how I am forced to bear about the load of infamy you have laid upon me——O *Macbeath!* thou haſt robb'd me of my quiet——to ſee thee tortur'd would give me pleaſure.

AIR XXVII. A lovely laſs to a friar came.

Thus when a good huſwife ſees a rat,
In her trap in the morning taken,
With pleaſure her heart goes pit a pat,
In revenge for her loſs of bacon.
Then ſhe throws him
To the dog or cat,
To be worried, cruſh'd, and ſhaken.

Mach. Have you no bowels, no tenderneſs, my dear *Lucy*, to ſee a huſband in theſe circumſtances?

Lucy. A huſband?

Mach. In ev'ry reſpect but the form, and that, my dear, may be ſaid over us at any time——Friends ſhould not inſiſt upon ceremonies. From a man of honour, his word is as good as his bond.

Lucy. 'Tis the pleaſure of all you fine men to inſult the women you have ruin'd.

AIR XXVIII. 'Twas when the ſea was roaring.

How cruel are the traytors,
Who lie and ſwear in jeſt,
To cheat unguarded creatures
Of virtue, fame, and reſt! Whoever

AIR XXIX. The ſun had loos'd his weary teams.

The firſt time at the looking-glaſs
The mother ſets her daughter,
The image ſtrikes the ſmiling laſs
With ſelf-love ever after.
Each time ſhe looks, ſhe, fonder grown,
Thinks ev'ry charm grows ſtronger:
But alas, vain maid, all eyes but your own
Can ſee you are not younger.

When women conſider their own beauties, they are all alike unreaſonable in their demands; for they expect their lovers ſhould like them as long as they like themſelves.

Lucy. Yonder is my father——perhaps this way we may light upon the ordinary, who ſhall try if you will be as good as your word——for I long to be made an honeſt woman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Peachum *and* Lockit, *with an account book.*

Lock. In this laſt affair, brother *Peachum*, we are agreed. You have conſented to go halves in *Macheath.*

Peach. We ſhall never fall out about an execution — But as to that article, pray how ſtands our laſt year's account?

Lock. If you will run your eye over it, you'll find 'tis fair and clearly ſtated.

Peach. This long arrear of the government is very hard upon us! Can it be expected that we ſhould hang our acquaintance for nothing, when our betters will hardly ſave theirs without being paid for it. Unleſs the people in employment pay better, I promiſe them for the future, I ſhall let other rogues live beſides their own.

Lock. Perhaps, brother, they are afraid theſe matters may be carried too far. We are treated too by them with contempt, as if our profeſſion was not reputable.

Peach. In one reſpect indeed, our employment may be reckoned diſhoneſt; becauſe, like great ſtateſmen, we encourage thoſe who betray their friends.

Lock. Such language, brother, any where elſe, might turn to your prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.

AIR

AIR XXX. How happy are we, *&c.*

When you cenſure the age,
Be cautious and ſage,
Leſt the courtiers offended ſhould be:
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis ſo pat to all the tribe;
Each cries——That was levell'd at me.

Peach. Here's poor *Ned Clincher*'s name, I ſee. Sure, brother *Lockit*, there was a little unfair proceeding in *Ned*'s caſe: for he told me in the condemn'd hold, that, for value received, you had promis'd him a ſeſſion or two longer without moleſtation.

Lock. Mr. *Peachum*,—this is the firſt time my honour was ever call'd in queſtion.

Peach. Buſineſs is at an end—if once we act diſhonourably.

Lock. Who accuſes me?

Peach. You are warm, brother.

Lock. He that attacks my honour, attacks my livelihood.—And this uſage—ſir—is not to be borne.

Peach. Since you provoke me to ſpeak—I muſt tell you too, that Mrs. *Coaxer* charges you with defrauding her of her information-money, for the apprehending of curl-pated *Hugh*. Indeed, indeed, brother, we muſt punctually pay our ſpies, or we ſhall have no information.

Lock. Is this language to me, ſirrah——who have ſaved you from the gallows, ſirrah! [*Collaring each other.*

Peach. If I am hang'd, it ſhall be for ridding the world of an arrant raſcal.

Lock. This hand ſhall do the office of the halter you deſerve, and throttle you—you dog!—

Peach. Brother, brother,—we are both in the wrong—we ſhall be both loſers in the diſpute—for you know we have it in our power to hang each other. You ſhould be not ſo paſſionate.

Lock. Nor you ſo provoking.

Peach. 'Tis our mutual intereſt; 'tis for the intereſt of the world we ſhould agree. If I ſaid any thing, brother, to the prejudice of your character, I aſk *pardon.*

Lock.

Lock. Brother *Peachum*—I can forgive as well as reſent.—Give me your hand. Suſpicion does not become a friend.

Peach. I only meant to give you occaſion to juſtify yourſelf: But I muſt now ſtep home, for I expect the gentleman about this ſnuff-box, that *Filch* nimm'd two nights ago in the Park. I appointed him at this hour. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Lucy.

Lock. Whence come you, huſſy?

Lucy. My tears might anſwer that queſtion.

Lock. You have then been whimpering and fondling, like a ſpaniel, over the fellow that hath abus'd you.

Lucy. One can't help love; one can't cure it. 'Tis not in my power to obey you, and hate him.

Lock. Learn to bear your huſband's death like a reaſonable woman. 'Tis not the faſhion, now-a-days, ſo much as to affect ſorrow upon theſe occaſions. No woman would ever marry, if ſhe had not the chance of mortality for her releaſe. Act like a woman of ſpirit, huſſy, and thank your father for what he is doing.

AIR XXXI. Of a noble race was *Shenkin.*

Lucy. *Is then his fate decreed, ſir,*
Such a man can I think of quitting?
When firſt we met, ſo moves me yet,
O ſee how my heart is ſplitting!

Lock. Look ye, *Lucy*—there is no ſaving him—— So, I think, you muſt ev'n do like other widows—— buy yourſelf weeds, and be chearful.

AIR XXXII.

You'll think, e'er many days enſue,
This ſentence not ſevere;
I hang your huſband, child, 'tis true,
But with him hang your care.
Twang dang dillo dee.

Like a good wife, go moan over your dying huſband. That, child, is your duty—conſider, girl, you can't have the man and the money too—ſo make yourſelf as eaſy as you can by getting all you can from him. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter Macheath.

Lucy. Though the ordinary was out of the way to day, I hope, my dear, you will, upon the firſt opportunity, quiet my ſcruples—Oh ſir!—my father's hard heart is not to be ſoften'd, and I am in the utmoſt deſpair.

Mach. But if I could raiſe a ſmall ſum—would not twenty guineas, think you, move him?—Of all the arguments in the way of buſineſs, the perquiſite is the moſt prevailing.——Your father's perquiſites for the eſcape of priſoners muſt amount to a conſiderable ſum in the year. Money well timed, and properly apply'd, will do any thing.

AIR XXXIII. *London* ladies.

If you at an office ſolicit your due,
And would not have matters neglected;
You muſt quicken the clerk with the perquiſite too,
To do what his duty directed.
Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
She too has this palpable failing,
The perquiſite ſoftens her into conſent;
That reaſon with all is prevailing.

Lucy. What love or money can do, ſhall be done: or all my comfort depends upon your ſafety.

SCENE X.

Enter Polly.

Polly. Where is my dear huſband?—Was a rope ever intended for this neck!—O let me throw my arms about it, and throttle thee with love!—Why doſt thou turn away from me?—'Tis thy *Polly*—'tis thy wife.

Mach. Was ever ſuch an unfortunate raſcal as I am!

Lucy. Was there ever ſuch another villain!

Polly. O *Macheath!* was it for this we parted? Taken! Impriſoned! Try'd! Hang'd!—cruel reflection! I'll ſtay with thee till death——no force ſhall tear thy dear wife from thee now.—What means my love?—— Not one kind word! not one kind look! think what *thy Polly* ſuffers to ſee thee in this condition. AIR

AIR XXXIV. All in the Downs, *&c.*

Thus when the ſwallow, ſeeking prey,
Within the caſh is cloſely pent,
His conſort with bemoaning lay,
Without ſits pining for th' event.
Her chatt'ring lovers all around her ſkim;
She heeds them not (poor bird) her ſoul's with him.

Mach. I muſt diſown her. [*Aſide.*] The wench is diſtracted.

Lucy. Am I then bilk'd of my virtue? Can I have no reparation? Sure men were born to lye, and women to believe them! O villain! villain!

Polly. Am I not thy wife?—Thy neglect of me, thy averſion to me, too ſeverely proves it.—Look on me.—Tell me, am I not thy wife?

Lucy. Perfidious wretch!

Polly. Barbarous huſband!

Lucy. Hadſt thou been hang'd five months ago, I had been happy.

Polly. And I too—If you had been kind to me till death, it would not have vex'd me—And that's no very unreaſonable requeſt (though from a wife) to a man who hath not above ſeven or eight days to live.

Lucy. Art thou then married to another? Haſt thou two wives, monſter?

Mach. If women's tongues can ceaſe for an anſwer—hear me.

Lucy. I won't.—Fleſh and blood can't bear my uſage.

Polly. Shall I not claim my own? Juſtice bids me ſpeak.

AIR XXXV. Have you heard of a frolickſome ditty.

Mach. *How happy could I be with either,*
Were t'other dear charmer away!
But while you thus teaze me together,
To neither a word will I ſay;
But tol de rol, &c.

Polly. Sure, my dear, there ought to be ſome preference ſhown to a wife! At leaſt ſhe may claim the appearance of it. He muſt be diſtracted with misfortunes, or he cou'd not uſe me thus!

Lucy.

Lucy. O villain, villain! thou haſt deceived me—I could even inform againſt thee with pleaſure. Not a prude wiſhes more heartily to have facts againſt her intimate acquaintance, than I now wiſh to have facts againſt thee. I would have her ſatisfaction, and they ſhould all out.

AIR XXXVI. Iriſh Trot.

Polly. *I'm bubbled.*
Lucy. - - - - - - *I'm bubbled.*
Polly. *Oh how I am troubled!*
Lucy. *Bambouzled, and bit!*
Polly. - - - - - - - - - *My diſtreſſes are doubled.*
Lucy. *When you come to the tree, ſhould the hangman refuſe.* [*nooſe.*
Theſe fingers, with pleaſure, could faſten the
Polly. *I'm bubbled,* &c.

Mach. Be pacified, my dear *Lucy*——This is all a fetch of *Polly*'s to make me deſperate with you in caſe I get off. If I am hang'd, ſhe would fain have the credit of being thought my widow—Really, *Polly*, this is no time for a diſpute of this ſort; for whenever you are talking of marriage, I am thinking of hanging.

Polly. And haſt thou the heart to perſiſt in diſowning me?

Mach. And haſt thou the heart to perſiſt in perſuading me that I am married? Why, *Polly*, doſt thou ſeek to aggravate my misfortunes?

Lucy. Really, miſs *Peachum*, you but expoſe yourſelf. Beſides, 'tis barbarous in you to worry a gentleman in his circumſtances.

AIR XXXVII.

Polly. *Ceaſe your funning;*
Force or cunning
Never ſhall my heart trepan.
All theſe ſallies
Are but malice,
To ſeduce my conſtant man.

'Tis

'Tis moſt certain,
By their flirting,
Women oft have envy ſhown:
Pleas'd, to ruin
Others wooing;
Never happy in their own!

Polly. Decency, madam, methinks might teach you to behave yourſelf with ſome reſerve with the huſband, while his wife is preſent.

Mach. But ſeriouſly, *Polly*, this is carrying the joke a little too far.

Lucy. If you are determin'd, madam, to raiſe a diſturbance in the priſon, I ſhall be obliged to ſend for the turnkey to ſhew you the door. I am ſorry, madam, you force me to be ſo ill-bred.

Polly. Give me leave to tell you, madam; theſe forward airs don't become you in the leaſt, madam. And my duty, madam, obliges me to ſtay with my huſband, madam.

AIR XXXVIII. Good-morrow, goſſip *Joan.*

Lucy. *Why how now, madam* Flirt?
If you thus muſt chatter,
And are for ſlinging dirt,
Let's try who beſt can ſpatter;
Madam Flirt!

Polly. *Why how now, ſaucy jade;*
Sure the wench is tipſy!
How can you ſee me made [To him.
The ſcoff of ſuch a gypſy?
Saucy jade! [To her,

SCENE X.

Enter Peachum.

Peach. Where's my wench? Ah huſſy! huſſy!—— Come you home, you ſlut; and when your fellow is hang'd, hang yourſelf, to make your family ſome amends.

Polly. Dear, dear father, do not tear me from him—I muſt ſpeak: I have more to ſay to him—Oh! twiſt thy fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee!

Peach.

Peach. Sure all women are alike! If ever they commit the folly, they are ſure to commit another by expoſing themſelves—Away—Not a word more—You are my priſoner now, huſſy.

AIR XXXIX. Iriſh Howl.

Polly. *No power on earth can e'er divide*
The knot that ſacred love hath ty'd.
When parents draw againſt our mind,
The true-love's knot they faſter bind.
Oh, oh ray, oh Amborah—oh, oh, &c.
[*Exeunt* Peachum *and* Polly.

Mach. I am naturally compaſſionate, wife; ſo that I could not uſe the wench as ſhe deſerved; which made you at firſt ſuſpect there was ſomething in what ſhe ſaid.

Lucy. Indeed, my dear, I was ſtrangely puzzled.

Mach. If that had been the caſe, her father would never have brought me into this circumſtance——No, *Lucy.*——I had rather die than be falſe to thee.

Lucy. How happy am I, if you ſay this from your heart! For I love thee ſo, that I could ſooner bear to ſee thee hang'd than in the arms of another.

Mach. But couldſt thou bear to ſee me hang'd?

Lucy. O *Macheath*, I can never live to ſee that day.

Mach. You ſee, *Lucy*, in the account of love you are in my debt; and you muſt now be convinced, that I rather chooſe to die than be another's—Make me, if poſſible, love thee more, and let me owe my life to thee—If you refuſe to aſſiſt me, *Peachum* and your father will immediately put me beyond all means of eſcape.

Lucy. My father, I know, hath been drinking hard with the priſoners: and I fancy he is now taking his nap in his own room—If I can procure the keys, ſhall I go off with thee, my dear?

Mach. If we are together, 'twill be impoſſible to lie conceal'd. As ſoon as the ſearch begins to be a little cool, I will ſend to thee—Till then my heart is thy priſoner.

Lucy. Come then, my dear huſband—owe thy life to me—and though you love me not—be grateful——*But* that *Polly* runs in my head ſtrangely. *Mach.*

Mach. A moment of time may make us unhappy for ever.

AIR XL. The Lass of *Patie*'s mill.

Lucy. *I like the fox shall grieve,*
Whose mate hath left her side,
Whom hounds, from morn to eve,
Chase o'er the country wide.
Where can my lover hide?
Where cheat the wary pack?
If love be not his guide,
He never will come back!

ACT III.

SCENE, *Newgate.*

Lockit, Lucy.

Lock. TO be sure, wench, you must have been aiding and abetting to help him to this escape.

Lucy. Sir, here hath been *Peachum* and his daughter *Polly*, and to be sure they know the ways of *Newgate* as well as if they had been born and bred in the place all their lives. Why must all your suspicion light upon me?

Lock. Lucy, Lucy, I will have none of these shuffling answers.

Lucy. Well then——If I know any thing of him, I wish I may be burnt!

Lock. Keep your temper, *Lucy*, or I shall pronounce you guilty.

Lucy. Keep yours, sir,——I do wish I may be burnt. I do——And what can I say more to convince you?

Lock. Did he tip handsomely?——How much did he come down with? Come, hussy, don't cheat your father; and I shall not be angry with you——Perhaps, you have made a better bargain with him than I could have done——How much, my good girl?

Lucy. You know, ſir, I am fond of him, and would have given money to have kept him with me.

Lock. Ah, *Lucy!* thy education might have put thee more upon thy guard; for a girl in the bar of an alehouſe is always beſieg'd.

Lucy. Dear ſir, mention not my education——for 'twas to that I owe my ruin.

AIR XLI. If love's a ſweet paſſion, *&c.*

When young at the bar you firſt taught me to ſcore,
And bid me be free of my lips, and no more;
I was kiſs'd by the parſon, the 'ſquire, and the ſot:
When the gueſt was departed, the kiſs was forgot.
But his kiſs was ſo ſweet, and ſo cloſely he preſt,
That I languiſh'd and pin'd till I granted the reſt.

If you can forgive me, ſir, I will make a fair confeſſion; for, to be ſure, he hath been a moſt barbarous villain to me.

Lock. And ſo you have let him eſcape, huſſy——have you?

Lucy. When a woman loves, a kind look, a tender word can perſuade her to any thing——and I could aſk no other bribe.

Lock. Thou wilt always be a vulgar ſlut, *Lucy*—— If you would not be look'd upon as a fool, you ſhould never do any thing but upon the foot of intereſt. Thoſe that act otherwiſe are their own bubbles.

Lucy. But love, ſir, is a misfortune that may happen to the moſt diſcreet woman; and in love we are all fools alike.——Notwithſtanding all he ſwore, I am now fully convinced that *Polly Peachum* is actually his wife.——Did I let him eſcape (fool that I was!) to go to her?——*Polly* will wheedle herſelf into his money, and then *Peachum* will hang him, and cheat us both.

Lock. So I am to be ruin'd, becauſe, forſooth, you muſt be in love!——a very pretty excuſe!

Lucy. I could murder that impudent happy ſtrumpet:——I gave him his life, and that creature enjoys the ſweets of it.——Ungrateful *Macheath!*

AIR

AIR XLII. *South-Sea* ballad.

My love is all madneſs and folly,
Alone I lye,
Toſs, tumble, and cry,
What a happy creature is Polly!
Was e'er ſuch a wretch as I!
With rage I redden like ſcarlet,
That my dear inconſtant varlet,
Stark blind to my charms,
Is loſt in the arms
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!
Stark blind to my charms,
Is loſt in the arms
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!
This, this my reſentment alarms.

Lock. And ſo, after all this miſchief, I muſt ſtay here to be entertain'd with your caterwauling, miſtreſs Puſs! ——Out of my ſight, wanton ſtrumpet! you ſhall faſt and mortify yourſelf into reaſon, with now and then a little handſome diſcipline to bring you to your ſenſes.——Go. [*Exit* Lucy.] *Peachum* then intends to outwit me in this affair; but I'll be even with him. ——The dog is leaky in his liquor, ſo I'll ply him that way, get the ſecret from him, and turn this affair to my own advantage.——Lions, wolves, and vultures dont live together in herds, droves, or flocks.—— Of all animals of prey, man is the only ſociable one. Every one of us preys upon his neighbour, and yet we herd together.——*Peachum* is my companion, my friend. ——According to the cuſtom of the world, indeed, he may quote thouſands of precedents for cheating me.—— And ſhall not I make uſe of the privilege of friendſhip to make him a return?

AIR XLIII. *Packington's* pound.

Thus gameſters united in friendſhip are found,
Though they know that their induſtry all is a cheat;
They flock to their prey at the dice-box's ſound,
And join to promote one another's deceit.

But if by miſhap
They fail of a chap,
To keep in their hands they each other entrap.
Like pikes lank with hunger who miſs of their ends,
They bite their companions and prey on their friends.

Now, *Peachum*, you and I, like honeſt tradeſmen, a
to have a fair trial, which of us two can over-rea
the other.——*Lucy*.——[*Enter* Lucy.] Are there a
of *Peachum*'s people now in the houſe?

Lucy. *Filch*, ſir, is drinking a quartern of ſtrong w
ters in the next room with black *Moll*.

Lock. Bid him come to me. [*Exit* Luc

SCENE II.

Enter Filch.

Why, boy, thou lookeſt as if thou wert half ſtarv'
like a ſhotten herring.

Filch. One had need have the conſtitution of a hor
to go through the buſineſs.——Since the favourite chil
getter was diſabled by a miſhap, I have pick'd up a li
tle money by helping the ladies to a pregnancy again
their being call'd down to ſentence.—But if a man ca
not get an honeſt livelihood any eaſier way, I am ſur
'tis what I can't undertake for another ſeſſion.

Lock. Truly, if that great man ſhould tip o
'twould be an irreparable loſs. The vigor and prowe
of a knight-errant never ſav'd half the ladies in diſtr
that he hath done.—But, boy, canſt thou tell
where thy maſter is to be found?

Filch. At his lock *, ſir, at the *Crooked Billet*.

Lock. Very well.—I have nothing more with yo
[*Exit* Filch.] I'll go to him there, for I have ma
important affairs to ſettle with him; and in the way
thoſe tranſactions, I'll artfully get into his ſecret.—
that *Macheath* ſhall not remain a day longer out of
clutches. [*Ex*

* A cant word, ſignifying a warehouſe where ſtolen goods
depoſited.

SCEN

SCENE III, *a Gaming-houſe.*

Macheath *in a fine tarniſh'd coat*, Ben. Budge, Matt. *of the* Mint.

Mach. I am ſorry, gentlemen, the road was ſo barren of money. When my friends are in difficulties, I am always glad that my fortune can be ſerviceable to them. [*gives them money.*] You ſee, gentlemen, I am not a mere court-friend, who profeſſes every thing and will do nothing.

AIR XLIV. Lillibulero.

The modes of the court ſo common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met;
Friendſhip for intereſt is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.
'Tis true, you find
Some friends ſo kind,
Who will give you good counſel themſelves to defend:
In ſorrowful ditty,
They promiſe, they pity,
But ſhift you for money from friend to friend.

But we, gentlemen, have ſtill honour enough to break through the corruption of the world.—And while I can ſerve you, you may command me.

Ben. It grieves my heart that ſo generous a man ſhould be involv'd in ſuch difficulties, as oblige him to live with ſuch ill company, and herd with gameſters.

Matt. See the partiality of mankind!—One man may ſteal a horſe, better than another look over a hedge.—Of all mechanics, of all ſervile handycrafts-men, a gameſter is the vileſt. But yet, as many of the quality are of the profeſſion, he is admitted amongſt the politeſt company. I wonder we are not more reſpected.

Mach. There will be deep play to-night at *Marybone*, and conſequently money may be pick'd up upon the road. Meet me there, and I'll give you the hint who *is* worth ſetting.

Matt. The fellow with a brown coat with a narrow gold binding, I am told, is never without money.

Mach. What do you mean, *Matt?*—Sure you will not think of meddling with him!—He's a good honeſt kind of a fellow, and one of us.

Ben. To be ſure, ſir, we will put ourſelves under your direction.

Mach. Have an eye upon the money-lenders.—A rouleau, or two, would prove a pretty ſort of an expedition. I hate extortion.

Matt. Thoſe rouleaus are very pretty things.—I hate your bank-bills—there is ſuch a hazard in putting them off.

Mach. There is a certain man of diſtinction, who in his time hath nick'd me out of a great deal of the ready. He is in my caſh, *Ben*;—I'll point him out to you this evening, and you ſhall draw upon him for the debt.—The company are met; I hear the dice-box in the other room. So, gentlemen, your ſervant. You'll meet me at *Marybone*.

SCENE IV. Peachum's *Lock*.

A Table with Wine, Brandy, Pipes and Tobacco.

Peachum, Lockit.

Lock. The coronation account, brother *Peachum*, is ſo intricate a nature, that I believe it will never be ſettled.

Peach. It conſiſts indeed of a great variety of articles.—It was worth to our people, in fees of different kinds, above ten inſtalments.—This is part of the account, brother, that lies open before us.

Lock. A lady's ſuit of rich brocade—that, I ſee, is diſpos'd of.

Peach. To Mrs. *Diana Trapes*, the tally-woman, and ſhe will make a good hand on't in ſhoes and ſlippers, to trick out young ladies, upon their going into keeping.

Lock. But I don't ſee any article of the jewels.

Peach. Thoſe are ſo well known, that they muſt be ſent abroad—you'll find them enter'd under the article of

of exportation.——As for the ſnuff-boxes, watches, ſwords, *&c.*—I thought it beſt to enter them under their ſeveral heads.

Lock. Seven and twenty women's pockets complete, with the ſeveral things therein contain'd; all ſeal'd, number'd, and enter'd.

Peach. But, brother, it is impoſſible for us now to enter upon this affair.—We ſhould have the whole day before us.—Beſides, the account of the laſt half year's plate is in a book by itſelf, which lies at the other office.

Lock. Bring us then more liquor.—To-day ſhall be for pleaſure—to-morrow for buſineſs.—Ah, brother, thoſe daughters of ours are two ſlippery huſſies—keep a watchful eye upon *Polly*, and *Macheath* in a day or two ſhall be our own again.

AIR XLV. Down in the North Country.

Lock. *What gudgeons are we men!*
Ev'ry woman's eaſy prey:
Though we have felt the hook, agen
We bite, and they betray.

The bird that hath been trapt,
When he hears his calling mate,
To her he flies, again he's clapt
Within the wiry grate.

Peach. But what ſignifies catching the bird, if your daughter *Lucy* will ſet open the door of the cage?

Lock. If men were anſwerable for the follies and frailties of their wives and daughters, no friends could keep a good correſpondence together for two days.—This is unkind of you, brother; for, among good friends, what they ſay or do goes for nothing.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Mrs. *Diana Trapes* wants to ſpeak with you.

Peach. Shall we admit her, brother *Lockit?*

Lock. By all means——ſhe's a good cuſtomer, and a fine ſpoken woman—and a woman who drinks and talks ſo freely will enliven the converſation.

Peach. Deſire her to walk in. [*Exit Servant.*

SCENE V.

Enter Mrs. Trapes.

Peach. Dear Mrs. *Dye*, your servant——one may know by your kiss, that your gin is excellent.

Trapes. I was always very curious in my liquors.

Lock. There is no perfum'd breath like it——I have been long acquainted with the flavour of those lips——han't I, Mrs. *Dye!*

Trapes. Fill it up——I take as large draughts of liquor, as I did of love.——I hate a flincher in either.

AIR XLVI. A shepherd kept sheep, *&c.*

In the days of my youth I could bill like a dove, fa, la, la, &c.
Like a sparrow at all times was ready for love, fa, la, la, &c.
The life of all mortals in kissing should pass,
Lip to lip while we're young, then the lip to the glass, fa, la, &c.

But now, Mr. *Peachum*, to our business. If you have blacks of any kind, brought in of late; mantoes—velvet scarfs—petticoats—let it be what it will——I am your chap——for all my ladies are very fond of mourning.

Peach. Why, look ye, Mrs. *Dye*——you deal so hard with us, that we can afford to give the gentlemen, who venture their lives for the goods, little or nothing.

Trapes. The hard times oblige me to go very near in my dealing——To be sure, of late years I have been a great sufferer by the parliament.——Three thousand pounds would hardly make me amends.——The act for destroying the Mint was a severe cut upon our business——till then, if a customer stept out of the way—we knew where to have her——no doubt you know Mrs. *Coaxer*——there's a wench now (till to-day) with a good suit of cloaths of mine upon her back, and I [illegible] never set eyes upon her for three months together.——Since th[illegible] act too against imprisonment for small sums, [illegible] there too hath been very considerable [illegible] be so, when a lady can borrow a handsome petticoat, or a clean gown, and I not have the

the leaſt hank upon her: And, o'my conſcience, now-a-days moſt ladies take a delight in cheating, when they can do it with ſafety.

Peach. Madam, you had a handſome gold watch of us t'other day for ſeven guineas ——Conſidering we muſt have our profit—to a gentleman upon the road, a gold watch will be ſcarce worth the taking.

Trapes. Conſider, Mr. *Peachum*, that watch was remarkable, and not of very ſafe ſale. —If you have any black velvet ſcarfs—they are a handſome winter wear; and take with moſt gentlemen who deal with my cuſtomers.——'Tis I that put the ladies upon a good foot. 'Tis not youth or beauty that fixes their price. The gentlemen always pay according to their dreſs, from half a crown to two guineas; and yet thoſe huſſies make nothing of bilking of me —Then too, allowing for accidents.——I have eleven fine cuſtomers now down under the ſurgeon's hand,—what with fees and other expences, there are great goings-out, and no comings-in, and not a farthing to pay for at leaſt a month's cloathing.—We run great riſques—great riſques indeed.

Peach. As I remember, you ſaid ſomething juſt now of Mrs. *Coaxer*.

Trapes. Yes, ſir.—To be ſure I ſtript her of a ſuit of my own cloaths about two hours ago; and have left her as ſhe ſhould be, in her ſhift, with a lover of her's at my houſe. She call'd him up ſtairs, as he was going to *Marybone* in a hackney-coach.—And I hope, for her own ſake and mine, ſhe will perſuade the captain to redeem her, for the captain is very generous to the ladies.

Lock. What captain?

Trapes. He thought I did not know him.—An intimate acquaintance of yours, Mr. *Peachum*—only captain *Macheath*——as fine as a lord.

Peach. To-morrow, dear Mrs. *Dye*, you ſhall ſet your own price upon any of the goods you like——we have at leaſt half a dozen velvet ſcarfs, and all at your ſervice. Will you give me leave to make you a preſent of this ſuit of night-cloaths for your own wearing?——But are you ſure it is captain *Macheath*?

Trapes. Though he thinks I have forgot him; no body knows him better. I have taken a great deal of the captain's money in my time, at ſecond-hand, for he always loved to have his ladies well dreſt.

Peach. Mr. *Lockit* and I have a little buſineſs with the captain;——you underſtand me——and we will ſatisfy you for Mrs. *Coaxer*'s debt.

Lock. Depend upon it——we will deal like men of honour.

Trapes. I don't enquire after your affairs——ſo whatever happens, I waſh my hands on't.——It hath always been my maxim, that one friend ſhould aſſiſt another.——But if you pleaſe——I'll take one of the ſcarfs home with me, 'tis always good to have ſomething in hand.

SCENE VI. *Newgate.*

Lucy.

Jealouſy, rage, love, and fear, are at once tearing me to pieces. How I am weather-beaten and ſhatter'd with diſtreſſes?

AIR XLVII. One evening having loſt my way.

I'm like a ſkiff on the ocean toſt,
Now high, now low, with each billow born,
With her rudder broke, and her anchor loſt,
Deſerted and all forlorn.
While thus I lie rolling and toſſing all night,
That Polly *lies ſporting on ſeas of delight!*
Revenge, revenge, revenge,
Shall appeaſe my reſtleſs ſprite.

I have the rats-bane ready.—I run no riſque; for I can lay her death upon the gin; and ſo many die of that naturally, that I ſhall never be call'd in queſtion.——But ſay I were to be hang'd——I never could be hang'd for any thing that would give me greater comfort, than the poiſoning that ſlut.

Enter

Enter Filch.

Filch. Madam, here's our Miſs *Polly* come to wait upon you.

Lucy. Show her in.

SCENE VII.

Enter Polly.

Lucy. Dear madam, your ſervant.—I hope you will pardon my paſſion, when I was ſo happy to ſee you laſt.——I was ſo over-run with the ſpleen, that I was perfectly out of myſelf. And really when one hath the ſpleen, every thing is to be excuſed by a friend.

AIR XLVIII. Now *Rogers* I'll tell thee, becauſe thou'rt my ſon.

When a wife's in her pout,
(As ſhe's ſometimes, no doubt)
The good huſband as meek as a lamb,
Her vapours to ſtill,
Firſt grants her her will;
And the quieting draught is a dram.
Poor man! And the quieting draught is a dram.

——I wiſh all our quarrels might have ſo comfortable a reconciliation.

Polly. I have no excuſe for my own behaviour, madam, but my misfortunes.——And really, madam, I ſuffer too upon your account.

Lucy. But, Miſs *Polly*——in the way of friendſhip, will you give me leave to propoſe a glaſs of cordial to you?

Polly. Strong-waters are apt to give me the head-ache——I hope, madam, you will excuſe me.

Lucy. Not the greateſt lady in the land could have better in her cloſet, for her own private drinking.—— You ſeem mighty low in ſpirits, my dear.

Polly. I am ſorry, madam, my health will not allow me to accept of your offer.——I ſhould not have left you in the rude manner I did when we met laſt, madam, had not my papa haul'd me away ſo unexpectedly. ——I was indeed ſomewhat provok'd, and perhaps might uſe ſome expreſſions that were diſreſpectful.—— But really, madam, the captain treated me with ſo much

much contempt and cruelty, that I deſerved your pity, rather than your reſentment.

Lucy. But ſince his eſcape, no doubt all matters are made up again.——Ah *Polly! Polly!* 'tis I am the unhappy wife; and he loves you as if you were only his miſtreſs.

Polly. Sure, madam, you cannot think me ſo happy as to be the object of your jealouſy.——A man is always afraid of a woman who loves him too well—ſo that I muſt expect to be neglected and avoided.

Lucy. Then our caſes, my dear *Polly*, are exactly alike. Both of us indeed have been too fond.

AIR XLIX. O *Beſſy Bell*, &c.

Polly. *A curſe attends that woman's love*
Who always would be pleaſing.
Lucy. *The pertneſs of the billing dove,*
Like tickling, is but teazing.
Polly. *What then in love can woman do?*
Lucy. *If we grow fond they ſhun us.*
Polly. *And when we fly them, they purſue:*
Lucy. *But leave us when they've won us.*

Lucy. Love is ſo very whimſical in both ſexes, that it is impoſſible to be laſting.—But my heart is particular, and contradicts my own obſervation.

Polly. But really, miſtreſs *Lucy*, by his laſt behaviour, I think I ought to envy you.—When I was forced from him, he did not ſhew the leaſt tenderneſs.—But, perhaps, he hath a heart not capable of it.

AIR L. Would fate to me *Belinda* give.

Among the men, coquets we find,
Who court by turns all woman-kind;
And we grant all their hearts deſir'd,
When they are flatter'd and admir'd.

The coquets of both ſexes are ſelf-lovers, and that is a love no other whatever can diſpoſſeſs. I fear, my dear *Lucy*, our huſband is one of thoſe.

Lucy. Away with theſe melancholy reflections,——indeed, my dear *Polly*, we are both of us a cup too low.—Let me prevail upon you, to accept of my offer.

AIR

AIR LI. Come, ſweet laſs.

Come, ſweet laſs,
Let's baniſh ſorrow
Till to-morrow;
Come, ſweet laſs,
Let's take a chirping glaſs.
Wine can clear
The vapours of deſpair;
And make us light as air;
Then drink, and baniſh care.

I can't bear, child, to ſee you in ſuch low ſpirits.—— And I muſt perſuade you to what I know will do you good.—I ſhall now ſoon be even with the hypocritical ſtrumpet. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Polly. All this wheedling of *Lucy* cannot be for nothing.—At this time too! when I know ſhe hates me! —The diſſembling of a woman is always the fore-runner of miſchief.—By pouring ſtrong waters down my throat, ſhe thinks to pump ſome ſecrets out of me— I'll be upon my guard, and won't taſte a drop of her liquor, I'm reſolv'd.

SCENE IX.

Enter Lucy, *with ſtrong-waters.*

Lucy. Come, Miſs *Polly*.

Polly. Indeed, child, you have given yourſelf trouble to no purpoſe.—You muſt, my dear, excuſe me.

Lucy. Really, Miſs *Polly*, you are ſo ſqueamiſhly affected about taking a cup of ſtrong-waters, as a lady before company. I vow, *Polly*, I ſhall take it monſtrouſly ill if you refuſe me.—Brandy and men (though women love them never ſo well) are always taken by us with ſome reluctance—unleſs 'tis in private.

Polly. I proteſt, madam, it goes againſt me.—What do I ſee! *Macheath* again in cuſtody!——Now every glimmering of happineſs is loſt.

[*Drops the glaſs of liquor on the ground.*

Lucy. Since things are thus, I'm glad the wench hath eſcap'd: for by this event, 'tis plain, ſhe was not happy enough to deſerve to be poiſon'd.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Enter Lockit, Macheath, *and* Peachum.

Lock. Set your heart to reſt, captain.—You have neither the chance of love or money for another eſcape—for you are order'd to be call'd down upon your trial immediately.

Peach. Away, huſſies!—This is not a time for a man to be hamper'd with his wives.—You ſee, the gentleman is in chains already.

Lucy. O huſband, huſband, my heart long'd to ſee thee; but to ſee thee thus diſtracts me!

Polly. Will not my dear huſband look upon his *Polly?* Why hadſt thou not flown to me for protection? with me thou hadſt been ſafe.

AIR LII. The laſt time I went o'er the moor.

Polly. *Hither, dear huſband, turn your eyes.*
Lucy. *Beſtow one glance to cheer me.*
Polly. *Think with that look, thy* Polly *dies.*
Lucy. *O ſhun me not, but hear me.*
Polly. *'Tis* Polly *ſues.*
Lucy. - - - - - - - *'Tis* Lucy *ſpeaks.*
Polly. *Is thus true Love requited?*
Lucy. *My heart is burſting.*
Polly. - - - - - - - - *Mine too breaks.*
Lucy. *Muſt I,*
Polly. - - - - - - - - *Muſt I be ſlighted?*

Mach. What would you have me ſay, ladies?—You ſee, this affair will ſoon be at an end, without my diſobliging either of you.

Peach. But the ſettling this point, captain, might prevent a lawſuit between your two widows.

AIR LIII. *Tom Tinker's* my true love, *&c.*

Mach. *Which way ſhall I turn me——how can I decide,*
Wives, the day of our death, are as fond as a bride.
One wife is too much for moſt huſbands to bear,
But two at a time there's no mortal can bear.
This way, and that way, and which way I will,
What would comfort the one, t'other wife would take ill.

Poll.

Polly. But if his own misfortunes have made him insenſible to mine——a father ſure will be more compaſſionate.——Dear, dear ſir, ſink the material evidence, and bring him off at his trial——*Polly* upon her knees begs it of you.

AIR LIV. I am a poor ſhepherd undone.

When my hero in court appears,
And ſtands arraign'd for his life,
Then think of poor Polly's *tears;*
For ah! poor Polly's *his wife.*
Like the ſailor he holds up his hand,
Diſtreſt on the daſhing wave,
To die a dry death at land,
Is as bad as a watry grave.
And alas, poor Polly!
Alack, and well-a-day!
Before I was in love,
Oh! every month was May.

Lucy. If *Peachum*'s heart is harden'd; ſure you, ſir, will have more compaſſion on a daughter——I know the evidence is in your power.——How then can you be a tyrant to me? [*Kneeling.*

AIR LV. *Ianthe* the lovely, &c.

When he holds up his hand arraign'd for his life,
O think of your daughter, and think I'm his wife!
What are cannons, or bombs, or claſhing of ſwords!
For death is more certain by witneſſes words.
Then nail up their lips, that dread thunder allay;
And each month of my life will hereafter be May.

Lock. Macheath's time is come, *Lucy.*——We know our own affairs, therefore let us have no more whimpering or whining.

AIR

AIR LVI. A cobler there was, *&c.*

Ourſelves, like the great, to ſecure a retreat,
When matters require it, muſt give up our gang:
And good reaſon why,
Or inſtead of the fry,
Ev'n Peachum *and I,*
Like poor petty raſcals might hang, hang;
Like poor petty raſcals might hang.

Peach. Set your heart at reſt, *Polly.*——You huſband is to die to-day.——Therefore, if you are not already provided, 'tis high time to look about for another. There's comfort for you, you ſlut.

Lock. We are ready, ſir, to conduct you to the *Old Baily.*

AIR LVII. Bonny *Dundee.*

Mach. *The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met;*
The judges all rang'd (a terrible ſhow!)
I go undiſmay'd,——for death is a debt,
A debt on demand,——ſo, take what I owe.
Then, farewell, my love,— dear charmers adieu.
Contented I die——'tis the better for you.
Here ends all diſpute the reſt of our lives,
For this way at once I pleaſe all my wives.

Now, gentlemen, I am ready to attend you.

[*Exeunt* Peachum, Lockit, *and* Macheath.

SCENE XI.

Polly. Follow them, *Filch*, to the court. And when the trial is over, bring me a particular account of his behaviour, and of every thing that happen'd.——You'll find me here with miſs *Lucy.* [*Exit* Filch.] But why is all this muſic?

Lucy. The priſoners, whoſe trials are put off till next ſeſſion, are diverting themſelves.

Polly. Sure there is nothing ſo charming as muſic! I'm fond of it to diſtraction——But alas!——now all mirth ſeems an inſult upon my affliction.——Let us retire, my dear *Lucy*, and indulge our ſorrows.——The noiſy crew, you ſee, are coming upon us.

[*Exeunt.*

A dance of priſoners in chains, &c.

SCENE

SCENE XII. *The Condemn'd Hold.*

Macheath, *in a melancholy posture.*

AIR LVIII. Happy Groves.

O cruel, cruel, cruel case!
Must I suffer this disgrace?

AIR LIX. Of all the girls that are so smart.

Of all the friends in time of grief,
When threat'ning death looks grimmer,
Not one so sure can bring relief,
As this best friend a brimmer. [Drinks.

AIR LX. *Britons* strike home.

Since I must swing,—I scorn, I scorn to wince or whine.
[rises.

AIR LXI. Chevy Chase.

But now again my spirits sink;
I'll raise them high with wine. [Drinks a glass of wine.

AIR LXII. To old sir *Simon* the king.

But valour the stronger grows,
The stronger liquor we're drinking.
And how can we feel our woes,
When we've lost the trouble of thinking? [Drinks.

AIR LXIII. Joy to great *Cæsar.*

If thus——A man can die
Much bolder with brandy.
[Pours out a bumper of brandy.

AIR LXIV. There was an old woman, *&c.*

So I drink off this bumper—And now I can stand the test,
And my comrades shall see, that I die as brave as the best.
[Drinks.

AIR LXV. Did you ever hear of a gallant sailor.

But can I leave my pretty hussies,
Without one tear, or tender sigh?

AIR

AIR LXVI. Why are mine eyes ſtill flowing.

Their eyes, their lips, their buſſes,
Recall my love.——Ah muſt I die!

AIR LXVII. Green ſleeves.

Since laws were made for ev'ry degree,
To curb vice in others as well as me,
I wonder we han't better company
Upon Tyburn *tree!*
But gold from law can take out the ſting;
And if rich men like us were to ſwing,
'Twould thin the land, ſuch numbers to ſtring
Upon Tyburn *tree.*

Jailor. Some friends of yours, captain, deſire to b admitted.——I leave you together.

SCENE XIII.

Enter Ben Budge, Matt *of the* Mint.

Mach. For my having broke priſon, you ſee, gentl men, I am ordered immediate execution.——The ſh riffs officers, I believe, are now at the door.—— That *Jemmy Twitcher* ſhould peach me. I own ſu prized me!——'Tis a plain proof that the world all alike, and that even our gang can no more truſt or another than other people. Therefore, I beg you, ge tlemen, look well to yourſelves, for, in all probabilit you may live ſome months longer.

Matt. We are heartily ſorry, captain, for your mi fortune.——But 'tis what we muſt all come to.

Mach. Peachum and *Lockit*, you know, are infamou ſcoundrels. Their lives are as much in your powe as yours are in theirs.——Remember your dyin friend!——'Tis my laſt requeſt.——Brin thoſe villains to the gallows before you, and I am ſa tisfied.

Matt. We'll do't.

Jailor. Miſs *Polly* and miſs *Lucy* intreat a word wit you.

Mach. Gentlemen, adieu.

[*Exeunt* Ben Budge, *and* Matt *of the* Min

SCEN

SCENE XIV.

Enter Lucy *and* Polly.

Mach. My dear *Lucy* ——— my dear *Polly* ——— Whatſoever hath paſt between us, is now at an end. ———If you are fond of marrying again, the beſt advice I can give you, is to ſhip yourſelves off for the *Weſt-Indies*, where you'll have a fair chance of getting a huſband a-piece; or by good look, two or three, as you like beſt.

Polly. How can I ſupport this ſight!

Lucy. There is nothing moves one ſo much as a great man in diſtreſs.

AIR LXVIII. All you that muſt take a leap, *&c.*

Lucy. *Wou'd I might be hang'd!*
Polly. - - - - - - - - - - - - - *And I would ſo too!*
Lucy. *To be hang'd with you,*
Polly. - - - - - - - - - - - *My dear, with you.*
Mach. *O leave me to thought! I fear! I doubt! I tremble! I droop!—See my courage is out.*
[Turns up the empty bottle.
Polly. *No token of love?*
Mach. - - - - - - - - - *See my courage is out.*
[Turns up the empty pot.
Lucy. *No token of love?*
Polly. - - - - - - - - - *Adieu.*
Lucy. - - - - - - - - - - - - *Farewell.*
Mach. *But hark! I hear the toll of the bell.*
Chorus. *Tol de rol lol,* &c.

Jailor. Four women more, captain, with a child a-piece! See, here they come. [*Enter women and children.*

Mach. What——four wives more!——This is too much.———Here——tell the ſheriffs officers I am ready. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XV.

Enter Beggar *and* Player.

Play. But, honeſt friend, I hope you don't intend that *Macheath* ſhall be really executed.

Beg. Moſt certainly, ſir.———To make the piece perfect, I was for doing ſtrict poetical juſtice.——— *Macheath is to be hang'd*; and for the other perſonages

of the drama, the audience muſt have ſuppoſed they were all either hang'd or tranſported.

Play. Why then, friend, this is a downright deep tragedy. The cataſtrophe is manifeſtly wrong, for an opera muſt end happily.

Beg. Your objection, ſir, is very juſt; and is eaſily removed: for you muſt allow, that in this kind of drama, 'tis no matter how abſurdly things are brought about——So——you rabble there——run and cry a reprieve——let the priſoner be brought back to his wives in triumph.

Play. All this we muſt do to comply with the taſte of the town.

Beg. Through the whole piece you may obſerve ſuch a ſimilitude of manners in high and low life, that it is difficult to determine whether (in the faſhionable vices) the fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen.—— Had the play remain'd as I at firſt intended, it would have carried a moſt excellent moral: 'twould have ſhown that the lower ſort of people have their vices in a degree as well as the rich; and that they are puniſh'd for them.

SCENE XVI.

Enter to them Macheath, *with rabble*, &c.

Mach. So, it ſeems I am not left to my choice, but muſt have a wife at laſt.——Look ye, my dears, we will have no controverſy now. Let us give this day to mirth, and I am ſure ſhe who thinks herſelf my wife, will teſtify her joy by a dance.

All. Come, a dance——a dance.

Mach. Ladies, I hope you will give me leave to preſent a partner to each of you. And (if I may without offence) for this time, I take *Polly* for mine. ——And for life, you ſlut,——for we were really married.——As for the reſt.——But at preſent keep your own ſecret. [*To* Polly.

A DANCE.

AIR

AIR LXIX. Lumps of Pudding, &c.

Thus I ſtand like a Turk, *with his doxies around;*
From all ſides their glances his paſſion confound:
For black, brown, and fair, his inconſtancy burns,
And the different beauties ſubdue him by turns:
Each calls forth her charms to provoke his deſires:
Though willing to all; with but one he retires,
But think of this maxim, and put off all ſorrow,
The wretch of to-day, may be happy to-morrow.

Chorus. *But think of this maxim,* &c.

A

TABLE

OF THE

SONGS.

ACT I.

AIR

I. *Through all the employments of life.* page 59
II. *'Tis woman that ſeduces all mankind.* 60
III. *If any wench* Venus's *girdle wear.* 62
IV. *If love the virgin's heart invade.* 63
V. *A maid is like the golden ore.* 65
VI. *Virgins are like the fair flower in its luſtre.* 66
VII. *Our* Polly *is a ſad ſlut! nor heeds what we have taught her.* 67
VIII. *Can love be controul'd by advice?* 68
IX. *O* Polly, *you might have toy'd and kiſt.* 69
X. *I, like a ſhip in ſtorms, was toſt.* 70
XI. *A fox may ſteal your hens, ſir.* 71
XII. *Oh, ponder well! be not ſevere.* 72
XIII. *The turtle thus with plaintive crying.* 73
XIV. *Pretty* Polly, *ſay.* 74
XV. *My heart was ſo free.* 75
XVI. *Were I laid on* Greenland's *coaſt.* ibid.
XVII. *O what pain it is to part!* 76
XVIII. *The miſer thus a ſhilling ſees.* ibid.

ACT

ACT II.

AIR
XIX. *Fill ev'ry glaſs for wine inſpires us.* page 78
XX. *Let us take the road.* 79
XXI. *If the heart of a man is depreſt with cares.* 80
XXII. *Youth's the ſeaſon made for joys.* 82
XXIII. *Before the barn-door crowing.* 83
XXIV. *The gameſters and lawyers are jugglers alike.* 84
XXV. *At the tree I ſhall ſuffer with pleaſure.* 85
XXVI. *Man may eſcape from rope and gun.* 86
XXVII. *Thus when a good houſewife ſees a rat.* 87
XXVIII. *How cruel are the traytors.* ibid.
XXIX. *The firſt time at the looking-glaſs.* 89
XXX. *When you cenſure the age.* 90
XXXI. *Is then his fate decreed, ſir?* 91
XXXII. *You'll think e'er many days enſue.* ibid.
XXXIII. *If you at an office ſolicit your due.* 92
XXXIV. *Thus when the ſwallow ſeeking prey.* 93
XXXV. *How happy could I be with either.* ibid.
XXXVI. *I'm bubbled.* 94
XXXVII. *Ceaſe your funning.* ibid.
XXXVIII. *Why how now, madam* Flirt. 95
XXXIX. *No power on earth can e'er divide.* 96
XL. *I like the fox ſhall grieve.* 97

ACT III.

AIR
XLI. *When young at the bar you firſt taught me to ſcore.* 98
XLII. *My love is all madneſs and folly.* 99
XLIII. *Thus gameſters united in friendſhip are found.* ibid.
XLIV. *The modes of the court ſo common are grown.* 101
XLV. *What gudgeons are we men?* 103
XLVI. *In the days of my youth, I could bill like a dove,* fa, la, la, &c. 104

AIR		
XLVII.	*I'm like a ſkiff on the ocean toſt.*	page 106
XLVIII.	*When a wife's in her pout.*	107
XLIX.	*A curſe attends that woman's love.*	108
L.	*Among the men, coquets we find.*	ibid.
LI.	*Come, ſweet laſs.*	109
LII.	*Hither, dear huſband, turn your eyes.*	110
LIII.	*Which way ſhall I turn me?*	ibid.
LIV.	*When my hero in court appears.*	111
LV.	*When he holds up his hand, arraign'd for his life.*	ibid.
LVI.	*Ourſelves, like the great, to ſecure a retreat.*	112
LVII.	*The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met.*	ibid.
LVIII.	*O cruel, cruel, cruel caſe.*	113
LIX.	*Of all the friends in time of grief.*	ibid.
LX.	*Since I muſt ſwing,——I ſcorn, I ſcorn to wince or whine.*	ibid.
LXI.	*But now again my ſpirits ſink.*	ibid.
LXII.	*But valour the ſtronger grows.*	ibid.
LXIII.	*If thus ——A man can die.*	ibid.
LXIV.	*So I drink off this bumper.——And now I can ſtand the teſt.*	ibid.
LXV.	*But can I leave my pretty buſſies.*	ibid
LXVI.	*Their eyes, their lips, their buſſes.*	114
LXVII.	*Since laws were made for ev'ry degree.*	ibid.
LXVIII.	*Would I might be hang'd!*	115
LXIX.	*Thus I ſtand like a* Turk, *with his doxies around.*	117

POLLY:

AN

OPERA.

BEING THE

SECOND PART

OF THE

BEGGAR's OPERA.

Raro antecedentem ſceleſtum
Deſeruit pede pœna claudo. HOR.

PREFACE.

AFTER Mr. *Rich* and I were agreed upon terms and conditions for bringing this piece on the ſtage, and that every thing was ready for a rehearſal, the lord chamberlain ſent an order from the country to prohibit Mr. *Rich* to ſuffer any play to be rehearſed upon his ſtage till it had been firſt of all ſupervised by his Grace. As ſoon as Mr. *Rich* came from his Grace's ſecretary (who had ſent for him to receive the before-mentioned order) he came to my lodgings and acquainted me with the orders he had received.

Upon the lord chamberlain's coming to town, I was confined by ſickneſs, but in four or five days I went abroad on purpoſe to wait upon his Grace, with a faithful and genuine copy of this piece, excepting the errata of the tranſcriber.

As I have heard ſeveral ſuggeſtions and falſe inſinuations concerning the copy: I take this occaſion in the moſt ſolemn manner to affirm, that the very copy I delivered to Mr. *Rich*, was written in my own hand, ſome months before, at the *Bath*, from my own firſt foul blotted papers; from this, that for the Playhouſe was tranſcribed, from whence Mr. *Stede* the prompter, copied that which I de-

livered to the lord chamberlain: and, excepting my own foul blotted papers, I do proteſt I know of no other copy whatſoever, than thoſe I have mentioned.

The copy which I gave into the hands of Mr. *Rich* had been ſeen before by ſeveral perſons of the greateſt diſtinction and veracity, who will be ready to do me the honour and juſtice to atteſt it; ſo that not only by them, but by Mr. *Rich* and Mr. *Stede*, I can (againſt all inſinuation or poſitive affirmation) prove in the moſt clear and undeniable manner, if occaſion required, what I have here upon my own honour and credit aſſerted. The Introduction indeed was not ſhewn to the lord chamberlain, which, as I had not then quite ſettled, was never tranſcribed in the playhouſe copy.

It was on *Saturday* morning, December 7th, 1728, that I waited upon the lord chamberlain; I deſired to have the honour of reading the opera to his Grace, but he ordered me to leave it with him, which I did, upon expectation of having it returned on the *Monday* following; but I had it not till *Thurſday*, *December* 12, when I received it from his Grace with this anſwer; "*that it was* "*not allowed to be acted, but commanded to be ſup-*"*preſt.*" This was told me in general, without any reaſons aſſigned, or any charge againſt me of my having given any particular offence.

Since this prohibition I have been told, that I am accuſed, in general terms, of having written many diſaffected libels and ſeditious pamphlets. As it hath ever been my utmoſt ambition (if that word may be uſed upon this occaſion) to lead a quiet and inoffenſive life, I thought my innocence in this particular would never have required a juſtification;

tification; and as this kind of writing is what I have ever deteſted, and never practiſed, I am perſuaded ſo groundleſs a calumny can never be believed, but by thoſe who do not know me. But as general aſperſions of this ſort have been caſt upon me, I think myſelf called upon to declare my principles; and I do, with the ſtricteſt truth, affirm, that I am as loyal a ſubject, and as firmly attached to the preſent happy eſtabliſhment, as any of thoſe who have the greateſt places or penſions. I have been informed too, that, in the following play, I have been charged with writing immoralities; that it is filled with ſlander and calumny againſt particular great perſons; and that majeſty itſelf is endeavoured to be brought into ridicule and contempt.

As I knew that every one of theſe charges was in every point abſolutely falſe and without the leaſt grounds, at firſt I was not at all affected by them; but when I found they were ſtill inſiſted upon, and that particular paſſages, which were not in the play were quoted and propagated to ſupport what had been ſuggeſted, I could no longer bear to lie under theſe falſe accuſations; ſo by printing it, I have ſubmitted and given up all preſent views of profit which might accrue from the ſtage, which undoubtedly will be ſome ſatisfaction to the worthy gentlemen who have treated me with ſo much candour and humanity, and repreſented me in ſuch favourable colours.

But as I am conſcious to myſelf, that my only intention was to laſh, in general, the reigning and faſhionable vices, and to recommend and ſet virtue in as amiable a light as I could; to juſtify and vindicate my own character, I thought myſelf

obliged to print the Opera without delay in the manner I have done.

As the play was principally designed for representation, I hope, when it is read, it will be considered in that light: and when all that hath been said against it shall appear to be entirely misunderstood or misrepresented; if, some time hence, it should be permitted to appear on the stage, I think it necessary to acquaint the public, that, as far as a contract of this kind can be binding, I am engaged to Mr. *Rich* to have it represented upon his theatre.

March 25, 1729.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

POET, PLAYER.

POET.

A Sequel to a play is like more laſt words. It is a kind of abſurdity; and really, ſir, you have prevailed upon me to purſue this ſubject againſt my judgment.

1ſt Player. Be the ſucceſs as it will, you are ſure of what you have contracted for; and upon the inducement of gain, nobody can blame you for undertaking it.

Poet. I know, I muſt have been looked upon as whimſical, and particular, if I had ſcrupled to have riſqued my reputation for my profit; for why ſhould I be more ſqueamiſh than my betters? and ſo, ſir, contrary to my opinion I bring *Polly* once again upon the ſtage.

1ſt Player. Conſider, ſir, you have prepoſſeſſion on your ſide.

Poet. But then the pleaſure of novelty is loſt; and in a thing of this kind, I am afraid I ſhall hardly be

pardoned for imitating myſelf; for ſure, pieces of this ſort are not to be followed as precedents. My dependance, like a tricking bookſeller's, is, that the kind reception the firſt part met with, will carry off the ſecond, be it what it will.

1ſt Player. You ſhould not diſparage your own works; you will have critics enough who will be glad to do that for you: and let me tell you, ſir, after the ſucceſs you have had, you muſt expect envy.

Poet. Since I have had more applauſe than I can deſerve, I muſt, with other authors, be content, if critics allow me leſs. I ſhould be an arrant courtier, or an arrant beggar indeed, if, as ſoon as I have received one undeſerved favour, I ſhould lay claim to another; I do not flatter myſelf with the like ſucceſs.

1ſt Player. I hope, ſir, in the cataſtrophe you have not run into the abſurdity of your laſt piece.

Poet. I know that I have been unjuſtly accuſed of having given up my moral for a joke, like a fine gentleman in converſation; but whatever be the event now, I will not ſo much as ſeem to give up my moral.

1ſt Player. Really, ſir, an author ſhould comply with the cuſtoms and taſte of the town.——I am indeed afraid too that your ſatire here and there is too free. A man ſhould be cautious how he mentions any vice whatſoever before good company, leſt ſomebody preſent ſhould apply it to himſelf.

Poet. The ſtage, ſir, hath the privilege of the pulpit, to attack vice however dignified or diſtinguiſhed; and preachers and poets ſhould not be too well bred upon theſe occaſions: nobody can overdo it when he attacks the vice and not the perſon.

1ſt Player. But how can you hinder malicious applications?

Poet. Let thoſe anſwer for them who make them. I aim at no particular perſons; my ſtrokes are at vice in

in general; but if any men particularly vicious are hurt, I make no apology, but leave them to the cure of their flatterers. If an author write in character, the lower people reflect on the follies and vices of the rich and great, and an *Indian* judges and talks of *Europeans*, by those he hath seen and conversed with, &c. And I will venture to own, that I wish every man of power or riches were really and apparently virtuous; which would soon amend and reform the common people, who act by imitation.

1st Player. But a little indulgence and partiality to the vices of your own country, without doubt would be looked upon as more discreet. Though your satire, sir, is on vices in general, it must and will give offence; every vicious man thinks you particular, for conscience will make self-application. And why will you make yourself so many enemies? I say no more upon this head. As to us, I hope you are satisfied we have done all we could for you; for you will now have the advantage of all our best fingers.

Enter 2*d* Player.

2d Player. It is impossible to perform the opera to night, all the fine fingers within are out of humour with their parts. The tenor, says he was never offered such an indignity, and in a rage flung his clean lambskin gloves into the fire; he swears that in his whole life he never did sing, would sing, or could sing, but in true kid.

1st Player. Music might tame and civilize wild beasts, but it is evident it never yet could tame and civilize musicians.

Enter 3*d* Player.

3d Player. Sir, signora *Crochetta* says, she finds her character so low, that she had rather die than sing it.

1ſt Player. Tell her by her contract I can make her ſing it.

Enter ſignora Crochetta.

Crochetta. Barbarous tramontane! Where are all the lovers of virtu? Will they not all riſe in arms in my defence? make me ſing it! good gods! ſhould I tamely ſubmit to ſuch uſage, I ſhould debaſe myſelf through all *Europe.*

1ſt Player. In the opera nine or ten years ago, I remember, madam, your appearance in a character little better than a fiſh.

Crochetta. A fiſh! monſtrous! Let me inform you, ſir, that a mermaid or ſyren is not many removes from a ſea-goddeſs; or I had never ſubmitted to be that fiſh which you are pleaſed to call me, by way of reproach. I have a cold, ſir; I am ſick. I do not ſee why I may not be allowed the privilege of ſickneſs now and then as well as others. If a ſinger may not be indulged in her humours, I am ſure ſhe will ſoon become of no conſequence with the town. And ſo, ſir, I have a cold; I am hoarſe. I hope now you are ſatisfied.

[*Exit* Crochetta, *in a fury.*

Enter 4th Player.

4th Player. Sir, the baſe voice inſiſts upon pearl-colour'd ſtockings and red-heel'd ſhoes.

1ſt Player. There is no governing caprice. But how ſhall we make our excuſes to the houſe?

4th Player. Since the town was laſt year ſo good as to encourage an opera without ſingers; the favour I was then ſhewn obliges me to offer myſelf once more, rather than the audience ſhould be diſmiſſed. All the other comedians upon this emergency are willing to do their beſt, and hope for your favour and indulgence.

1ſt Player.

INTRODUCTION.

1*ſt Player*. Ladies and gentlemen, as we wiſh to do every thing for your diverſion, and that ſingers only will come when they will come, we beg you to excuſe this unforeſeen accident, and to accept the propoſal of the comedians, who rely wholly on your courteſy and protection. [*Exeunt*.

The OVERTURE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Mr. Ducat, *a* Weſt-India *planter*.
Morana (*alias* Macheath) *captain of the pirates.*
Vanderbluff.
Capſtern,
Hacker,
Culverin,
Laguerre,
Cutlace,
} *Pirates.*
Pohetohee, *an* Indian *king.*
Cawwawkee, *his ſon.*

Servants, Indians, Pirates, Guards, &c.

Polly Peachum.
Mrs. Ducat.
Diana Trapes.
Jenny Diver.
Flimzy,
Damaris,
} *Servants to* Trapes.

SCENE, *in the* Weſt-Indies.

POLLY:

AN

OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE, Ducat's *Houſe.*

Ducat, Trapes.

TRAPES.

THOUGH you were born and bred and live in the *Indies*, as you are a ſubject of *Britain* you ſhould live up to our cuſtoms. Prodigality there, is a faſhion that is among all ranks of people. Why, our very younger brothers puſh themſelves into the polite world by ſquandering more than they are worth. You are wealthy, very wealthy, Mr. *Ducat*; and I grant you, the more you have, the taſte of getting more ſhould grow ſtronger upon you. 'Tis juſt ſo with us. But then the richeſt of our lords and gentlemen, who live elegantly, always run out. 'Tis genteel to be in debt. Your luxury ſhould diſtinguiſh you from the vulgar. You cannot be too expenſive in your pleaſures.

AIR

AIR I. The disappointed widow.

The manners of the great affect:
Stint not your pleasure:
If conscience bad their genius checkt,
How got they treasure?
The more in debt, run in debt the more,
Careless who is undone:
Morals and honesty leave to the poor,
As they do at London.

Ducat. I never thought to have heard thrift laid to my charge. There is not a man, though I say it, in all the *Indies* who lives more plentifully than myself; nor who enjoys the necessaries of life in so handsome a manner.

Trapes. There it is now. Who ever heard a man of fortune in *England* talk of the necessaries of life? If the necessaries of life would have satisfied such a poor body as me, to be sure I had never come to mend my fortune to the plantations. Whether we can afford it or no, we must have superfluities. We never stint our expence to our own fortunes, but are miserable if we do not live up to the profuseness of our neighbours. If we could content ourselves with the necessaries of life, no man alive ever need be dishoneſt. As to woman now; why, look ye, Mr. *Ducat*, a man hath what we may call every thing that is necessary in a wife.

Ducat. Ay, and more!

Trapes. But for all that, d'ye see, you married men are my best customers. It keeps wives upon their good behaviour.

Ducat. But there are jealousies and family lectures, Mrs. *Trapes.*

Trapes. Bless us all! how little are our customs known on this side the herring-pond! Why, jealousy is out of fashion even among our common country gentlemen. I hope you are better bred than to be jealous. A husband and wife should have a mutual complaisance for each other. Sure, your wife is not so unreasonable to expect to have you always to herself.

Ducat.

Ducat. As I have a good eſtate, Mrs. *Trapes*, I would willingly run into every thing that is ſuitable to my dignity and fortune. Nobody throws himſelf into the extravagancies of life with a freer ſpirit. As to conſcience and muſty morals, I have as few drawbacks upon my profits or pleaſures as any man of quality in *England*; in thoſe I am not in the leaſt vulgar. Beſides, madam, in moſt of my expences I run into the polite taſte. I have a fine library of books that I never read; I have a fine ſtable of horſes that I never ride; I build, I buy plate, jewels, pictures, or any thing that is valuable and curious, as your great men do, merely out of oſtentation. But indeed I muſt own, I do ſtill cohabit with my wife; and ſhe is very uneaſy and vexatious upon account of my viſits to you.

Trapes. Indeed, indeed, Mr. *Ducat*, you ſhould break through all this uſurpation at once, and keep.—Now too is your time; for I have a freſh cargo of ladies juſt arrived: nobody alive ſhall ſet eyes upon 'em till you have provided yourſelf. You ſhould keep your lady in awe by her maid; place a handſome, ſprightly wench near your wife, and ſhe will be a ſpy upon her into the bargain. I would have you ſhow yourſelf a fine gentleman in every thing.

Ducat. But I am ſomewhat advanced in life, Mrs. *Trapes*, and my duty to my wife lies very hard upon me; I muſt leave keeping to younger huſbands and old bachelors.

Trapes. There it is again now! Our very vulgar purſue pleaſures in the fluſh of youth and inclination, but our great men are modiſhly profligate when their appetite hath left them.

AIR II. The *Iriſh* ground.

BASS.

Ducat. *What can wealth*
When we're old?
Youth and health
Are not ſold.

TREBLE.

TREBLE.

Trapes. *When love in the pulſe beats low,*
(As haply it may with you)
A girl can freſh youth beſtow,
And kindle deſire anew.
Thus, numb'd in the brake,
Without motion, the ſnake
Sleeps cold winter away:
But in every vein
Life quickens again
On the boſom of May.

We are not here, I muſt tell you, as we are at *London*, where we can have freſh goods every week by the waggon. My maid is again gone aboard the veſſel; ſhe is perfectly charmed with one of the ladies; it will be a credit to you to keep her. I have obligations to you, Mr. *Ducat*, and I would part with her to no man alive but yourſelf. If I had her at *London*, ſuch a lady would be ſufficient to make my fortune; but, in truth, ſhe is not impudent enough to make herſelf agreeable to the ſailors in a public houſe in this country. By all accounts, ſhe hath a behaviour only fit for a private family.

Ducat. But how ſhall I manage matters with my wife?

Trapes. Juſt as the fine gentlemen do with us. We could bring you many great precedents for treating a wife with indifference, contempt, and neglect; but that, indeed, would be running into too high life. I would have you keep ſome decency, and uſe her with civility. You ſhould be ſo obliging as to leave her to her liberties and take them too yourſelf. Why, all our fine ladies, in what they call pin-money, have no other views; it is what they all expect.

Ducat. But I am afraid it will be hard to make my wife think like a gentlewoman upon this ſubject; ſo that if I take her, I muſt act diſcreetly and keep the affair a dead ſecret.

Trapes. As to that, ſir, you may do as you pleaſe. Should it ever come to her knowledge, cuſtom and

education

education perhaps may make her at firſt think it ſomewhat odd. But this I can affirm with a ſafe conſcience, that many a lady of quality have ſervants of this ſort in their families, and you can afford an expence as well as the beſt of them.

Ducat. I have a fortune, Mrs. *Trapes*, and would fain make a faſhionable figure in life; if we can agree upon the price I'll take her into the family.

Trapes. I am glad to ſee you fling yourſelf into the polite taſte with a ſpirit. Few, indeed, have the turn or talents to get money: but fewer know how to ſpend it handſomely after they have got it. The elegance of luxury conſiſts in variety, and love requires it as much as any of our appetites and paſſions, and there is a time of life when a man's appetite ought to be whetted by a delicacy.

Ducat. Nay, Mrs. *Trapes*, now you are too hard upon me. Sure, you cannot think me ſuch a clown as to be really in love with my wife! We are not ſo ignorant here as you imagine; why, I married her in a reaſonable way, only for her money.

AIR III. *Noel* Hills.

He that weds a beauty
Soon will find her cloy;
When pleaſure grows a duty,
Farewell love and joy:
He that weds for treaſure
(Though he hath a wife)
Hath choſe one laſting pleaſure
In a married life.

Enter Damaris.

Damaris, [*calling at the door*] *Damaris*, I charge you not to ſtir from the door, and the inſtant you ſee your lady at a diſtance, returning from her walk, be ſure to give me notice.

Trapes. She is in moſt charming rigging; ſhe won't coſt you a penny, ſir, in cloaths at firſt ſetting out. But, alack-a-day! no bargain could ever thrive with dry lips: a glaſs of liquor makes every thing go ſo glibly.

Ducat,

Ducat. Here, *Damaris*; a glaſs of rum for Mrs. *Dye*.

[Damaris *goes out and returns with a bottle and glaſs.*

Trapes. But as I was ſaying, ſir, I would not part with her to any body alive but yourſelf; for, to be ſure, I could turn her to ten times the profit by jobs and chance cuſtomers. Come, ſir, here's to the young lady's health.

Enter Flimzy.

Trapes. Well, *Flimzy*; are all the ladies ſafely landed, and have you done as I order'd you?

Flimzy. Yes, madam. The three ladies for the run of the houſe are ſafely lodged at home; the other is without in the hall to wait your commands. She is a moſt delicious creature, that's certain. Such lips, ſuch eyes, and ſuch fleſh and blood! If you had her in *London* you could not fail of the cuſtom of all the foreign miniſters. As I hope to be ſaved, madam, I was forced to tell her ten thouſand lies before I could prevail upon her to come with me. Oh ſir, you are the moſt lucky, happy man in the world! Shall I go call her in?

Trapes. 'Tis neceſſary for me firſt to inſtruct her in her duty and the ways of the family. The girl is baſhful and modeſt, ſo I muſt beg leave to prepare her by a little private converſation; and afterwards, ſir, I ſhall leave you to your private converſations.

Flimzy. But I hope, ſir, you won't forget poor *Flimzy*; for the richeſt man alive could not be more ſcrupulous than I am upon theſe occaſions, and the bribe only can make me excuſe it to my conſcience. I hope, ſir, you will pardon my freedom.

[*He gives her money.*

AIR IV. Sweetheart, think upon me.

My conſcience is of courtly mold,
Fit for higheſt ſtation.
Where's the hand, when touch'd with gold,
Proof againſt temptation? [*Ex.* Flimzy.

Ducat. We can never ſufficiently encourage ſuch uſeful qualifications. You will let me know when you are ready for me. [*Exit.*

Trapes.

Trapes. I wonder I am not more wealthy; for, o' my conſcience, I have as few ſcruples as thoſe that are ten thouſand times as rich. But, alack-a-day! I am forced to play at ſmall game. I now and then betray and ruin an innocent girl. And what of that? Can I in conſcience expect to be equally rich with thoſe who betray and ruin provinces and countries? In troth, all their great fortunes are owing to ſituation; as for genius and capacity I can match them to a hair: were they in my circumſtance, they would act like me; were I in theirs, I ſhould be rewarded as a moſt profound penetrating politician.

AIR V. 'Twas within a furlong.

In pimps and politicians
The genius is the ſame;
Both raiſe their own conditions
On others guilt and ſhame:
With a tongue well-tipt with lyes
Each the want of parts ſupplies,
And with a heart that's all diſguiſe,
Keeps his ſchemes unknown,
Seducing as the devil,
They play the tempter's part,
And have, when moſt they're civil,
Moſt miſchief in their heart.
Each a ſecret commerce drives,
Firſt corrupts and then connives,
And by his neighbours vices thrives;
For they are all his own.

Enter Flimzy *and* Polly.

Trapes. Bleſs my eye-ſight! what do I ſee? I am in a dream, or it is miſs *Polly Peachum!* mercy upon me, child, what brought you on this ſide of the water?

Polly. Love, madam, and the misfortunes of our family. But I am equally ſurprized to find an acquaintance here; you cannot be ignorant of my unhappy ſtory, and perhaps from you, Mrs. *Dye*, I may receive ſome information that may be uſeful to me.

Trapes. You need not be much concern'd, miſs *Polly*, at a ſentence of tranſportation, for a young lady of your

your beauty hath wherewithal to make her fortune in any country.

Polly. Pardon me, madam; you miſtake me. Tho' I was educated among the moſt profligate in low-life, I never engaged in my father's affairs as a thief or thief-catcher, for indeed I abhorr'd his profeſſion. Would my papa had never taken it up, he then ſtill had been alive, and I had never known *Macheath!*

AIR VI. Sortez des vos retraites.

She who hath felt a real pain
By Cupid's *dart,*
Finds that all abſence is in vain
To cure her heart.
Though from my lover caſt
Far as from pole to pole,
Still the pure flame muſt laſt,
For love is in the ſoul.

You muſt have heard, madam, that I was unhappy in my marriage. When *Macheath* was tranſported, all my peace was baniſh'd with him; and my papa's death hath now given me liberty to purſue my inclinations.

Trapes. Good lack-a-day! poor Mr. *Peachum!* Death was ſo much obliged to him, that I wonder he did not allow him a reprieve for his own ſake. Truly, I think he was obliged to no-body more, except the phyſicians: but they die it ſeems too. Death is very impartial; he takes all alike, friends and foes.

Polly. Every monthly ſeſſions-paper, like the apothecary's bills (if I may make the compariſon) was a record of his ſervices. But my papa kept company with gentlemen, and ambition is catching. He was in too much haſte to be rich. I wiſh all great men would take warning. 'Tis now ſeven months ſince my papa was hang'd.

Trapes. This will be a great check indeed to your men of enterprizing genius; and it will be unſafe to puſh at making a great fortune, if ſuch accidents grow common. But ſure, child, you are not ſo mad as to think of following *Macheath.*

Polly. In following him I am in purſuit of my quiet. I love him; and, like a troubled ghoſt, ſhall never be at

at reſt till I appear to him. If I can receive any information of him from you, it will be a cordial to a wretch in deſpair.

Trapes. My dear miſs *Polly*, you muſt not think of it. 'Tis now above a year and a half ſince he robb'd his maſter, ran away from the plantation, and turn'd pirate. Then too what puts you beyond all poſſibility of redreſs, is, that ſince he came over he married a tranſported ſlave, one *Jenny Diver*, and ſhe is gone off with him. You muſt give over all thoughts of him, for he is a very devil to our ſex; not a woman of the greateſt vivacity ſhifts her inclinations half ſo faſt as he can. Beſides, he would diſown you; for, like an upſtart, he hates an old acquaintance. I am ſorry to ſee thoſe tears, child, but I love you too well to flatter you.

Polly. Why have I a heart ſo conſtant? cruel love!

AIR VII. O Waly, Waly, up the bank.

Farewell, farewell, all hopes of bliſs!
For Polly *always muſt be thine.*
Shall then my heart be never his,
Which never can again be mine?
O love, you play a cruel part,
Thy ſhaft ſtill feſters in the wound;
You ſhould reward a conſtant heart,
Since 'tis, alas, ſo ſeldom found!

Trapes. I tell you once again, miſs *Polly*, you muſt think no more of him. You are like a child who is crying after a butterfly, that is hopping and fluttering upon every flower in the field; there is not a woman that comes in his way, but he muſt have a taſte of; beſides, there is no catching him. But, my dear girl, I hope you took care, at your leaving *England*, to bring off wherewithal to ſupport you.

Polly. Since he is loſt, I am inſenſible of every other misfortune. I brought indeed a ſum of money with me, but my cheſt was broke open at ſea, and I am now a wretched vagabond expoſed to hunger and want, unleſs charity relieve me.

Trapes. Poor child! your father and I have had great dealings together, and I ſhall be grateful to his memory. I will look upon you as my daughter; you ſhall be with me.

Polly.

houſe but your own, ſince ſhe was landed. She is pure as ſhe was imported, without the leaſt adulteration.

Ducat. I'll have her. I'll pay you down upon the nail. You ſhall leave her with me. Come, count your money, Mrs. *Dye.*

Trapes. What a ſhape is there! ſhe's of the fineſt growth.

Ducat. You make me miſ-reckon. She even takes off my eyes from gold.

Trapes. What a curious pair of ſparkling eyes!

Ducat. As vivifying as the ſun. I have paid you ten.

Trapes. What a racy flavour muſt breathe from thoſe lips!

Ducat. I want no provoking commendations. I'm in youth; I'm on fire! twenty more makes it thirty; and this here makes it juſt fifty.

Trapes. What a moſt inviting complexion! how charming a colour! In ſhort, a fine woman has all the perfections of fine wine, and is a cordial that is ten times as reſtorative.

Ducat. This fifty then makes it juſt the ſum. So now, madam, you may deliver her up.

Enter Damaris.

Damaris. Sir, ſir, my miſtreſs is juſt at the door. [*Ex.*

Ducat. Get you out of the way this moment, dear Mrs. *Dye*; for I would not have my wife ſee you. But don't ſtir out of the houſe 'till I am put in poſſeſſion. I'll get rid of her immediately. [*Ex.* Trapes.

Enter Mrs. Ducat.

Mrs. *Ducat.* I can never be out of the way, for an hour or ſo, but you are with that filthy creature. If you were young, and I took liberties, you could not uſe me worſe; you could not, you beaſtly fellow. Such uſage might force the moſt virtuous woman to reſentment. I don't ſee why the wives in this country ſhould not put themſelves upon as eaſy a foot as in *England.* In ſhort, Mr. *Ducat*, if you behave yourſelf like an *Engliſh* huſband, I will behave myſelf like an *Engliſh* wife.

AIR

AIR IX. Red Houſe.

I will have my humours, I'll pleaſe all my ſenſes,
I will not be ſtinted——in love or expences.
I'll dreſs with profuſion, I'll game without meaſure;
You ſhall have the buſineſs, I will have the pleaſure:
Thus every day I'll paſs my life,
My home ſhall be my leaſt reſort;
For ſure 'tis fitting that your wife
Shou'd copy ladies of the court.

Ducat. All theſe things I know are natural to the ſex, my dear. But huſbands, like colts, are reſtif, and they require a long time to break 'em. Beſides, 'tis not the faſhion as yet, for huſbands to be govern'd in this country. That tongue of your's, my dear, hath not eloquence enough to perſuade me out of my reaſon. A woman's tongue, like a trumpet, only ſerves to raiſe my courage.

AIR X. Old *Orpheus* tickl'd, *&c.*

When billows come breaking on the ſtrand,
The rocks are deaf and unſhaken ſtand:
Old oaks can defy the thunder's roar,
And I can ſtand woman's tongue——that's more.
With a twinkum, twankum, &c.

With that weapon, women, like pirates, are at war with the whole world. But, I thought, my dear, your pride would have kept you from being jealous. 'Tis the whole buſineſs of my life to pleaſe you; but wives are like children, the more they are flatter'd and humour'd, the more perverſe they are. Here now have I been laying out my money, purely to make you a preſent, and I have nothing but theſe freaks and reproaches in return. You wanted a maid, and I have bought you the handieſt creature; ſhe will indeed make a very creditable ſervant.

Mrs. *Ducat.* I will have none of your huſſies about me. And ſo, ſir, you would make me your convenience, your bawd. Out upon it!

Ducat. But I bought her on purpoſe for you, madam.

Mrs *Ducat.* For your own filthy inclinations, you

mean. I won't bear it. What, keep an impudent ſtrumpet under my noſe! Here's fine doings, indeed!

Ducat. I will have the directions of my family. 'Tis my pleaſure it ſhall be ſo. So, madam, be ſatisfy'd.

AIR XI. Chriſt-Church Bells.

When a woman jealous grows,
Farewell all peace of life! [owes,
Mrs. Ducat. *But e'er man roves, he ſhould pay what he*
And with her due content his wife.
Ducat. *'Tis man's the weaker ſex to ſway.*
Mrs. Ducat. *We too, whene'er we liſt, obey.*
Ducat. *'Tis juſt and fit*
You ſhould ſubmit.
Mrs. Ducat. *But ſweet kind huſband—not to day.*
Ducat. *Let your clack be ſtill.*
Mrs. Ducat. *Not 'till I have my will.*
If thus you reaſon ſlight,
There's never an hour
While breath has power,
But I will aſſert my right.

Would I had you in *England*; I ſhould have all the women there riſe in arms in my defence. For the honour and prerogative of the ſex, they would not ſuffer ſuch a precedent of ſubmiſſion. And ſo, Mr. *Ducat*, I tell you once again, that you ſhall keep your trollops out of the houſe, or I will not ſtay in it.

Ducat. Look'ee, wife; you will be able to bring about nothing by pouting and vapours. I have reſolution enough to withſtand either obſtinacy or ſtratagem. And I will break this jealous ſpirit of your's before it gets a head. And ſo, my dear, I order, that upon my account, you behave yourſelf to the girl as you ought.

Mrs. *Ducat.* I wiſh you would behave yourſelf to your wife as you ought; that is to ſay, with good manners, and compliance. And ſo, ſir, I leave you and your minx together. I tell you once again, that I would ſooner die upon the ſpot, than not be miſtreſs of *my* own houſe. [*Exit, in a paſſion.*

Ducat.

Ducat. If by theſe perverſe humours, I ſhould be forced to part with her, and allow her a ſeparate maintenance; the thing is ſo common among people of condition, that it could not prove to my diſcredit. Family diviſions, and matrimonial controverſies are a kind of proof of a man's riches; for the poor people are happy in marriage out of neceſſity, becauſe they cannot afford to diſagree. [*Enter* Damaris.] *Damaris*, ſaw you my wife? Is ſhe in her own room? What ſaid ſhe? Which way went ſhe?

Damaris. Bleſs me, I was perfectly frighten'd, ſhe look'd ſo like a fury! Thank my ſtars, I never ſaw her look ſo before in all my life; tho' mayhap you may have ſeen her look ſo before a thouſand times. Woe be to the ſervants that fall in her way! I'm ſure I'm glad to be out of it.

AIR XII. Cheſhire-rounds.

When kings by their huffing
Have blown up a ſquabble,
All the charge and cuffing
Light upon the rabble.
Thus when man and wife
By their mutual ſnubbing,
Kindle civil ſtrife,
Servants get the drubbing.

Ducat. I would have you, *Damaris*, have an eye upon your miſtreſs. You ſhould have her good at heart, and inform me when ſhe has any ſchemes a-foot; it may be the means to reconcile us.

Damaris. She's wild, ſir. There's no ſpeaking to her. She's flown into the garden! Mercy upon us all, ſay I! How can you be ſo unreaſonable to contradict a woman, when you know we can't bear it?

Ducat. I depend upon you, *Damaris*, for intelligence. You may obſerve her at a diſtance: and as ſoon as ſhe comes into her own room, bring me word. There is the ſweeteſt pleaſure in the revenge that I have now in my head! I'll this inſtant go and take my charge from Mrs. *Trapes*. [*Aſide.*] *Damaris*, you know your inſtructions. [*Exit.*

Damaris. Sure all maſters and miſtreſſes, like politicians, judge the conſcience of mankind by their own, and require treachery of their ſervants as a duty. I am employ'd by my maſter to watch my miſtreſs, and by my miſtreſs to watch my maſter. Which party ſhall I eſpouſe? To be ſure my miſtreſs's. For in her's, juriſdiction and power, the common cauſe of the whole ſex, are at ſtake. But my maſter I ſee is coming this way. I'll avoid him, and make my obſervations. [*Exit.*

Enter Ducat *and* Polly.

Ducat. Be chearful, *Polly*, for your good fortune hath thrown you into a family, where, if you rightly conſult your own intereſt, as every body now-a-days does, you may make yourſelf perfectly eaſy. Thoſe eyes of your's *Polly*, are a ſufficient fortune for any woman, if ſhe have but conduct, and knew how to make the moſt of 'em.

Polly. As I am your ſervant, ſir, my duty obliges me not to contradict you; and I muſt hear your flattery, tho' I know myſelf undeſerving. But ſure, ſir, in handſome women, you muſt have obſerved that their hearts often oppoſe their intereſt: and beauty certainly has ruin'd more women than it has made happy.

AIR XIII. The buſh a boon Traquair.

The crow or daw thro' all the year
No fowler ſeeks to ruin;
But birds of voice or feather rare
He's all day long purſuing.
Beware, fair maids, to 'ſcape the net
That other beauties fell in;
For ſure at heart was never yet
So great a wretch as Helen!

If my lady, ſir, will let me know my duty, gratitude will make me ſtudy to pleaſe her.

Ducat. I have a mind to have a little converſation with you, and I would not be interrupted. [*bars the door.*

Polly. I wiſh, ſir, you would let me receive my lady's command.

Ducat. And ſo, *Polly*, by theſe downcaſt looks of *your's*, you would have me believe you don't know you

you are handſome, and that you have no faith in your looking-glaſs. Why every pretty woman ſtudies her face, and a looking-glaſs to her is what a book is to a pedant; ſhe is poring upon it all day long. In troth, a man can never know how much love is in him by converſations with his wife. A kiſs on thoſe lips, would make me young again. [*Kiſſes her.*

AIR XIV. Bury Fair.

Polly. *How can you be ſo teazing?*
Ducat. *Love will excuſe my faults.*
How can you be ſo pleaſing! [Going to kiſs her.
Polly. *I vow I'll not be naught.*
Ducat. *All maids I know at firſt reſiſt.* [Struggling.
A maſter may command.
Polly. *You're monſtrous rude; I'll not be kiſs'd:*
Nay, fye, let go my hand.
Ducat. *'Tis fooliſh pride——*
Polly. *'Tis vile, 'tis baſe,*
Poor innocence to wrong;
Ducat. *I'll force you.*
Polly. *Guard me from diſgrace.*
You find that virtue's ſtrong. [Puſhing him away.
'Tis barbarous in you, ſir, to take the occaſion of my neceſſities to inſult me.

Ducat. Nay, huſſy, I'll give you money.

Polly. I deſpiſe it. No, ſir, tho' I was born and bred in *England*, I can dare to be poor, which is the only thing now-a-days men are aſham'd of.

Ducat. I ſhall humble theſe ſaucy airs of your's, Mrs. *Minx*. Is this language from a ſervant! from a ſlave!

Polly. Am I then betray'd and ſold!

Ducat. Yes, huſſy, that you are; and as legally my property, as any woman is her huſband's, who ſells herſelf in marriage.

Polly. Climates that change conſtitutions have no effect upon manners. What a profligate is that *Trapes!*

Ducat. Your fortune, your happineſs depends upon your compliance. What, proof againſt a bribe! Sure, huſſy, you belie your country, or you muſt have had a very vulgar education. 'Tis unnatural.

AIR XV. Bobbing Joan.

Maids like courtiers muſt be woo'd,
Moſt by flattery are ſubdu'd;
Some capricious, coy, or nice,
Out of pride protract the vice,
But they fall,
One and all,
When we bid up to their price.

Beſides, huſſy, your conſent may make me your ſlave; there's power to tempt you into the bargain. You muſt be more than woman if you can ſtand that too.

Polly. Sure you only mean to try me! but 'tis barbarous to trifle with my diſtreſſes.

Ducat. I'll have none of theſe airs. 'Tis impertinent in a ſervant, to have ſcruples of any kind. I hire honour, conſcience and all, for I will not be ſerved by halves. And ſo, to be plain with you, you obſtinate ſlut, you ſhall either contribute to my pleaſure or my profit; and if you refuſe play in the bed-chamber, you ſhall go work in the fields among the planters. I hope now I have explain'd myſelf.

Polly. My freedom may be loſt, but you cannot rob me of my virtue and integrity: and whatever is my lot, having that, I ſhall have the comfort of hope, and find pleaſure in reflection.

AIR XVI. A ſwain long tortur'd with diſdain.

Can I or toil or hunger fear?
For love's a pain that's more ſevere.
The ſlave, with virtue in his breaſt,
Can wake in peace, and ſweetly reſt.

But love, when unhappy, the more virtuous it is, the more it ſuffers. [*Aſide.*

Ducat. What noiſe is that?

Damaris. [*Without.*] Sir, ſir.

Ducat. Step into the cloſet; I will call you out immediately to preſent you to my wife. Don't let baſhfulneſs ruin your fortune. The next opportunity I hope you will be better diſpoſed. [*Exit* Polly.

Damaris.

Damaris. Open the door, ſir. This moment, this moment.

Enter Damaris.

Ducat. What's the matter? Was any body about to raviſh you? Is the houſe o'fire? Or my wife in a paſſion?

Damaris. O ſir, the whole country is in an uproar! The pirates are all coming down upon us; and if they ſhould raiſe the militia, you are an officer you know. I hope you have time enough to fling up your commiſſion.

Enter 1ſt Footman.

1ſt Footman. The neighbours, ſir, are frighted out of their wits; they leave their houſes, and fly to your's for protection. Where's my lady, your wife? Heaven grant, they have not taken her!

Ducat. If they only took what one could ſpare.

1ſt Footm. That's true, there were no great harm done.

Ducat. How are the muſquets?

1ſt Footm. Ruſty, ſir, all ruſty and peaceable! For we never clean them but againſt training-day.

Damaris. Then, ſir, your honour is ſafe, for now you have a juſt excuſe againſt fighting.

Enter 2d Footman.

2d Footman. The *Indians*, ſir, with whom we are in alliance, are all in arms: there will be bloody work to be ſure. I hope they will decide the matter before we can get ready.

Enter Mrs. Ducat.

Mrs. *Ducat.* O dear huſband, I'm frighten'd to death! What will become of us all! I thought a puniſhment for your wicked lewdneſs would light upon you at laſt.

Ducat. Preſence of mind, my dear, is as neceſſary in dangers as courage.

Damaris. But you are too rich to have courage. You ſhould fight by deputy. 'Tis only for poor people to be brave and deſperate, who cannot afford to live.

Enter Maids, &c. one after another.

1*ſt Maid.* The pirates, ſir, the pirates! Mercy upon us, what will become of us poor helpleſs women!

2*d Maid.* We ſhall all be raviſh'd.

1*ſt Old Woman.* All be raviſh'd!

2*d Old Woman.* Ay to be ſure, we ſhall be raviſh'd; all be raviſh'd!

1*ſt Old Woman.* But if fortune will have it ſo, patience is a virtue, and we muſt undergo it.

2*d Old Woman.* Ay, for certain we muſt all bear it, Mrs *Damaris.*

3*d Footman.* A ſoldier, ſir, from the *Indian* camp, deſires admittance. He's here, ſir.

Enter Indian.

Indian. I come, ſir, to the *Engliſh* colony, with whom we are in alliance, from the mighty king *Pobetobee*, my lord and maſter, and addreſs myſelf to you, as you are of the council, for ſuccours. The pirates are ravaging and plund'ring the country, and we are now in arms, ready for battle, to oppoſe them.

Ducat. Does *Macbeath* command the enemy?

Indian. Report ſays he is dead. Above twelve moons are paſſed ſince we heard of him. *Morano*, a Negro villian, is their chief, who in rapine and barbarities is even equal to him.

Ducat. I ſhall inform the council, and we ſhall ſoon be ready to join you. So acquaint the king your maſter. [*Exit* Indian.

AIR XVII. March in *Scipio.*

Brave boys prepare. [To the men.
Ah! ceaſe, fond wife, to cry. [To her.

Servant. *For when the danger's near,*
We've time enough to fly.

Mrs. Ducat. *How can you be diſgrac'd!*
For wealth ſecures your fame.

Servant. *The rich are always plac'd*
Above the ſenſe of ſhame.

Mrs. Ducat. *Let honour ſpur the ſlave,*
To fight for fighting's ſake:

Ducat. *But ev'n the rich are brave*
When money is at ſtake.

Be

Be ſatisfy'd, my dear, I ſhall be diſcreet. My ſervants here will take care that I be not over-raſh, for their wages depend upon me. But before I go to council—come hither, *Polly*; I intreat you, wife, to take her into your ſervice, [*Enter* Polly.] and uſe her civilly. Indeed, my dear, your ſuſpicions are very frivolous and unreaſonable.

Mrs. *Ducat*. I hate to have a handſome wench about me. They are always ſo ſaucy!

Ducat. Women, by their jealouſies, put one in mind of doing that which otherwiſe we ſhould never think of. Why you are a proof, my dear, that a handſome woman may be honeſt.

Mrs. *Ducat*. I find you can ſay a civil thing to me ſtill.

Ducat. Affairs, you ſee, call me hence. And ſo I leave her under your protection. [*Exit*.

Mrs. *Ducat*. Away, into the other room again. When I want you, I'll call you. [*Exit* Polly.] Well, *Damaris*, to be ſure you have obſerv'd all that has paſſed. I will know all. I'm ſure ſhe's a huſſy.

Damaris. Nay, madam, I can't ſay ſo much. But—

Mrs. *Ducat*. But what?

Damaris. I hate to make miſchief.

AIR XVIII. Jig-it-o'Foot.

Better to doubt
All that's doing,
Than to find out
Proofs of ruin.
What ſervants hear and ſee
Should they tattle,
Marriage all day would be
Feuds and battle.

A ſervant's legs and hands ſhould be under your command, but, for the ſake of quiet, you ſhould leave their tongues to their own diſcretion.

Mrs. *Ducat*. I vow, *Damaris*, I will know it.

Damaris. To be ſure, madam, the door was bolted, and I could only liſten. There was a ſort of a buſtle between them, that's certain. What paſt I know not. But the noiſe they made, to my thinking, did not ſound very honeſt.

Mrs. *Ducat.* Noiſes that did not ſound very honeſt, ſaid you?

Damaris. Nay, madam, I am a maid, and have no experience. If you had heard them, you would have been a better judge of the matter.

Mrs. *Ducat.* An impudent ſlut! I'll have her before me. If ſhe be not a thorough profligate, I ſhall make a diſcovery by her behaviour. Go call her to me.

[*Exit* Damaris, *and returns with* Polly.

Mrs. *Ducat.* In my own houſe! Before my face! I'll have you ſent to the houſe of correction, ſtrumpet. By that over-honeſt look, I gueſs her to be a horrid jade. A mere hypocrite, that is perfectly white-waſhed with innocence. My blood riſes at the ſight of all ſtrumpets, for they are ſmugglers in love, that ruin us fair traders in matrimony. Look upon me, Mrs. Brazen. She has no feeling of ſhame. She is ſo uſed to impudence, that ſhe has not a bluſh within her. Do you know, madam, that I am Mr. *Ducat*'s wife?

Polly. As your ſervant, madam, I think myſelf happy.

Mrs. *Ducat.* You know Mr. *Ducat*, I ſuppoſe. She has beauty enough to make any woman alive hate her.

AIR XIX. Trumpet minuet.

Abroad after miſſes moſt huſbands will roam,
Tho' ſure they find woman ſufficient at home.
To be nos'd by a ſtrumpet! Hence, huſſy, you'd beſt.
Would he give me my due, I would give her the reſt.

I vow I had rather have a thief in my houſe. For to be ſure ſhe is that beſides.

Polly. If you were acquainted with my misfortunes, madam, you could not inſult me.

Mrs. *Ducat.* What does the wench mean?

Damaris. There's not one of theſe common creatures, but, like common beggars, hath a moving ſtory at her finger's ends, which they tell over, when they are maudlin, to their lovers. I had a ſweetheart, madam, who was a rake, and I know their ways very well, by hearſay.

Polly. What villains are hypocrites! For they rob thoſe of relief, who are in real diſtreſs. I know what it is to be unhappy in marriage.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ducat.* Married!

Polly. Unhappily.

Mrs. *Ducat.* When, where, to whom?

Polly. If woman can have faith in woman, may my words find belief. Proteſtations are to be ſuſpected, ſo I ſhall uſe none. If truth can prevail, I know you will pity me.

Mrs. *Ducat.* Her manner and behaviour are ſo particular, that is to ſay, ſo ſincere, that I muſt hear her ſtory. Unhappily married! That is a misfortune not to be remedied.

Polly. A conſtant woman hath but one chance to be happy; an inconſtant woman, tho' ſhe hath no chance to be very happy, can never be very unhappy.

Damaris. Believe me, Mrs. *Polly*, as to pleaſures of all ſorts, 'tis a much more agreeable way to be inconſtant.

AIR XX. *Polwart* on the Green.

Love now is nought but art,
'Tis who can juggle beſt;
To all men ſeem to give your heart,
But keep it in your breaſt.
What gain and pleaſure do we find,
Who change whene'er we liſt!
The mill that turns with every wind
Muſt bring the owner griſt.

Polly. My caſe, madam, may in theſe times be look'd upon as ſingular; for I married a man only becauſe I loved him. For this I was look'd upon as a fool by all my acquaintance; I was uſed inhumanly by my father and mother; and, to complete my misfortunes, my huſband, by his wild behaviour, incurred the ſentence of the law, and was ſeparated from me by baniſhment. Being informed he was in this country, upon the death of my father and mother, with moſt of my ſmall fortune, I came here to ſeek him.

Mrs. *Ducat.* But how then fell you into the hands of that conſummate bawd, *Trapes?*

Polly. In my voyage, madam, I was robb'd of all I had. Upon my landing in a ſtrange country, and in want, I was found out by this inhuman woman, who had

had been an acquaintance of my father's: She offer'd me at firſt the civilities of her own houſe. When ſhe was inform'd of my neceſſities, ſhe propoſed to me the ſervice of a lady; of which I readily accepted. 'Twas under that pretence that ſhe treacherouſly ſold me to your huſband as a miſtreſs. This, madam, is in ſhort the whole truth. I fling myſelf at your feet for protection. By relieving me, you make yourſelf eaſy.

Mrs. *Ducat.* What is't you propoſe?

Polly. In conniving at my eſcape, you ſave me from your huſband's worrying me with threats and violence, and at the ſame time quiet your own fears and jealouſies. If it is ever in my power, madam, with gratitude I will repay you my ranſom.

Damaris. Beſides, madam, you will effectually revenge yourſelf upon your huſband; for the loſs of the money he paid for her will touch him to the quick.

Mrs. *Ducat.* But have you conſider'd what you requeſt? We are invaded by the pirates: The *Indians* are in arms; the whole country is in commotion, and you will every where be expoſed to danger.

Damaris. Get rid of her at any rate. For ſuch is the vanity of man, that when once he has begun with woman, out of pride he will inſiſt upon his point.

Polly. In ſaying with you, madam, I make two people unhappy. And I chooſe to bear my own misfortunes, without being the cauſe of another's.

Mrs. *Ducat.* If I let her eſcape before my huſband's return, he will imagine ſhe got off by the favour of this buſtle and confuſion.

Polly. May heaven reward your charity.

Mrs. *Ducat.* A woman ſo young and handſome muſt be expoſed to continual dangers. I have a ſuit of cloaths by me of my nephew's, who is dead. In a man's habit you will run fewer riſques. I'll aſſiſt you too for the preſent with ſome money; and, as a traveller, you may with greater ſafety make enquiries after your huſband.

Polly. How ſhall I ever make a return for ſo much goodneſs?

Mrs. *Ducat.* May love reward your conſtancy. As for that perfidious monſter *Trapes*, I will deliver her into

to the hands of the magiſtrate. Come, *Damaris*, let us this inſtant equip her for her adventures.

Damaris. When ſhe is out of the houſe, without doubt, madam, you will be more eaſy. And I wiſh ſhe may be ſo too.

Polly. May virtue be my protection; for I feel within me hope, cheerfulneſs, and reſolution.

AIR XXI. St. *Martin's* Lane.

As pilgrims thro' devotion
To ſome ſhrine purſue their way,
They tempt the raging ocean,
And thro' deſarts ſtray.
With zeal their hope deſiring,
The ſaint their breaſt inſpiring,
With cheerful air,
Devoid of fear,
They every danger bear.
Thus equal zeal poſſeſſing,
I ſeek my only bleſſing.
O love, my honeſt vow regard!
My truth protect,
My ſteps direct,
His flight detect,
A faithful wife reward. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE, *The View of an* Indian *Country.*

Polly, *in Boy's Cloaths.*

AIR XXII. La Villanella.

WHY did you ſpare him,
O'er ſeas to bear him,
Far from his home, and conſtant bride?
When papa 'peach'd him,
If death had reach'd him,
I then had only ſigh'd, wept, and dy'd!

If my directions are right, I cannot be far from the village. With the habit, I muſt put on the courage

and

and reſolution of a man; for I am every where ſurrounded with dangers. By all I can learn of theſe pirates, my dear *Macheath* is not of the crew. Perhaps I may hear of him among the ſlaves of the next plantation. How ſultry is the day! the cool of this ſhade will refreſh me. I am jaded too with reflection. How reſtleſs is love! [*Muſic, two or three bars of the dead march.*] My imagination follows him every where, would my feet were as ſwift; the world then could not hide him from me. [*Two or three bars more.*] Yet even thought is now bewilder'd in purſuing him. [*Two or three bars more.*] I'm tir'd, I'm faint. [*The Symphony.*

AIR XXIII. Dead March in *Coriolanus.*

Sleep, O ſleep,
With thy rod of incantation,
Charm my imagination.
Then, only then, I ceaſe to weep.
By thy power,
The virgin, by time o'ertaken,
For years forlorn, forſaken,
Enjoys the happy hour.
What's to ſleep?
'Tis a viſionary bleſſing;
A dream that's paſt expreſſing,
Our utmoſt wiſh poſſeſſing;
So may I always keep. [Falls aſleep.

Enter Capſtern, Hacker, Culverin, Laguerre, *and* Cutlace. Polly *aſleep in a diſtant part of the ſtage.*

Hacker. We ſhall find but a cool reception from *Morano*, if we return without either booty or intelligence.

Culverin. A man of invention hath always intelligence ready. I hope we are not exempted from the privilege of travellers.

Capſtern. If we had got booty, you know we had reſolv'd to agree in a lye. And, gentlemen, we will not have our diligence and duty call'd in queſtion for that which every common ſervant has at his fingers end *for his* juſtification.

Laguerre.

Laguerre. Alack, gentlemen, we are not ſuch bunglers in love or politics, but we muſt know that either to get favour or keep it, no man ever ſpeaks what he thinks, but what is convenient.

AIR XXIV. Three ſheep-ſkins.

Cutlace. *Of all the ſins that are money-ſupplying;*
Conſider the world, 'tis paſt all denying,
With all ſorts,
In towns or courts,
The richeſt ſin is lying.

Culverin. Fatigue, gentlemen, ſhould have refreſhment. No man is required to do more than his duty. Let us repoſe ourſelves a-while. A ſup or two of our cag would quicken invention. [*They ſit and drink.*

All. Agreed.

Hacker. I had always a genius for ambition. Birth and education cannot keep it under. Our profeſſion is great, brothers. What can be more heroic than to have declared war with the whole world?

Culverin. 'Tis a pleaſure to me to recollect times paſt, and to obſerve by what ſteps a genius will puſh his fortune.

Hacker. Now as to me, brothers, mark you me. After I had rubb'd through my youth with variety of adventures, I was prefer'd to be footman to an eminent gameſter, where, after having improv'd myſelf by his manners and converſation, I left him, betook myſelf to his politer profeſſion, and cheated like a gentleman. For ſome time I kept a *Pharaoh*-bank with ſucceſs, but unluckily in a drunken bout was ſtript by a more expert brother of the trade. I was now, as 'tis common with us upon theſe occaſions, forced to have recourſe to the highway for a recruit to ſet me up; but making the experiment once too often, I was try'd, and received ſentence; but got off for tranſportation. Which hath made me the man I am.

Laguerre. From a footman I grew to be a pimp to a man of quality. Conſidering I was for ſome time in that employment, I look upon myſelf as particularly unlucky, that I then miſſed making my fortune. But,

to

to give him his due, only his death could have prevented it. Upon this, I betook myſelf to another ſervice, where my wages not being ſufficient for my pleaſures, I robb'd my maſter, and retir'd to viſit foreign parts.

Capſtern. Now, you muſt know, I was a drawer of one of the faſhionable taverns, and of conſequence was daily in the politeſt converſations. Tho' I ſay it, nobody was better bred. I often cheated my maſter, and, as a dutiful ſervant, now and then cheated for him. I had always my gallantries with the ladies that the lords and gentlemen brought to our houſe. I was ambitious too of a gentleman's profeſſion, and turn'd gameſter. Tho' I had great ſkill and no ſcruples, my play would not ſupport my extravagancies: So that now and then I was forced to rob with piſtols too. So I alſo owe my rank in the world to tranſportation.

Culverin. Our chief, *Morano*, brothers, had never been the man he is, had he not been train'd up in *England*. He has told me, that from his infancy he was the favourite page of a lady. He had a genius too above ſervice, and, like us, ran into higher life. And, indeed, in manners and converſation, tho' he is black, no body has more the air of a great man.

Hacker. He is too much attach'd to his pleaſures. That miſtreſs of his is a clog to his ambition. She's an arrant *Cleopatra*.

Laguerre. If it were not for her, the *Indies* would be our own.

AIR XXV. Rigadoon.

By women won,
We're all undone,
Each wench hath a Syren's *charms.*
The lover's deeds
Are good or ill,
As whim ſucceeds
In woman's will:
Reſolution is lull'd in her arms.

Hacker. A man in love is no more to be depended on than a man in liquor, for he is out of himſelf.

AIR

AIR XXVI. Ton humeur eſt Catharine.

Woman's like the flatt'ring ocean,
Who her pathleſs ways can find?
Every blaſt directs her motion;
Now ſhe's angry, now ſhe's kind.
What a fool's the vent'rous lover,
Whirl'd and toſs'd by every wind!
Can the bark the port recover
When the ſilly pilot's blind?

Hacker. A good horſe is never turn'd looſe among mares, till all his good deeds are over. And really your heroes ſhould be ſerved the ſame way; for after they take to women, they have no good deeds to come. That inveigling gypſy, brothers, muſt be hawl'd from him by force. And then—the kingdom of *Mexico* ſhall be mine. My lot ſhall be the kingdom of *Mexico.*

Capſtern. Who talks of *Mexico?* [*all riſe*] I'll never give it up. If you outlive me, brother, and I die without heirs, I'll leave it to you for a legacy. I hope now you are ſatisfy'd. I have ſet my heart upon it, and nobody ſhall diſpute it with me.

Laguerre. The iſland of *Cuba*, methinks, brother, might ſatisfy any reaſonable man.

Culverin. That I had allotted for you. *Mexico* ſhall not be parted with without my conſent: captain *Morano* to be ſure will chooſe *Peru*; that's the country of gold, and all your great men love gold. *Mexico* hath only ſilver, nothing but ſilver. Governor of *Cartagena*, brother, is a pretty ſnug employment. That I ſhall not diſpute with you.

Capſtern. Death, ſir,—I ſhall not part with *Mexico* ſo eaſily.

Hacker. Nor I.

Culverin. Nor I.

Laguerre. Nor I.

Culverin. Nor I.

Hacker. Draw then, and let the ſurvivor take it.

[*They fight.*

Polly. Bleſs me, what noiſe was that! Claſhing of ſwords and fighting! Which way ſhall I fly, how ſhall I eſcape?

Capſtern.

Capſtern. Hold, hold, gentlemen, let us decide our pretenſions ſome other time. I ſee booty. A priſoner. Let us ſeize him.

Culverin. From him we will extort both ranſom and intelligence.

Polly. Spare my life, gentlemen. If you are the men I take you for, I ſought you to ſhare your fortunes.

Hacker. Why, who do you take us for, friend?

Polly. For thoſe brave ſpirits, thoſe *Alexanders*, that ſhall ſoon by conqueſt be in poſſeſſion of the *Indies*.

Laguerre. A mettled young fellow.

Capſtern. He ſpeaks with reſpect too, and gives us our titles.

Culverin. Have you heard of captain *Morano?*

Polly. I came hither in mere ambition to ſerve under him.

AIR XXVII. Ye nymphs and ſylvan gods.

I hate thoſe coward tribes,
Who by mean ſneaking bribes,
By tricks and diſguiſe,
By flattery and lies,
To power and grandeur riſe.
Like heroes of old
You are greatly bold,
The ſword your cauſe ſupports.
Untaught to fawn,
You ne'er were drawn
Your truth to pawn –
Among the ſpawn,
Who practiſe the frauds of courts.

I would willingly chooſe the more honourable way of making a fortune.

Hacker. The youth ſpeaks well. Can you inform us, my lad, of the diſpoſition of the enemy? Have the *Indians* join'd the factory? We ſhould advance towards them immediately. Who knows but they may ſide with us? May-hap they may like our tyranny better,

Polly. I am a ſtranger, gentlemen, and entirely ignorant of the affairs of this country: But in the moſt deſperate undertaking, I am ready to riſque your fortunes.

Hacker.

Hacker. Who, and what are you, friend!

Polly. A young fellow, who has genteely run out his fortune with a ſpirit, and would now with more ſpirit retrieve it.

Culverin. The lad may be of ſervice. Let us bring him before *Morano*, and leave him to his diſpoſal.

Polly. Gentlemen, I thank you.

AIR XXVIII. Minuet.

Culverin. *Cheer up my lads, let us puſh on the fray,*
For battles, like women, are loſt by delay.
Let us ſeize victory while in our power;
Alike war and love have their critical hour.
Our hearts bold and ſteady
Should always be ready,
So, think war a widow, a kingdom the dower.
[Exeunt.

SCENE, *Another Country Proſpect.*

Morano, Jenny.

Morano. Sure, huſſy, you have more ambition and more vanity than to be ſerious in perſuading me to quit my conqueſts. Where is the woman who is not fond of title? And one bold ſtep more, may make you a queen, you gypſy. Think of that.

AIR XXIX. Mirleton.

When I'm great, and flush of treaſure,
Check'd by neither fear or ſhame,
You ſhall tread a round of pleaſure,
Morning, noon, and night the ſame,
With a Mirleton, &c.
Like a city wife or beauty
You ſhall flutter life away;
And ſhall know no other duty,
But to dreſs, eat, drink, and play.
With a Mirleton, &c.

When you are a queen, *Jenny*, you ſhall keep your coach and ſix, and ſhall game as deep as you pleaſe. So, *there's the two chief* ends of woman's ambition ſatisfy'd.

AIR

AIR XXX. Sawny was tall, and of noble race.

Shall I not be bold when honour calls?
You've a heart that would upbraid me then.
Jenny. *But, ah, I fear, if my hero falls,*
Thy Jenny *ſhall ne'er know pleaſure again.*
Morano. *To deck their wives fond tradeſmen cheat;*
I conquer but to make thee great.
Jenny. *But if my hero falls—ah then*
Thy Jenny *ſhall ne'er know pleaſure again!*

Morano. Inſinuating creature! but you muſt own *Jenny*, you have had convincing proofs of my fondneſs; and if you were reaſonable in your love, you ſhould have ſome regard to my honour, as well as my perſon.

Jenny. Have I ever betray'd you, ſince you took me to yourſelf? That's what few women can ſay, who ever were truſted.

Morano. In love, *Jenny*, you cannot out-do me. Was it not entirely for you that I diſguiſed myſelf as a black, to ſkreen myſelf from women who laid claim to me where-ever I went? Is not the rumour of my death, which I purpoſely ſpread, credited thro' the whole country? *Macheath* is dead to all the world but you. Not one of the crew have the leaſt ſuſpicion of me.

Jenny. But, dear captain, you would not ſure perſuade me that I have all of you. For tho' women cannot claim you, you now and then lay claim to other women. But my jealouſy was never teazing or vexatious. You will pardon me, my dear.

Morano. Now you are ſilly, *Jenny*. Pr'ythee—poh! Nature, girl, is not to be corrected at once. What do you propoſe? What would you have me do? Speak out, let me know your mind.

Jenny. Know when you are well.

Morano. Explain yourſelf; ſpeak your ſentiments freely.

Jenny. You have a competence in your power. Rob the crew, and ſteal off to *England*. Believe me, captain, you will be rich enough to be reſpected by your neighbours.

Morano.

Morano. Your opinion of me ſtartles me. For I never in my life was treacherous but to women; and you know men of the niceſt punctilio make nothing of that.

Jenny. Look round among all the ſnug fortunes that are made, and you will find moſt of them were ſecured by judicious retreat. Why will you bar yourſelf from the cuſtoms of the times?

AIR XXXI. Northern *Nancy.*

How many men have found the ſkill
Of power and wealth acquiring?
But ſure there's a time to ſtint the will,
And the judgment is in retiring.
For to be diſplac'd,
For to be diſgrac'd,
Is the end of too high aſpiring.

Enter Sailor.

Sailor. Sir, lieutenant *Vanderbluff* wants to ſpeak with you. And he hopes your honour will give him the hearing. [*Exit.*

Morano. Leave me, *Jenny*, for a few minutes. Perhaps he would ſpeak with me in private.

Jenny. Think of my advice before it is too late. By this kiſs I beg it of you. [*Exit.*

Enter Vanderbluff.

Vanderbluff. For ſhame, captain; what, hamper'd in the arms of a woman, when your honour and glory are all at ſtake! while a man is grappling with theſe gil-flirts, pardon the expreſſion, captain, he runs his reaſon a-ground; and there muſt be a woundy deal of labour to ſet it a-float again.

AIR XXXII. Amante fuggite cadente belta.

Fine women are devils, complete in their way
They always are roving and cruiſing for prey.
When flounce on their hook, their views they obtain,
Like thoſe too their pleaſure is giving us pain.

Excuſe my plain ſpeaking, captain; a boatſwain muſt ſwear in a ſtorm, and a man muſt ſpeak plain, when he ſees foul weather a-head of us.

Morano.

Morano. D'you think me like the wheat-ear, only fit for ſunſhine, who cannot bear the leaſt cloud over him? No, *Vanderbluff*, I have a heart that can face a tempeſt of dangers. Your bluſt'ring will but make me obſtinate. You ſeem frighten'd, lieutenant.

Vanderbluff. From any body but you, that ſpeech ſhould have had another-gueſs anſwer than words. Death, captain, are not the *Indies* in diſpute? an hour's delay may make their hands too many for us. Give the word, captain, this hand ſhall take the *Indian* king pris'ner, and keel-hawl him afterwards, till I make him diſcover his gold. I have known you eager to venture your life for a leſs prize.

Morano. Are *Hacker*, *Culverin*, *Capſtern*, *Laguerre*, and the reſt, whom we ſent out for intelligence, return'd, that you are under this immediate alarm?

Vanderbluff. No, ſir; but from the top of yon' hill, I myſelf ſaw the enemy putting themſelves in order of battle.

Morano. But we have nothing at all to apprehend; for we have ſtill a ſafe retreat to our ſhips.

Vanderbluff. To our women, you mean. Furies! you talk like one. If our captain is bewitch'd, ſhall we be be-devil'd, and loſe the footing we have got. [*Draws.*

Morano. Take care, lieutenant. This language may provoke me. I fear nothing, and that you know. Put up your cutlace, lieutenant, for I ſhall not ruin our cauſe by a private quarrel.

Vanderbluff. Noble captain, I aſk pardon.

Morano. A brave man ſhould be cool till action, lieutenant; when danger preſſes us, I am always ready. Be ſatisfy'd, I will take my leave of my wife, and then take the command.

Vanderbluff. That's what you can never do till you have her leave. She is but juſt gone from you, ſir. See her not; hear her not; the breath of a woman has ever proved a contrary wind to great actions.

Morano. I tell you I will ſee her. I have got rid of many a woman in my time, and you may truſt me.—

Vanderbluff. With any woman but her. The huſband that is govern'd is the only man that never finds out that he is ſo.

Mo-

orano. This then, lieutenant, ſhall try my reſolu-
In the mean time, ſend out parties and ſcouts to
ve the motions of the *Indians.*

XXXIII. Since all the world's turn'd upſide down.

Tho' different paſſions rage by turns,
Within my breaſt fermenting;
Now blazes love, now honour burns,
I'm here, I'm there conſenting.
I'll each obey, ſo keep my oath,
That oath by which I won her:
With truth and ſteddineſs in both,
I'll act like a man of honour.

bt me not, lieutenant. But I'll now go with you,
ve the neceſſary commands, and after that return to
my leave before the battle.

uter Jenny, Capſtern, Culverin, Hacker, La-
guerre, Polly.

enny. Hacker, ſir, and the reſt of the party are re-
'd with a priſoner. Perhaps from him you may
a ſome intelligence that may be uſeful. See, here
' are.—A clever ſprightly young fellow! I like
[*Aſide.*

anderbluff. What cheer, my lads? has fortune ſent
a good prize?

enny. He ſeems ſome rich planter's ſon.

'anderbluff. In the common practice of commerce
ſhould never ſlip an opportunity, and for his ran-
, no doubt, there will be room for comfortable ex-
ion.

lorano. Hath he inform'd you of any thing that
be of ſervice? where pick'd you him up? whence
?

lacker. We found him upon the road. He is a
ger, it ſeems, in theſe parts. And as our heroes ge-
lly ſet out, extravagance, gaming, and debauchery
e qualify'd him for a brave man.

lorano. What are you, friend?

lly. A young fellow, who hath been robb'd by
world; and I came on purpoſe to join you, to rob
world by way of retaliation. An open war with
the

the whole world is brave and honourable. I hate the clandeſtine pilfering war that is practiſed among friends and neighbours in civil ſocieties. I would ſerve, ſir.

AIR XXXIV. Hunt the ſquirrel.

The world is always jarring;
This is purſuing
T'other man's ruin,
Friends with friends are warring,
In a falſe cowardly way.
Spurr'd on by emulations,
Tongues are engaging,
Calumny raging,
Murthers reputations,
Envy keeps up the fray.
Thus, with burning hate,
Each, returning hate,
Wounds and robs his friends.
In civil life,
Even man and wife
Squabble for ſelfiſh ends.

Jenny. He really is a mighty pretty man. [*Aſide.*

Vanderbluff. The lad promiſes well, and has juſt notions of the world.

Morano. Whatever other great men do, I love to encourage merit. The youth pleaſes me; and if he anſwers in action—d'you hear me, my lad?—your fortune is made. Now lieutenant *Vanderbluff*, I am for you.

Vanderbluff. Diſcipline muſt not be neglected.

Morano. When every thing is ſettled, my dear *Jenny*, I will return to take my leave. After that, young gentleman, I ſhall try your mettle. In the mean time, *Jenny*, I leave you to ſift him with farther queſtions. He has liv'd in the world, you find, and may have learnt to be treacherous. [*Exeunt, with the reſt of the* Pirates.

Jenny. How many women have you ever ruin'd, young gentleman!

Polly. I have been ruin'd by women, madam. But I think indeed a man's fortune cannot be more honourably diſpoſed of; for thoſe have always a kind of claim to

to their protection, who have been ruin'd in their ſervice.

Jenny. Were you ever in love?

Polly With the ſex.

Jenny. Had you never a woman in love with you?

Polly. All the women that ever I knew were mercenary.

Jenny. But ſure you cannot think all women ſo.

Polly. Why not as well as all men? the manners of courts are catching.

Jenny. If you have found only ſuch uſage, a generous woman can the more oblige you. Why ſo baſhful, young ſpark? You don't look as if you would revenge yourſelf on the ſex.

Polly. I loſt my impudence with my fortune. Poverty keeps down aſſurance.

Jenny. I'm a plain-ſpoken woman, as you may find, and I own I like you. And, let me tell you, to be my favourite may be your beſt ſtep to preferment.

AIR XXXV. Young *Damon* once the lovelieſt ſwain.

In love and life the preſent uſe;
One hour we grant, the next refuſe;
Who then would riſque a nay?
Were lovers wiſe they would be kind,
And in our eyes the moment find;
For only then they may.

Like other women I ſhall run to extremes. If you won't make me love you, I ſhall hate you. There never was a man of true courage, who was a coward in love. Sure you are not afraid of me, ſtripling?

[*Taking* Polly *by the hand.*

Polly. I know you only *rail*ly me. Reſpect, madam, keeps me in awe.

Jenny. By your expreſſion and behaviour, one would think I were your wife. If ſo, I may make uſe of her freedoms, and do what I pleaſe without ſhame or reſtraint. [*Kiſſes her.*] Such raillery as this, my dear, requires replication.

Polly. You'll pardon me then, madam. [*Kiſſes her.*

Jenny. What, my cheek! let me die, if, by your kiſs, I ſhould not take you for my brother or my father.

Polly. I muſt put on more aſſurance, or I ſhall be diſcover'd. [*Aſide.*] Nay then, madam, if a woman will allow me liberties, they are never flung away upon me. If I am too rude— [*Kiſſes her.*

Jenny. A woman never pardons the contrary fault.

AIR XXXVI. Catharine Ogye.

We never blame the forward ſwain,
Who puts us to the trial.
Polly. *I know you firſt would give me pain,*
Then baulk me with denial.
Jenny. *What mean we then by being try'd?*
Polly. *With ſcorn and ſlight to uſe us.*
Moſt beauties, to indulge their pride,
Seem kind but to refuſe us.

Jenny. Come then, my dear, let us take a turn in yonder grove. A woman never ſhews her pride but before witneſſes.

Polly. How ſhall I get rid of this affair? [*Aſide.*] *Morano* may ſurprize us.

Jenny. That is more a wife's concern. Conſider, young man, if I have put myſelf in your power, you are in mine.

Polly. We may have more eaſy and ſafe opportunities. Beſides, I know, madam, you are not ſerious.

Jenny. To a man who loſes one opportunity, we never grant a ſecond. Excuſes! conſideration! he hath not a ſpark of love in him. I muſt be his averſion! go, monſter, I hate you, and you ſhall find I can be revenged.

AIR XXXVII. Roger a Coverly.

My heart is by love forſaken,
I feel the tempeſt growing;
A fury the place hath taken,
I rage, I burn, I'm glowing.
Tho' Cupid's *arrows are erring,*
Or indifference may ſecure ye,
When woman's revenge is ſtirring,
You cannot eſcape that fury.

I could

Caw. As a man of injuſtice I know you, who covets and invades the properties of another.

Morano. Do you know my power?

Caw. I fear it not.

Morano. Do you know your danger?

Caw I am prepar'd to meet it.

AIR XL. Cappe de Bonne Eſperance.

The body of the brave may be taken,
If chance bring on our adverſe hour;
But the noble ſoul is unſhaken,
For that ſtill is in our power:
'Tis a rock whoſe firm foundation
Mocks the waves of perturbation;
'Tis a never-dying ray,
Brighter in our evil day.

Morano Mere downright Barbarians, you ſee lieutenant. They have our notional honour ſtill in practice among them.

Vanderbluff. We muſt beat civilizing into 'em, to make 'em capable of common ſociety, and common converſation.

Morano. Stubborn prince, mark me well. Know you, I ſay, that your life is in my power?

Caw. I know too, that my virtue is in my own.

Morano. Not a mule, or an old out-of-faſhion'd philoſopher could be more obſtinate. Can you feel pain?

Caw. I can bear it.

Morano. I ſhall try you.

Caw. I ſpeak truth, I never affirm but what I know.

Morano. In what condition are your troops? What numbers have you? How are they diſpoſed? Act reaſonably and openly, and you ſhall find protection.

Caw. What, betray my friends! I am no coward, *European.*

Morano. Torture ſhall make you ſqueak.

Caw. I have reſolution; and pain ſhall neither make me lie or betray. I tell thee once more, *European,* I am no coward.

Vanderbluff. What, neither cheat nor be cheated! There is *no having either commerce or correſpondence with theſe creatures.*

Jenny We have reaſon to be thankful for our good education. How ignorant is mankind without it!

Capſtern. I wonder too the brute ſpeaks.

Laguerre. They would make a ſhew of him in *England.*

Jenny. Poh, they would only take him for a fool.

Capſtern. But how can you expect any thing elſe from a creature, who hath never ſeen a civiliz'd country? Which way ſhould he know mankind?

Jenny. Since they are made like us, to be ſure, were they in *England* they might be taught.

Laguerre. Why we ſee country gentlemen grow into courtiers, and country gentlewomen, with a little poliſhing of the town, in a few months become fine ladies.

Jenny. Without doubt, education and example can do much.

Polly. How happy are theſe ſavages! Who would not wiſh to be in ſuch ignorance. [*Aſide.*

Morano. Have done, I beg you, with your muſty reflections: You but interrupt the examination. You have treaſures, you have gold and ſilver among you, I ſuppoſe.

Caw. Better it had been for us if that ſhining earth had never been brought to light.

Morano. That you have treaſures then you own, it ſeems. I am glad to hear you confeſs ſomething.

Caw. But, out of benevolence, we ought to hide it from you. For, as we have heard, 'tis ſo rank a poiſon to you *Europeans*, that the very touch of it makes you mad.

AIR XLI. When bright Aurelia tripp'd the plain.

For gold you ſacrifice your fame,
Your honour, life, and friend:
You war, you fawn, you lie, you game,
And plunder without fear or ſhame;
Can madneſs this tranſcend?

Morano. Bold ſavage, we are not to be inſulted with your ignorance. If you would ſave your lives, you muſt, like the beaver, leave behind you what we hunt you for, or we ſhall not quit the chaſe. Diſcover your treaſures, your hoards, for I will have the ranſacking of 'em.

Jenny.

Jenny. By his ſeeming to ſet ſome value upon gold, one would think that he had ſome glimmering of ſenſe.

AIR XLII. Peggy's Mill.

When gold is in hand,
It gives us command;
It makes us lov'd and reſpected.
'Tis now, as of yore,
Wit and ſenſe, when poor,
Are ſcorn'd, o'erlook'd, and neglected.
Tho' peeviſh and old,
If women have gold,
They have youth, good-humour, and beauty:
Among all mankind
Without it we find
Nor love, nor favour, nor duty.

Morano. I will have no more of theſe interruptions. Since women will be always talking, one would think they had a chance now and then to talk in ſeaſon. Once more I aſk you, obſtinate, audacious ſavage, if I grant you your life, will you be uſeful to us? For you ſhall find mercy upon no other terms. I will have immediate compliance, or you ſhall undergo the torture.

Caw. With diſhonour life is nothing worth.

Morano, Furies! I'll trifle no longer.

RECITATIVE. Sia ſuggetta la plebe, *in Coriolan.*

Hence let him feel his ſentence.
Pain brings repentance.

Laguerre. You would not have us put him to death, captain?

Morano. Torture him leiſurely, but ſeverely. I ſhall ſtagger your reſolution, *Indian.*

RECITATIVE.

Hence, let him feel his ſentence.
Pain brings repentance.

But hold, I'll ſee him tortur'd. I will have the pleaſure of extorting anſwers from him myſelf. So keep him ſafe till you have my directions.

Laguerre. It ſhall be done.

Morano. As for you, young gentleman, I think it not proper to truſt you till I know you farther. Let him

be your priſoner too till I give order how to diſpoſe of him. [*Exeunt* Caw. *and* Polly *guarded.*

Vanderbluff. Come, noble captain, take one hearty ſmack upon her lips, and then ſteer off; for one kiſs requires another, and you will never have done with her. If once a man and woman come to grappling, there's no hawling of 'em aſunder. Our friends expect us.

Jenny. Nay, lieutenant *Vanderbluff*, he ſhall not go yet.

Vanderbluff. I'm out of all patience. There is a time for all things, madam. But a woman thinks all times muſt be ſubſervient to her whim and humour. We ſhould be now upon the ſpot.

Jenny. Is the captain under your command, lieutenant?

Vanderbluff. I know women better than ſo. I ſhall never diſpute the command with any gentleman's wife. Come, captain, a woman will never take the laſt kiſs; ſhe will always want another. Break from her clutches.

Morano. I muſt go——But I cannot.

AIR XLIII. Excuſe me.

Honour calls me from thy arms, [To him.
With glory my boſom is heating.
Victory ſummons to arms: then to arms
Let us haſte, for we're ſure of defeating.
One look more—and then— [To her.
Oh, I am loſt again!
What a power has beauty!
But honour calls, and I muſt away. [To him.
But love forbids, and I muſt obey. [To her.
You grow too bold; [Vanderbluff *pulling him away.*
Hence, looſe your hold, To him.
For love claims all my duty. [To her.

They will bring us word when the enemy is in motion. I know my own time, lieutenant.

Vanderbluff. Loſe the *Indies* then, with all my heart. Loſe the money, and you loſe the woman, that I can tell you, captain. Furies, what would the woman be at!

Jenny.

Jenny. Not ſo haſty and choleric, I beg you, lieutenant. Give me the hearing, and perhaps, whatever you may think of us, you may once in your life hear a woman ſpeak reaſon.

Vanderbluff. Diſpatch then. And if a few words can ſatisfy you, be brief.

Jenny. Men only ſlight womens advice thro' an over-conceit of their own opinions. I am againſt hazarding a battle. Why ſhould we put what we have already got to the riſque? We have money enough on board our ſhips to ſecure our perſons, and can reſerve a comfortable ſubſiſtance beſides. Let us leave the *Indies* to our comrades.

Vanderbluff. Sure you are the firſt of the ſex that ever ſtinted herſelf in love or money. If it were conſiſtent with our honour, her counſel were worth liſtening to.

Jenny. Conſiſtent with our honour! For ſhame, lieutenant; you talk downright *Indian.* One would take you for the ſavage's brother, or couſin-german at leaſt. You may talk of honour, as other great men do: But when intereſt comes in your way, you ſhould do as other great men do.

AIR XLIV. Ruben.

Honour plays a bubble's part,
Ever bilk'd and cheated;
Never in ambition's heart,
Int'reſt there is ſeated.
Honour was in uſe of yore,
Tho' by want attended:
Since 'twas talk'd of, and no more;
Lord, how times are mended!

Vanderbluff. What think you of her propoſal, noble captain? We may puſh matters too far.

Jenny. Conſider, my dear, the *Indies* are only treaſures in expectation. All your ſenſible men, now-a-days, love the ready. Let us ſeize the ſhips then, and away for *England*, while we have the opportunity.

Vanderbluff. Sure you can have no ſcruple againſt treachery, captain. 'Tis as common a money-getting vice as any in faſhion; for who now-a-days ever boggles at giving up his crew?

Morano But the baulking of a great deſign—

Vanderbluff. 'Tis better baulking our own deſigns, than have them baulk'd by others; for then our deſigns and our lives will be cut ſhort together.

AIR XLV. *Troy* Town.

When ambition's ten years toils
Have heap'd up mighty hoards of gold;
Amid the harveſt of the ſpoils,
Acquir'd by fraud and rapine bold,
Comes juſtice, The great ſcheme is croſt,
At once wealth, life, and fame, are loſt.

This is a melancholy reflection for ambition, if it ever could think reaſonably.

Morano. If you are ſatisfy'd, and for your ſecurity, *Jenny.* For any man may allow that he has money enough, when he hath enough to ſatisfy his wife.

Vanderbluff. We may make our retreat without ſuſpicion, for they will readily impute our being miſs'd to the accidents of war.

Enter Sailor.

Sail. There is juſt now news arriv'd, that the troops of the plantation have intercepted the paſſage to our ſhips; ſo that victory is our only hope. The *Indian* forces too are ready to march, and our's grow impatient for your preſence, noble captain.

Morano. I'll be with 'em. Come then, lieutenant, for death or the world.

Jenny. Nay then, if affairs are deſperate, nothing ſhall part me from you. I'll ſhare your dangers.

Morano. Since I muſt have an empire, prepare yourſelf, *Jenny*, for the cares of royalty. Let us on to battle, to victory. Hark the trumpet. [*Trumpet ſounds.*

AIR XLVI. We've cheated the parſon.

Deſpair leads to battle, no courage ſo great:
They muſt conquer or die who've no retreat.

Vanderbluff. *No retreat.*

Jenny. *No retreat.*

Morano. *They muſt conquer or die who've no retreat.* [*Ex.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *A room of a poor cottage.*

Cawwawkee *in chains*, Polly.

Polly. Unfortunate prince! I cannot blame your diſbelief, when I tell you that I admire your virtues, and ſhare in your misfortunes.

Caw. To be oppreſſed by an *European* implies merit. Yet you are an *European.* Are you fools? Do you believe one another? Sure ſpeech can be of no uſe among you.

Polly. There are conſtitutions that can reſiſt a peſtilence.

Caw. But ſure vice muſt be inherent in ſuch conſtitutions. You are aſham'd of your hearts, you can lie. How can you bear to look into yourſelves?

Polly. My ſincerity could even bear your examination.

Caw. You have cancell'd faith. How can I believe you? You are cowards too, for you are cruel.

Polly. Would it were in my power to give you proofs of my compaſſion.

Caw. You can be avaritious. That is a complication of all vices. It comprehends them all. Heaven guard our country from the infection.

Polly. Yet the worſt men allow virtue to be amiable, or there would be no hypocrites.

Caw. Have you then hypocriſy ſtill among you? For all that I have experienced of your manners is open violence, and barefaced injuſtice. Who that had ever felt the ſatisfaction of virtue would ever part with it?

AIR XLVII. T'amo tanto.

Virtue's treaſure,
Is a pleaſure,
Cheerful even amid diſtreſs;
Nor pain nor croſſes,
Nor grief nor loſſes,
Nor death itſelf can make it leſs!
Here relying,
Suff'ring, dying,
Honeſt ſouls find all redreſs.

Polly.

Polly. My heart feels your ſentiments, and my tongue longs to join in 'em.

Caw. *Virtue's treaſure*
Is a pleaſure,
Polly. *Cheerful even amid diſtreſs;*
Caw. *Nor pain nor croſſes,*
Polly. *Nor grief nor loſſes,*
Caw. *Nor death itſelf can make it leſs.*
Polly. *Here relying,*
Caw. *Suff'ring, dying,*
Polly. *Honeſt ſouls find all redreſs.*

Caw. Having this, I want no other conſolation. I am prepared for all misfortune.

Polly. Had you means of eſcape, you could not refuſe it. To preſerve your life is your duty.

Caw. By diſhoneſt means, I ſcorn it.

Polly. But ſtratagem is allow'd in war; and 'tis lawful to uſe all the weapons employ'd againſt you. You may ſave your friends from affliction, and be the inſtrument of reſcuing your country.

Caw. Thoſe are powerful inducements. I ſeek not voluntarily to reſign my life. While it laſts, I would do my duty

Polly. I'll talk with our guard. What induces them to rapine and murder, will induce them to betray. You may offer them what they want; and from no hands, upon no terms, corruption can reſiſt the temptation.

Caw. I have no ſkill. Thoſe who are corrupt themſelves know how to corrupt others. You may do as you pleaſe. But whatever you promiſe for me, contrary to the *European* cuſtom, I will perform. For, tho' a knave may break his word with a knave, an honeſt tongue knows no ſuch diſtinctions.

Polly. Gentlemen, I deſire ſome conference with you, that may be for your advantage.

Enter Laguerre, *and* Capſtern.

Polly. Know you that you have the *Indian* prince in your cuſtody?

Laguerre. Full well.

Polly. Know you the treaſures that are in his power?

Laguerre.

Laguerre. I know too that they ſhall ſoon be our's.

Polly. In having him in your poſſeſſion they are your's.

Laguerre. As how, friend?

Polly. He might well reward you.

Laguerre. For what?

Polly. For his liberty.

Caw. Yes, *European*, I can and will reward you.

Capſtern. He's a great man, and I truſt no ſuch promiſes.

Caw. I have ſaid it, *European:* And an *Indian*'s heart is always anſwerable for his words.

Polly. Think of the chance of war, gentlemen. Conqueſt is not ſo ſure when you fight againſt thoſe who fight for their liberties.

Laguerre. What think you of the propoſal?

Capſtern. The prince can give us places; he can make us all great men. Such a proſpect I can tell you, *Laguerre*, would tempt our betters.

Laguerre. Beſides, if we are beaten, we have no retreat to our ſhips.

Capſtern. If we gain our ends, what matter how we come by it?

Laguerre. Every man for himſelf, ſay I. There is no being even with mankind, without that univerſal maxim. Conſider, brother, we run no riſque.

Capſtern. Nay, I have no objections.

Laguerre. If we conquer'd, and the booty were to be divided among the crews, what would it amount to? Perhaps this way we might get more than would come to our ſhares.

Capſtern. Then too, I always liked a place at court. I have a genius to get, keep in, and make the moſt of an employment.

Laguerre. You will conſider, prince, our own politicians would have rewarded ſuch meritorious ſervices: We'll go off with you.

Capſtern. We want only to be known to be employ'd.

Laguerre. Let us unbind him then.

Polly. 'Tis thus one able politician outwits another; and we admire their wiſdom. You may rely upon the prince's word as much as if he was a poor man.

Capſtern. Our fortunes then are made. AIR.

Caw. Let this youth then receive your thanks. To him are owing my life and liberty. And the love of virtue alone gained me his friendſhip.

Pob. This hath convinced me that an *European* can be generous and honeſt.

Caw. Theſe others, indeed, have the paſſion of their country. I owe their ſervices to gold, and my promiſe is engaged to reward them. How it gauls honour to have obligations to a diſhonourable man!

Laguerre. I hope your majeſty will not forget our ſervices.

Pob. I am bound for my ſon's engagements.

Caw. For this youth, I will be anſwerable. Like a gem found in rubbiſh, he appears the brighter among theſe his countrymen.

AIR L. Iris la plus chamante.

Love with beauty is flying,
At once 'tis blooming and dying,
But all ſeaſons defying,
Friendſhip laſts on the year.
Love is by long enjoying,
Cloying;
Friendſhip, enjoy'd the longer,
Stronger.
O may the flame divine
Burn in your breaſt like mine.

Polly. Moſt noble prince, my behaviour ſhall juſtify the good opinion you have of me; and my friendſhip is beyond profeſſions.

Pob. Let theſe men remain under guard, till after the battle. All promiſes ſhall then be made good to you. [*Exit* Pirates, *guarded.*

Caw. May this young man be my companion in the war? As a boon I requeſt it of you. He knows our cauſe is juſt, and that is ſufficient to engage him in it.

Pob. I leave you to appoint him his command. Diſpoſe of him as you judge convenient.

Polly. To fall into their hands is certain torture and death. As far as my youth and ſtrength will permit *me, you* may rely upon my duty.

Enter

Enter Indian.

Indian. Sir, the enemy are advancing towards us.

Pob. Victory then is at hand. Juſtice protects us, and courage ſhall ſupport us. Let us then to our poſts. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The field of battle.*

Culverin, Hacker, *and* Pirates.

AIR LI. There was a jovial beggar.

1 Pir. *When horns, with chearful ſound,*
Proclaim the active day;
Impatience warms the hound,
He burns to chaſe the prey.
Chorus. *Thus to battle we will go,* &c.
2 Pir. *How charms the trumpet's breath!*
The brave, with hope poſſeſs'd,
Forgetting wounds and death,
Feel conqueſt in their breaſt.
Chorus. *Thus to battle,* &c.

Culverin. But yet I don't ſee, brother *Hacker*, why we ſhould be commanded by a Neger. 'Tis all along of him that we are led into theſe difficulties. I hate this land fighting. I love to have ſea-room.

Hacker. We are of the council, brother. If ever we get on board again, my vote ſhall be for calling of him to account for theſe pranks. Why ſhould we be ſuch fools to be ambitious of ſatisfying another's ambition?

Culverin. Let us mutiny. I love mutiny as well as my wife.

1 *Pir.* Let us mutiny.

2 *Pir.* Ay, let us mutiny.

Hacker. Our captain takes too much upon him. I am for no engroſſer of power. By our articles he hath no command but in a fight or in a ſtorm. Look'ee, brothers, I am for mutiny as much as any of you, when occaſion offers.

Culverin.

Culverin. Right, brother, all in good ſeaſon. The paſs to our ſhips is cut off by the troops of the plantation. We muſt fight the *Indians* firſt, and we have a mutiny good afterwards.

Hacker. Is *Morano* ſtill with his doxy?

Culverin. He's yonder on the right, putting his troops in order for the onſet.

Hacker. I wiſh this fight of our's were well over. For, to be ſure, let ſoldiers ſay what they will, they feel more pleaſure after a battle than in it.

Culverin. Does not the drum-head here, quartermaſter, tempt you to fling a merry main or two?

[*Takes dice out of his pocket.*

Hacker. If I loſe my money, I ſhall reimburſe myſelf from the *Indians*. I have ſet.

Culverin. Have at you. A nick. [*Flings.*

Hacker. Throw the dice fairly out. Are you at me again.

Culverin. I'm at it. Seven or eleven. [*Flings.*] Eleven.

Hacker. Furies! A manifeſt cog! I won't be bubbled, ſir. This would not paſs upon a drunken country gentleman. Death, ſir, I won't be cheated.

Culverin. The money is mine. D'you take me for a ſharper, ſir?

Hacker. Yes, ſir.

Culverin. I'll have ſatisfaction.

Hacker. With all my heart. [*Fighting.*

Enter Morano, Vanderbluff, *&c.*

Morano. For ſhame, gentlemen! [*Parting them.*] Is this a time for private quarrel? What do I ſee! Dice upon the drum-head! If you have not left off thoſe cowardly tools, you are unworthy your profeſſion. The articles you have ſworn to, prohibit gaming for money. Friendſhip and ſociety cannot ſubſiſt where it is practiſed. As this is the day of battle, I remit your penalties. But let me hear no more of it.

Culverin. To be call'd ſharper, captain! is a reproach that no man of honour can put up.

Hacker. But to be one, is what no man of honour can practice.

Morano.

Morano. If you will not obey orders, quarter-maſter, this piſtol ſhall put an end to the diſpute. [*Claps it to his head.*] The common cauſe now requires your agreement. If gaming is ſo riſe, I don't wonder that treachery ſtill ſubſiſts among you.

Hacker. Who is treacherous?

Morano. *Capſtern* and *Laguerre* have let the prince and the ſtripling, you took priſoner, eſcape, and are gone off with them to the *Indians.* Upon your duty, gentlemen, this day depends our all.

Culverin. Rather than have ill blood among us, I return the money. I value your friendſhip more. Let all animoſities be forgot.

Morano. We ſhould be *Indians* among ourſelves, and ſhew our breeding and parts to every body elſe. If we cannot be true to one another, and falſe to all the world beſide, there is an end of every great enterprize.

Hacker. We have nothing to truſt to but death or victory.

Morano. Then hey for victory and plunder, my lads!

AIR LII. To you fair ladies.

By bolder ſteps we win the race.
1 Pir. *Let's haſte where danger calls.*
Morano. *Unleſs ambition mend its pace,*
It totters, nods, and falls.
1 Pir. *We muſt advance or be undone.*
Morano. *Think thus, and then the battle's won.*
Chorus. *With a fa, la, la,* &c.

Morano. You ſee your booty, your plunder, gentlemen. The *Indians* are juſt upon us. The great muſt venture death ſome way or other, and the leſs ceremony about it, in my opinion, the better. But why talk I of death! Thoſe only talk of it, who fear it. Let us all live, and enjoy our conqueſts. Sound the charge.

AIR LIII. Prince *Eugene*'s march.

When the tiger roams,
And the timorous flock is in his view,
Fury foams,
He thirſts for the blood of the crew.

His

His greedy eyes he throws,
Thirſt with their number grows,
On he pours, with a wide waſte purſuing,
Spreading the plain with a general ruin,
Thus let us charge, and our foes o'erturn.

Vanderbluff. *Let us on one and all!*

1 Pir. *How they fly, how they fall!*

Morano. *For the war, for the prize I burn.*

Vanderbluff. Were they dragons, my lads, as they ſit brooding upon treaſure, we would fright them from their neſts.

Morano. But ſee, the enemy are advancing to cloſe engagement. Before the onſet, we'll demand a parley, and if we can, obtain honourable terms——We are overpower'd by numbers, and our retreat is cut off.

Enter Pohetohee, Cawwawkee, Polly, *&c. with the* Indian *army drawn up againſt the Pirates.*

Poh. Our hearts are all ready. The enemy halts. Let the trumpets give the ſignal.

AIR LIV. The *Marlborough.*

Caw. *We the ſword of juſtice drawing,*
Terror caſt in guilty eyes;
In its beam falſe courage dies;
'Tis like lightning keen and awing.
Charge the foe,
Lay them low,
On then and ſtrike the blow.
Hark, victory calls us. See, guilt is diſmay'd:
The villain is of his own conſcience afraid,
In your hands are your lives and your liberties held,
The courage of virtue was never repell'd.

Pir. Our chief demands a parley.

Poh. Let him advance.

Art thou, Morano, *that fell man of prey?*
That foe to juſtice?

Morano. *Tremble and obey.*
Art thou great Pohetohee *ſtyl'd?*

Poh. - - - - - - - - - - the ſame.
I dare avow my actions and my name.

Mor.

Mor. Thou know'ſt then, king, thy ſon there, was my priſoner. Pay us the ranſom we demand, allow us ſafe paſſage to our ſhips, and we will give you your lives and liberties.

Pob. Shall robbers and plunderers preſcribe rules to right and equity? Inſolent madman! Compoſition with knaves is baſe and ignominious. Tremble at the ſword of juſtice, rapacious brute.

AIR LV. Les rats.

Morano. *Know then, war's my pleaſure.*
Am I thus controul'd?
Both thy heart and treaſure
I'll at once unfold.
You, like a miſer, ſcraping, hiding,
Rob all the world; you're but mines of gold.
Rage my breaſt alarms;
War is by kings held right-deciding;
Then to arms, to arms;
With this ſword I'll force your hold.

By thy obſtinacy, king, thou haſt provok'd thy fate; and ſo expect me.

Pob. Rapacious fool; by thy avarice thou ſhalt periſh.

Morano. Fall on.

Pob. For your lives and liberties.

[*Fight,* Pirates *beat off.*

Enter Ducat.

Ducat. A ſlight wound now would have been a good certificate; but who dares contradict a ſoldier? 'Tis your common ſoldiers who muſt content themſelves with mere fighting; but 'tis we officers that run away with the moſt fame as well as pay. Of all fools, the fool-hardy are the greateſt, for they are not even to be truſted with themſelves. Why ſhould we provoke men to turn again upon us, after they are run away? For my own part, I think it wiſer to talk of fighting, than only to be talk'd of. The fame of a talking hero will ſatisfy me; the ſound of whole valour amazes and aſtoniſhes all peaceable men, women, and children.

Sure

Sure a man may be allow'd a little lying in his own praiſe, when there's ſo much going about to his diſcredit. Since every other body gives a man leſs praiſe than he deſerves, a man, in juſtice to himſelf, ought to make up deficiencies. Without this privilege, we ſhould have fewer good characters in the world than we have.

AIR LVI. Mad Robin.

How faultleſs does the nymph appear,
When her own hand the picture draws!
But all others only ſwear
Her wrinkles, cracks, and flaws.
Self-flattery is our claim and right,
Let men ſay what they will;
Sure we may ſet our good in ſight,
When neighbours ſet our ill.

So, for my own part, I'll no more truſt my reputation in my neighbour's hands than my money. But will turn them both myſelf to the beſt advantage.

Enter Polietohee, Cawwawkee, *and* Indians.

Pob. Had *Morano* been taken or ſlain, our victory had been complete.

Ducat. A hare may eſcape from a maſtiff. I could not be a greyhound too.

Pob. How have you diſpoſed of the priſoners?

Caw. They are all under ſafe guard, till the king's juſtice, by their exemplary puniſhment, deters others from the like barbarities.

Pob. But all our troops are not as yet return'd from the purſuit: I am too for ſpeedy juſtice, for in that there is a ſort of clemency. Beſides, I would not have my private thoughts worried by mercy to pardon ſuch wretches. I cannot be anſwerable for the frailties of my nature.

Caw. The youth who reſcu'd me from theſe cruel men is miſſing; and amidſt all our ſucceſſes I cannot feel happineſs. I fear he is among the ſlain. My gratitude intereſted itſelf ſo warmly in his ſafety that you muſt pardon my concern. What hath victory done for me? I have loſt a friend.

AIR

AIR LVII. Thro' the wood laddy.

As ſits the ſad turtle alone on the ſpray;
His heart ſorely beating,
Sad murmur repeating,
Indulging his grief for his conſort aſtray;
For 'force or death only could keep her away.
Now he thinks of the fowler, and every ſnare;
If guns have not ſlain her,
The net muſt detain her, [*tear,*
Thus he'll riſe in my thoughts ev'ry hour with a
If ſafe from the battle he do not appear.

Pob. Dead or alive, bring me intelligence of him; for I ſhare in my ſon's affliction. [*Exit* Indian.

Ducat. I had better too be upon the ſpot, or my men may embezzle ſome plunder which by right ſhould be mine. [*Exit.*

Enter Indian.

Indian. The youth, ſir, with a party is juſt return'd from the purſuit. He's here to attend your majeſty's commands.

Enter Polly, *and* Indians.

Caw. Pardon, ſir, the warmth of my friendſhip, if I fly to meet him, and for a moment intercept his duty. [*Embracing.*

AIR LVIII. Claſp'd in my dear *Melinda*'s arms.

Polly. *Victory is our's.*
Caw. - - - - *My fond heart is at reſt.*
Polly. *Friendſhip thus receives its gueſt.*
Caw. *O what tranſport fills my breaſt!*
Polly. *Conqueſt is complete,*
Caw. *Now the triumph's great.*
Polly. *In your life is a nation bleſt.*
Caw. *In your life I'm of all poſſeſs'd.*

Pob. The obligations my ſon hath received from you, makes me take a part in his friendſhip. In your ſafety victory has been doubly kind to me. If *Morano* hath eſcap'd, juſtice only reſerves him to be puniſh'd by another hand.

Polly.

Polly. In the rout, ſir, I overtook him, flying with all the cowardice of guilt upon him. Thouſands have falſe courage enough to be vicious; true fortitude is founded upon honour and virtue; that only can abide all teſts. I made him my priſoner, and left him without under ſtrict guard, 'till I received your majeſty's commands for his diſpoſal.

Pob. Sure this youth was ſent me as a guardian. Let your priſoner be brought before us.

Enter Morano, *guarded.*

Morano. Here's a young treacherous dog now, who hangs the huſband to come at the wife. There are wives in the world, who would have undertaken that affair to have come at him. Your ſon's liberty, to be ſure, you think better worth than mine; ſo that I allow you a good bargain if I take my own for his ranſom, without a gratuity. You know, king, he is my debtor.

Pob. He hath the obligations to thee of a ſheep who hath eſcap'd out of the jaws of the wolf, beaſt of prey!

Morano. Your great men will never own their debts, that's certain.

Pob. Trifle not with juſtice, impious man. Your barbarities, your rapine, your murders are now at an end.

Morano. Ambition muſt take its chance. If I die, I die in my vocation.

AIR LIX. Parſon upon *Dorothy.*

The ſoldiers, who by trade muſt dare
The deadly cannon's ſounds,
You may be ſure, betimes prepare
For fatal blood and wounds.
The men, who with advent'rous dance,
Bound from the cord on high,
Muſt own they have the frequent chance
By broken bones to die.
Since rarely then
Ambitious men,
Like others, loſe their breath;
Like theſe, I hope,
They know a rope
Is but their natural death.

We

We muſt all take the common lot of our profeſſions.

Pob. Would your *European* laws have ſuffer'd crimes like theſe to have gone unpuniſh'd?

Morano. Were all I am worth ſafely landed, I have wherewithal to make almoſt any crime ſit eaſy upon me.

Pob. Have ye notions of property?

Morano. Of my own.

Pob. Would not your honeſt induſtry have been ſufficient to have ſupported you?

Morano. Honeſt induſtry! I have heard talk of it indeed, among the common people, but all great genius's are above it.

Pob. Have you no reſpect for virtue?

Morano. As a good phraſe, ſir. But the practiſers of it are ſo inſignificant and poor, that they are ſeldom found in the beſt company.

Pob. Is not wiſdom eſteem'd among you?

Morano. Yes, ſir: But only as a ſtep to riches and power; a ſtep that raiſes ourſelves, and trips up our neighbours.

Pob. Honour, and honeſty, are not thoſe diſtinguiſh'd?

Morano. As incapacities and follies. How ignorant are theſe *Indians!* But indeed I think honour is of ſome uſe; it ſerves to ſwear upon.

Pob. Have you no conſciouſneſs? Have you no ſhame?

Morano. Of being poor.

Pob. How can ſociety ſubſiſt with avarice! Ye are but the forms of men. Beaſts would thruſt you out of their herd upon that account, and man ſhould caſt you out for your brutal diſpoſitions.

Morano. *Alexander* the Great was more ſucceſsful. That's all.

AIR LX. The collier has a daughter.

When right or wrong's decided,
In war or civil cauſes,
We by ſucceſs are guided
To blame or give applauſes.
Thus men exalt ambition,
In power by all commended,
But when it falls from high condition,
Tyburn *is well attended.*

Pob. Let juſtice then take her courſe, I ſhall not interfere with her decrees. Mercy too obliges me to protect my country from ſuch violences. Immediate death ſhall put a ſtop to your further miſchiefs.

Morano. This ſentence indeed is hard. Without the common forms of trial! Not ſo much as the counſel of a Newgate attorney! Not to be able to lay out my money in partiality and evidence! Not a friend perjur'd for me! This is hard, very hard!

Pob. Let the ſentence be put in execution. Lead him to death. Let his accomplices be witneſſes of it, and afterwards let them be ſecurely guarded till further orders.

AIR LXI. Mad *Moll.*

Morano. *All crimes are judg'd like fornication;*
While rich we are beneſt no doubt.
Fine ladies can keep reputation,
Poor laſſes alone are found out.
If juſtice had piercing eyes,
Like ourſelves, to look within,
She'd find power and wealth a diſguiſe
That ſhelter the worſt of our kin. [Exit, guarded.

Pob. How ſhall I return the obligations I owe you? Every thing in my power you may command. In making a requeſt, you confer on me another benefit. For gratitude is oblig'd by occaſions of making a return: And every occaſion muſt be agreeable, for a grateful mind hath more pleaſure in paying than receiving.

Caw. My friendſhip too is impatient to give you proofs of it. How happy would you make me in allowing me to diſcharge that duty!

AIR LXII. Prince *George.*

All friendſhip is a mutual debt,
Polly. *The contract's inclination:*
Caw. *We never can that bond forget*
Of ſweet retaliation.
Polly. *All day, and every day the ſame,*
We are paying and ſtill owing;
Caw. *By turns we grant, by turns we claim*
The pleaſure of beſtowing.
Both. *By turns we grant,* &c. *Polly.*

Polly. The pleaſure of having ſerv'd an honourable man is a ſufficient return. My misfortunes, I fear are beyond relief.

Caw. That ſigh makes me ſuffer. If you have a want, let me know it.

Pob. If it is in a king's power, my power will make you happy.

Caw. If you believe me a friend, you are unjuſt in concealing your diſtreſſes from me. You deny me the privilege of friendſhip; for I have a right to ſhare them, or redreſs them.

Pob. Can my treaſures make you happy?

Polly. Thoſe who have them not, think they can; thoſe who have them, know they cannot.

Pob. How unlike his countrymen!

Caw. While you conceal one want from me, I feel every want for you. Such obſtinacy to a friend is barbarity.

Polly. Let not my reflection interrupt the joys of your triumph. Could I have commanded my thoughts, I would have reſerv'd them for ſolitude.

Caw. Thoſe ſighs, and that reſervedneſs, are ſymptoms of a heart in love. A pain that I am yet a ſtranger to.

Polly. Then you have never been completely wretched.

AIR LXIII. Blithe *Jockey*, young and gay.

Can words the pain expreſs
Which abſent lovers know?
He only mine can gueſs,
Whoſe heart hath felt the woe.
'Tis doubt, ſuſpicion, fear,
Seldom hope, oft' deſpair;
'Tis jealouſy, 'tis rage, in brief
'Tis every pang and grief.

Caw. But does not love often deny itſelf aid and comfort, by being too obſtinately ſecret?

Polly. One cannot be too open to generoſity; that is a ſun of univerſal benignity. In concealing ourſelves from it, we but deny ourſelves the bleſſing of its influence.

AIR LXIV. In the fields in froſt and ſnow.

The modeſt lily, like the maid,
Its pure bloom defending,
Is of noxious dews afraid,
Soon as even's deſcending;
Cloſ'd all night,
Free from blight,
It preſerves the native white;
But at morn' unfolds its leaves,
And the vital ſun receives.

Yet why ſhould I trouble your majeſty with the misfortunes of ſo inconſiderable a wretch as I am?

Pob. A king's beneficence ſhould be like the ſun. The moſt humble weed ſhould feel its influence, as well as the moſt gaudy flower. But I have the neareſt concern in any thing that touches you.

Polly. You ſee then at your feet the moſt unhappy of women. [*Kneels, he raiſes her.*

Caw. A woman! Oh my heart!

Pob. A woman!

Polly. Yes, ſir, the moſt wretched of her ſex. In love! married! abandon'd, and in deſpair!

Pob. What brought you into theſe countries?

Polly. To find my huſband. Why had not the love of virtue directed my heart? But, alas, 'tis outward appearance alone that generally engages a woman's affections! And my heart is in the poſſeſſion of the moſt profligate of mankind.

Pob. Why this diſguiſe?

Polly. To protect me from the violences and inſults to which my ſex might have expoſed me.

Caw. Had ſhe not been married, I might have been happy. [*Aſide.*

Polly. He ran into the madneſs of every vice. I deteſt his principles, tho' I am fond of his perſon to diſtraction. Could your commands for ſearch and enquiry reſtore him to me, you reward me at once with all my wiſhes. For ſure my love ſtill might reclaim him.

Caw. Had you conceal'd your ſex, I had been happy in your friendſhip; but now, how uneaſy, how reſtleſs is my heart!

AIR

AIR LXV. Whilſt I gaze on *Chloe.*

Whilſt I gaze in fond deſiring,
Every former thought is loſt;
Sighing, wiſhing, and admiring,
How my troubled ſoul is toſt!
Hot and cold my blood is flowing,
How it thrills in every vein!
Liberty and life are going,
Hope can ne'er relieve my pain.

Enter Indian.

Indian. The reſt of the troops, ſir, are return'd from the purſuit with more priſoners. They attend your majeſty's commands.

Pob. Let them be brought before us. [*Exit* Indian.] Give not yourſelf up to deſpair; for every thing in my power you may command. [*To* Polly.

Caw. And every thing in mine. But, alas, I have none; for I am not in my own!

Enter Ducat *and* Jenny, *guarded*, &c.

Jenny. Spare my huſband, *Morano* is my huſband.

Pob. Then I have relieved you from the ſociety of a monſter.

Jenny. Alas, ſir, there are many huſbands who are furious monſters to the reſt of mankind, that are the tameſt creatures alive to their wives. I can be anſwerable for his duty and ſubmiſſion to your majeſty, for I know I have ſo much power over him, that I can even make him good.

Pob. Why then had you not made him ſo before?

Jenny. I was, indeed, like other wives, too indulgent to him; and as it was agreeable to my own humour, I was loth to baulk his ambition. I muſt, indeed, own too that I had the frailty of pride. But where is the woman who hath not an inclination to be as great and rich as ſhe can be?

Pob. With how much eaſe and unconcern theſe *Europeans* talk of vices, as if they were neceſſary qualifications.

AIR LXVI. The *Jamaica.*

Jenny. *The ſex, we find,*
Like men inclin'd
To guard againſt reproaches;
And none neglect
To pay reſpect
To rogues who keep their coaches.

Indeed, ſir. I had determin'd to be honeſt myſelf, and to have made him ſo too, as ſoon as I had put myſelf upon a reaſonable foot in the world; and that is more ſelf-denial than is commonly practis'd.

Pob. Woman, your profligate ſentiments offend me; and you deſerve to be cut off from ſociety, with your huſband. Mercy would be ſcarce excuſable in pardoning you. Have done then *Morano* is now under the ſtroke of juſtice.

Jenny. Let me implore your majeſty to reſpite his ſentence. Send me back again with him into ſlavery, from whence we eſcap'd. Give us an occaſion of being honeſt, for we owe our lives and liberties to another.

Duc. Yes, ſir, I find ſome of my run-away ſlaves among the crew; and I hope my ſervices at leaſt will allow me to claim my own again.

Jenny. Morano, ſir, I muſt confeſs hath been a free liver, and a man of ſo many gallantries, that no woman could eſcape him. If *Macheath*'s misfortunes were known, the whole ſex would be in tears.

Polly. Macheath!

Jenny. He is no black, ſir, but under that diſguiſe, for my ſake, ſkreen'd himſelf from the claims and importunities of other women. May love intercede for him?

Polly. Macheath! Is it poſſible? Spare him, ſave him, I aſk no other reward.

Pob. Haſte, let the ſentence be ſuſpended. [*Ex.* Ind.

Polly. Fly; a moment may make me miſerable. Why could not I know him? All his diſtreſſes brought upon him by my hand! Cruel love, how could'ſt thou blind me ſo?

AIR

AIR LXVII. *Tweed* ſide.

The ſtag, when chas'd all the long day
O'er the lawn, thro' the foreſt and brake;
Now panting for breath and at bay,
Now ſtemming the river or lake;
When the treacherous ſcent is all cold,
And at eve he returns to his hind,
Can her joy, can her pleaſure be told?
Such joy and ſuch pleaſure I find.

But, alas, now again reflection turns fear upon my heart. His pardon may come too late, and I may never ſee him more.

Pob. Take hence that profligate woman. Let her be kept under ſtrict guard till my commands.

Jenny. Slavery, ſir, ſlavery is all I aſk. Whatever becomes of him, ſpare my life; ſpare an unfortunate woman. What can be the meaning of this ſudden turn! Conſider, ſir, if a huſband be never ſo bad, a wife is bound to duty.

Pob. Take her hence, I ſay; let my orders be obey'd.

[*Exit* Jenny, *guarded.*

Polly. What, no news yet? Not yet return'd!

Caw. If juſtice hath overtaken him, he was unworthy of you.

Polly. Not yet! Oh how I fear.

AIR LXVIII. One evening as I lay.

My heart forebodes he's dead,
That thought how can I bear?
He's gone, for ever fled,
My ſoul is all deſpair!
I ſee him pale and cold,
The nooſe hath ſtop'd his breath,
Juſt as my dream foretold;
Oh had that ſleep been death!

Enter Indians.

Polly. He's dead, he's dead! Their looks confeſs it. Your tongues have no need to give it utterance to confirm my misfortunes! I know, I ſee, I feel it! Support me! O *Macbeath!*

Duc. Mercy upon me! Now I look upon her nearer, bleſs me, it muſt be *Polly*. This woman, ſir, is my ſlave, and I claim her as my own. I hope, if your majeſty thinks of keeping her, you will reimburſe me, and not let me be a loſer. She was an honeſt girl to be ſure, and had too much virtue to thrive; for, to my knowledge, money could not tempt her.

Pob. And if ſhe is virtuous, *European*, doſt thou think I'll act the infamous part of a ruffian, and force her? 'Tis my duty, as a king, to cheriſh and protect virtue.

Caw. Juſtice hath relieved you from the ſociety of a wicked man. If an honeſt heart can recompenſe your loſs, you would make me happy in accepting mine. I hope my father will conſent to my happineſs.

Pob. Since your love of her is founded upon the love of virtue and gratitude, I leave you to your own diſpoſal.

Caw. What, no reply?

Polly. Abandon me to my ſorrows. For in indulging them is my only relief.

Pob. Let the chiefs have immediate execution. For the reſt, let them be reſtored to their owners, and return to their ſlavery.

AIR LXIX. Buff-coat.

Caw. *Why that languiſh!*
Polly. *Oh he's dead! O he's loſt for ever!*
Caw. *Ceaſe your anguiſh, and forget your grief.*
Polly. *Ah, never!*
What air, grace, and ſtature!
Caw. *How falſe in his nature!*
Polly. *To virtue my love might have won him.*
Caw. *How baſe and deceiving!*
Polly. *But love is believing.*
Caw. *Vice, at length, as 'tis meet, hath undone him.*

By your conſent you might at the ſame time give me happineſs, and procure your own. My titles, my treaſures, are all at your command.

AIR

AIR LXX. An *Italian* Ballad.

Polly. *Frail is ambition, how weak the foundation!*
Riches have wings as inconſtant as wind;
My heart is proof againſt either temptation,
Virtue, without them, contentment can find.

I am charm'd, prince, with your generoſity and virtues. 'Tis only by the purſuit of thoſe we ſecure real happineſs. Thoſe that know and feel virtue in themſelves, muſt love it in others. Allow me to give a decent time to my ſorrows. But my misfortunes at preſent interrupt the joys of victory.

Caw Fair princeſs, for ſo I hope ſhortly to make you, permit me to attend you, either to divine your griefs, or, by converſation, to ſoften your ſorrows.

Pol. 'Tis a pleaſure to me by this alliance to recompenſe your merits. [*Exit* Caw. *and* Polly.] Let the ſports and dances then celebrate our victory. [*Exit.*

DANCE.

AIR LXXI. The temple.

1 Ind. *Juſtice long forbearing,*
Power or riches never fearing,
Slow, yet perſevering,
Hunts the villain's pace.
Chor. *Juſtice long,* &c.
2 Ind. *What tongues then defend him?*
Or what hand will ſuccour lend him?
Even his friends attend him,
To foment the chace.
Chor. *Juſtice long,* &c.
3 Ind. *Virtue, ſubduing,*
Humbles in ruin
All the proud wicked race,
Truth, never-failing,
Muſt be prevailing,
Falſehood ſhall find diſgrace.
Chor. *Juſtice long forbearing,* &c.

ACHILLES:

AN

OPERA.

——— ——— ——— deceperat omnes
(In quibus Ajacem) ſumptæ fallacia veſtis.
OVID. Metam. lib. xiii.

Naturam expellas furcâ licet, uſque recurret. HOR.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. GAY.

Spoken by Mr. QUIN.

I Wonder not our Author doubts ſucceſs;
One in his circumſtance can do no leſs.
The dancer on the rope that tries at all,
In each unpractis'd caper riſques a fall:
I own I dread his tickliſh ſituation:
Critics deteſt poetic innovation.
Had Ic'rus *been content with ſolid ground,*
The giddy vent'rous youth had ne'er been drown'd.
The Pegaſus *of old had fire and force,*
But your true modern is a carrier's horſe,
Drawn by the foremoſt bell, afraid to ſtray;
Bard following bard, jogs on the beaten way.
Why is this man ſo obſtinate an elf?
Will he, alone, not imitate himſelf?
His ſcene now ſhews the heroes of old Greece;
But how? 'tis monſtrous! In a comic piece.
To buſkins, plumes, and helmets what pretence,
If mighty chiefs muſt ſpeak but common ſenſe?
Shall no bold diction, no poetic rage,
Fome at our mouths, and thunder on the ſtage?
No—'tis Achilles, *as he came from* Chiron,
Juſt taught to ſing as well as wield cold iron;
And whatſoever critics may ſuppoſe,
Our author holds, that what he ſpoke was proſe.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Lycomedes,	Mr. *Quin.*
Diphilus,	Mr. *Aſton.*
Achilles,	Mr. *Salway.*
Ulyſſes,	Mr. *Chapman.*
Diomedes,	Mr. *Laguerre.*
Ajax,	Mr. *Hall.*
Periphes,	Mr. *Walker.*
Agyrtes,	Mr. *Leveridge.*

W O M E N.

Thetis,	Mrs. *Buchanan.*
Theaſpe,	Mrs. *Cantrel.*
Deïdamia,	Miſs *Norſa.*
Leſbia,	Miſs *Binks.*
Philoe,	Miſs *Oates.*
Artemona,	Mrs. *Egleton.*

Courtiers, Guards, &c.

SCENE, *Scyros.*

ACHILLES:

AN

OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Thetis, Achilles.

THETIS.

BEFORE I leave you, child, I muſt inſiſt upon your promiſe, that you will never diſcover yourſelf without my leave. Don't look upon it as capricious fondneſs, nor think (becauſe 'tis a mother's advice) that, in duty to yourſelf, you are obliged not to follow it.

Ach. But my character! my honour!—Wou'd you have your ſon live with infamy?—On the firſt ſtep of a young fellow, depends his character for life.—I beg you, goddeſs, to diſpenſe with your commands.

Thet. Have you then no regard to my preſentiment? I can't bear the thoughts of your going; for I know that odious ſiege of *Troy* wou'd be the death of thee.

Ach. Becauſe you have the natural fears of a mother, wou'd you have me inſenſible that I have the heart of a man?

a man? The world, madam, muſt look upon my abſconding in this manner, and at this particular juncture, as infamous cowardice.

AIR I. A clown in *Flanders* once there was.

What's life? No curſe is more ſevere,
Than bearing life with ſhame.
Is this your fondneſs; this your care?
O give me death with fame!

Thet. Keep your temper, *Achilles*:—'Tis both impious and undutiful to call my preſcience in queſtion.

Ach. Pardon me, goddeſs, for had you, like other mothers, been a mere woman only, I ſhou'd have taken the liberty of other ſons, and ſhou'd (as 'tis my duty) have heard your advice, and follow'd my own.

Thet. I poſitively ſhall not be eaſy, child, unleſs you give me your word and honour.—You know my commands.

Ach. My word, madam, I can give you; but my honour is already ſacrificed to my duty. That I gave you, when I ſubmitted to put on this woman's habit.

Thet. Believe me, *Achilles*, I have a tender regard for your honour, as well as life.—By preventing your running head-long to your deſtiny, I preſerve you for future glory. Therefore, child, I once more inſiſt upon your ſolemn promiſe.

Ach. Was I a woman (as I appear to be) I cou'd, without difficulty, give you a promiſe, to have the pleaſure of breaking it; but when I promiſe, my life is pledg'd for the performance.—Your commands, madam, are ſacred.—Yet I intreat you, goddeſs, to conſider the ignominious part you make me act.—In obeying you, I prove myſelf unworthy of you.

Thet. My will, *Achilles*, is not to be controverted. Your life depends upon your duty; and poſitively, child, you ſhall not go to this ſiege.

AIR II. *Gudgeon*'s ſong.

Why thus am I held at defiance?
A mother, a goddeſs obey!
Will! men never practiſe compliance,
Till marriage hath taught 'em the way?

Ach.

Ach. But why muſt I lead the life of a woman? why was I ſtolen away from my preceptor? Was I not as ſafe under the care of *Chiron*?—I know the love he had for me; I feel his concern; and I dare ſwear that good creature is now ſo diſtreſs'd for the loſs of me, that he will quite founder himſelf with galloping from place to place to look after me.

Thet. I'll hear no more. Obey, and ſeek to know no further.—Can you imagine that I wou'd have taken all this trouble to have lodged you under the protection of *Lycomedes*, if I had not ſeen the abſolute neceſſity of it?

Ach. Were I allow'd to follow my inclinations, what wou'd you have to fear?—I ſhou'd do my duty, and die with honour.—Was I to live an age, I cou'd do no more.

Thet. You are ſo very obſtinate, that really, child, there's no enduring you.——Your impatience ſeems to forget that I am a goddeſs: Have I not degraded myſelf into the character of a diſtreſs'd *Grecian* princeſs? 'Tis owing to my artifice and inſinuation that we have the protection of the king of *Scyros*. Have I not won *Lycomedes*'s friendſhip and hoſpitality to that degree as to place you, without the leaſt ſuſpicion, among his daughters?—And for what, dear *Achilles*?—Your ſafety and future fame requir'd it.

Ach. 'Tis impoſſible, madam, to bear it much longer.—My words, my actions, my aukward behaviour, muſt one day inevitably diſcover me.—I had been ſafer under the tuition of *Chiron*.

Thet. Hath not the prophet *Calchas* perſuaded the confederates, that the ſucceſs of their expedition againſt *Troy* depends upon your being among 'em? Have they not emiſſaries and ſpies almoſt every where in ſearch of you? 'Tis here only, and in this diſguiſe, that I can believe you out of the reach of ſuſpicion.—You have ſo much youth, and ſuch a bloom, that there is no man alive but muſt take you for a woman. What I am moſt afraid of is, that when you are among the ladies you ſhou'd be ſo little maſter of your paſſions as to find yourſelf a man.

AIR

AIR III. Did you ever hear of a gallant ſailor.

Ach. *The woman always in temptation,*
Muſt do what nature bids her do;
Our hearts feel equal palpitation,
For we've unguarded minutes too.
By nature greedy,
When lank and needy,
Within your fold the wolf confine;
Then bid the glutton
Not think of mutton;
Can you perſuade him not to dine?

Thet. Now, dear child, let me beg you to be diſcreet.—I have ſome ſea-affairs that require my attendance, which (much againſt my will) oblige me, for a time, to leave you to your own conduct.

Enter Artemona.

Art. The princeſſes, lady *Pyrrha*, have been ſitting at their embroidery above a quarter of an hour, and are perfectly miſerable for want of you.

Thet. Pyrrha is ſo very unhandy, and ſo monſtrouſly aukward at her needle, that I know ſhe muſt be diverting. Her paſſion for romances (as you muſt have obſerved in other girls) took her off from every part of uſeful education.

Ach. For the many obligations I have to the princeſſes, I ſhould (no doubt) upon all occaſions ſhew myſelf ready to be the but of their ridicule.—'Tis a duty that all great people expect from (what they call) their dependants.

Art. How can you, lady *Pyrrha*, miſinterpret a civility? I know they have a friendſhip, an eſteem for you; and have a pleaſure in inſtructing you.

Thet. For heaven's ſake, *Pyrrha*, let not your captious temper run away with your good-manners. You cannot but be ſenſible of the king's and their civilities, both to you and me.—How can you be ſo horridly out of humour.

Ach. All I mean, madam, is; that when people are ſenſible of their own defects, they are not the proper objects of ridicule.

Thet.

Thet. You are ſo very touchy, *Pyrrha*, that there is no enduring you.——How can you be ſo unſociable a creature as to deny a friend the liberty of laughing at your little follies and indiſcretions? For what do you think women keep company with one another?

Acb. Becauſe they hate one another, deſpiſe one another, and ſeek to have the pleaſure of ſeeing and expoſing one another's faults and follies.

Thet. Now, dear *Pyrrha*, tell me, is work a thing you pique yourſelf upon? Suppoſe too they ſhou'd ſmile at an abſurdity in your dreſs, it could not be ſuch a mortification as if (like moſt women) you had made it the chief buſineſs of your life?

Art. Don't they treat one another with equal familiarity?

Acb. But a reply from me (whatever was the provocation) might be look'd upon as impertinent. I hate to be under the reſtraint of civility when I am ill-uſed.

Art. Will you allow me, madam, to make your excuſes to the princeſſes?—The occaſion of your highneſs's leaving her, I ſee, troubles her.—Perhaps I may interrupt converſation.

Thet. 'Tis aſtoniſhing, child, how you can have ſo little complaiſance. This ſullen behaviour of your's muſt be diſagreeable. I hope, madam, ſhe is not always in this way?

Art. Never was any creature more entertaining! Such ſpirits, and ſo much vivacity! The princeſſes are really fond of her to diſtraction.—The moſt chearful tempers are liable to the ſpleen, and 'tis an indulgence that one woman owes to another.

Acb. The ſpleen, madam, is a female frailty that I have no pretenſions to, nor any of its affections.

AIR IV. Si vous vous moquez de nous.

When a woman ſullen ſits,
And wants breath to conquer reaſon,
Always theſe affected fits
Are in ſeaſon:
Since 'tis in her diſpoſition,
Make her be her own phyſician.

Nay,

Nay, dear madam, you ſhall not go without me.—— Though I have my particular reaſons to be out of humour, I cannot be deficient in good-manners.

Art. I know they would take it mortally ill if they thought your complaiſance had put yourſelf under the leaſt reſtraint.

Ach. I can't forgive myſelf for my behaviour.——— You muſt excuſe me, madam; for abſence in converſation is an incivility that I am but too liable to.

Art. You know we all rally you upon your being in love, as that is one of its moſt infallible ſymptoms.

Thet. I charge you, upon my bleſſing;—as you expect fame, glory, immortality, obey me. [*To* Achilles.

[Thetis *kiſſes him.* *Exeunt* Achilles *and* Artemona. As for his face, his air, his figure, I am not under the leaſt apprehenſion: all my concern is from the impetuoſity of his temper.—Yet, after all, why *ſhou'd* I fear a diſcovery? for women have the ſame paſſions, though they employ 'em upon different objects.

AIR V. A minuet.

Man's ſo touchy, a word that's injurious
Wakes his honour; he's ſudden as fire.
Woman kindles, and is no leſs furious
For her trifles, or any deſire.
Man is teſty,
Or ſour, or reſty;
If balk'd of honours, or pow'r, or pelf:
Woman's paſſions can no leſs moleſt ye,
And all for reaſons ſhe keeps to herſelf.

He is ſudden, he is impatient. What then? Are women leſs ſo? Aſk almoſt all ſervants what they know of their miſtreſſes.—He is wilful, teſty, and untractable. Can't thouſands of huſbands ſay as much of their wives? Then as for their obſtinacy—that can never ſhew him leſs a woman. But he hath not that command of his tongue I cou'd wiſh him: he is too vehement, too ſevere in his expreſſions. In this particular, indeed, few women take equal liberties to one another's faces, but they make ample amends for it behind each other's backs; ſo that, with all theſe infirmities of man, he *may with* the leaſt conduct very well paſs for a fine ſpirited

ſpirited woman.—This reflexion hath cured my anxiety, and will make me believe him ſecure.

Enter Lycomedes.

Thet. 'Tis with the utmoſt gratitude that I return your majeſty thanks for the honours and hoſpitable favours ſhewn to me and my daughter.

Lycom. You wou'd oblige me more, madam, if your affairs wou'd allow you to accept 'em longer.

Thet. I have preſum'd, ſir, to treſpaſs further on your generoſity, in leaving my daughter under your protection.——I hope *Pyrrha*'s behaviour will deſerve it.

AIR VI. To you, my dear, and to no other.

Muſt then, alas, the fondeſt mother
Deſert her child?
Lycom. - - - - - - - *Ah, why this tear?*
She'll in Theaſpe *find another;*
In me, paternal love and care.

Had you taken her with you, my daughters wou'd have been miſerable beyond expreſſion. Theirs and her education ſhall be the ſame.

Thet. I beg you, ſir, not to regard my gratitude like the common obligations of princes; for neither time nor intereſt can ever cancel it.

Lycom. Affairs of conſequence may require your preſence. Importunity upon theſe occaſions is troubleſome and unhoſpitable.——I aſk no queſtions, madam, becauſe I chooſe not to pry into ſecrets.

Thet. I can only thank, and rely upon your majeſty's goodneſs.——My duty to the queen, ſir, calls me hence, to own my obligations, and receive her commands. [*Exit.*

Enter Diphilus.

Lycom. The princeſs *Caliſta* hath taken her leave; ſhe is but juſt gone out of the room.

Diph. That *Pyrrha*, ſir, was a moſt delicious piece.

Lycom. With all her little vixen humours, to my taſte ſhe is infinitely agreeable.

Diph. Your parting with her, ſir, in this eaſy manner is aſtoniſhing. One too ſo exceſſively fond of you!

Lycom. Parting with her, *Diphilus!*

Diph.

Diph. But no prince alive hath ſo great a command of his paſſions.

Lycom. Dear *Diphilus*, let me underſtand you.

Diph. To my knowledge you might have had her.

Lycom. Can I believe thee?

Diph. I really thought the queen began to be a little uneaſy; and, for the quiet of the family (ſince ſhe is gone) I muſt own I am heartily glad of it.

AIR VII. *John* went ſuiting unto *Joan.*

How your patience had been try'd,
Had this haughty dame comply'd!
What's a miſtreſs and a wife?
Joy for moments, plague for life.

Lycom. I am not ſo unhappy, *Diphilus.*—Her mother hath left her to my care.

Diph. Juſt as I wiſh'd.

Lycom. Wou'd ſhe had taken her with her!

Diph. It might have been better. For beyond diſpute, ſir, both you and the queen wou'd have been eaſier.

Lycom. Why did ſhe truſt her to me?

Diph. There cou'd be but one reaſon.

Lycom. I cannot anſwer for myſelf.

Diph. 'Twas upon that very preſumption you was truſted.

Lycom. Wou'd I could believe thee!

Diph. 'Tis an apparent manifeſt ſcheme, ſir; and you wou'd diſappoint both mother and daughter if your majeſty did not betray your truſt.—You love her, ſir, you ſay.

Lycom. To diſtraction, *Diphilus.*

Diph. And was the betraying a truſt ever as yet an obſtacle to that paſſion? What wou'd you have a mother do more upon ſuch an occaſion? Ladies of her rank cannot tranſact an affair of this kind, but with ſome *decorum.*

Lycom. But you can never ſuppoſe *Pyrrha* knows any thing of the matter.

Diph. Why not, ſir?

Lycom. From me ſhe cannot; for I have never as yet made any downright profeſſions.

Diph.

Diph. There lies the true cauſe of her thoughtfulneſs; 'tis nothing but anxiety, for fear her ſcheme ſhould not take place; for, no doubt, her mother hath inſtructed her not to be too forward, to make you more ſo.—Believe me, ſir, you will have no difficulties in this affair, but thoſe little ones that every woman knows how to practiſe to quicken a lover.

Lycom. Be it as it will, *Diphilus*, I muſt have her.

Diph. Had I been acquainted with your pleaſure ſooner, your majeſty by this time had been tir'd of her—How happy ſhall I make her, if I may have the honour of your majeſty's commands to hint your paſſion to her!

Lycom. Never did eyes receive a paſſion with ſuch coldneſs, ſuch indifference!

AIR VIII. Groom's complaint.

Whene'er my looks have ſpoke deſire,
I ſigh'd, I gaz'd in vain;
No glance confeſs'd her ſecret fire;
And eyes the heart explain.

Diph. Though 'tis what ſhe wiſhes, what ſhe longs for, what ſhe ſighs for, reſpect and awe are a reſtraint upon her eyes as well as tongue. I have often told you, ſir, ſhe dares not underſtand you; ſhe dares not believe herſelf ſo happy.

Lycom. This ring, *Diphilus*—I muſt leave the reſt to your diſcretion.

Diph. There may be a manner in giving it her, a little hint or ſo—but the preſent will ſpeak for itſelf; 'tis the moſt ſucceſsful advocate of love, and never wants an interpreter.

Lycom. Say every thing for me, *Diphilus*; for I feel I cannot ſpeak for myſelf.

Diph. Cou'd I be as ſucceſsful in all my other negociations! Yet there may be difficulties, for, if I miſtake not, the lady hath ſomething of the coquette about her; and what ſelf-denial will not thoſe creatures ſuffer to give a lover anxiety!

AIR

AIR IX. O'er Bogie.

Obſerve the wanton kitten's play,
Whene'er a mouſe appears;
You there the true coquette ſurvey
In all her flirting airs:
Now pawing,
Now clawing,
Now in fond embrace,
Till 'midſt her freaks,
He from her breaks,
Steals off, and bilks the chaſe.

Lycom. Dear *Diphilus*, what do you mean? I never ſaw a woman ſo little of that character.

Diph. Pardon me, ſir; your ſituation is ſuch, that you can never ſee what mankind really are. In your preſence every one is acting a part; no one is himſelf, and was it not for the eyes and tongues of your faithful ſervants, how little wou'd your ſubjects be known to you! Though ſhe is ſo prim and reſerv'd before you, ſhe is never at a loſs for airs to draw all the young flirting lords of the court about her.

Lycom. Beauty muſt always have its followers.

Diph. If I miſtake not, general *Ajax* too (who is ſent to ſolicit your quota for the *Trojan* war) hath another ſolicitation more at heart ——But ſuppoſe ſhe had ten thouſand lovers; a woman's prevalent paſſion is ambition, which muſt anſwer your ends.—The queen is coming this way, and her commands may detain me. —I go, ſir, to make *Pyrrha* the happieſt creature upon earth. [*Exit.*

Enter Theaſpe.

Theaſpe. I think the princeſs *Caliſta* might as well have taken her daughter with her.—That girl is ſo intolerably forward, that I cannot imagine ſuch converſation can poſſibly be of any great advantage to your daughter's education.

Lycom. You ſeem of late to have taken an averſion to the girl. She hath ſpirit and vivacity, but not more than is becoming the ſex; and I never ſaw any thing *in* her behaviour but what was extremely modeſt.

Theaſpe.

Theaſpe. For heaven's ſake, ſir, allow me to believe my own eyes. Her forwardneſs muſt give the fellows ſome encouragement, or there wou'd not be that intolerable flutter about her.—But perhaps ſhe hath ſome reaſons to be more upon her guard before you.

Lycom. How can you be ſo unreaſonably cenſorious?

Theaſpe. I can ſee her faults, ſir. I ſee her as a woman ſees a woman. The men, it ſeems, think the aukward creature handſome.

AIR X. *Dutch* ſkipper. Firſt part.

Lycom. *When woman's cenſorious,*
And attacks the meritorious;
In the ſcandal ſhe ſhews her own malicious thought.
If real guilt ſhe blames,
Then pride her heart inflames;
And ſhe fanſies ſhe's better for another's fault.
Thus ſeeking to diſcloſe
The ſlips of friends and foes,
By her envy ſhe does herſelf alone expoſe.

Nay, dear child, your attacking her in this peeviſh way can be nothing but downright antipathy.

Theaſpe. Nay, dear ſir, your defending her in this feeling manner can be nothing but downright partiality.

Lycom. I own myſelf partial to diſtreſs, and I ſee her in that circumſtance.

Theaſpe. But there are other reaſons that may make a man partial.

AIR XI. *Dutch* ſkipper. Second part.

As you, ſir, are my huſband, no doubt you're prone
To turn each new face
To a wife's diſgrace;
And for no other cauſe, but that ſhe's your own;
Nay, ſir, 'tis an evident caſe
'Tis ſtrange that all huſbands ſhould prove ſo blind,
That a wife's real merits they ne'er can find,
Tho' they ſtrike all the reſt of mankind.

Lycom. How can you be ſo ridiculous? By theſe airs, madam, you would have me believe you are jealous.

Theaſpe. Whence had you this contemptible opinion of me? Jealous! If I was ſo, I have a ſpirit above owning

owning it. I wou'd never heighten your pleaſure by letting you have the ſatisfaction of knowing I was uneaſy.

Lycom. Let me beg you, my dear, to keep your temper.

Theaſpe Since I have been ſo unguarded as to own it; give me leave to tell you, ſir, that was I of a lower rank it wou'd keep you in ſome awe, becauſe you wou'd then know I cou'd take my revenge.

Lycom. You forget your duty, child.

Theaſpe. There is a duty too due from a huſband.

Lycom. How can you give way to theſe paſſions?

Theaſpe Becauſe you give way to your's.

Lycom. But to be ſo unreaſonably jealous!

Theaſpe. Unreaſonably! Wou'd it were ſo!

AIR XII. Black joke.

Lycom. *Then muſt I bear eternal ſtrife,*
Both night and day put in mind of a wife,
By her pouts, ſpleen, and paſſionate airs!
Theaſpe. *D'ye think I'll bear eternal ſlight,*
And not complain when I'm robb'd of my right!
Call you this, ſir, but whimſical fears?
Lycom. *Can nought then ſtill this raging ſtorm?*
Theaſpe. *Yes. What you promis'd, if you wou'd perform.*
Lycom. *Pr'ythee teaze me no more.*
Theaſpe. *I can never give o'er,*
Till I find you as fond and as kind as before.
Lycom. *Will you ne'er aſk*
A poſſible taſk?

Wou'd you have me ſo unhoſpitable as to deny her my protection?

Theaſpe. 'Tis not, ſir, that I preſume to controul you in your pleaſures.——Yet you might, methinks, have ſhew'd that tenderneſs for me, to have acted with a little more reſerve. Women are not ſo blind as huſbands imagine.—Were there no other circumſtances,—your coolneſs to me, your indifference.—How I deſpiſe myſelf for this confeſſion!—Pardon me, ſir, love made me thus indiſcreet.

AIR

AIR XIII. Ye ſhepherds and nymphs.

Theaſpe, *weeping.*

O love, *plead my pardon, nor plead it in vain;*
'Twas you that was jealous, 'twas you was in pain;
Yet why ſhould you ſpeak? To what purpoſe or end?
I muſt be unhappy if love can offend.

Yet was ever a deſign of this kind ſo manifeſt, ſo bare-faced!

AIR XIV. The goddeſſes.

Theaſpe, *angry.*

To what a pitch is man profuſe,
And all for oſtentatious pride!
Ev'n miſſes are not kept for uſe,
But for mere ſhow, and nought beſide.
For might a wife ſpeak out,
She cou'd prove beyond all doubt,
With more than enough he was ſupply'd.

The princeſs *Caliſta* hath ſhewn an uncommon confidence in your majeſty. The woman no doubt depends upon it, that her daughter's charms are not to be reſiſted.

Lycom. Nay, dear child, don't be ſcandalous.

AIR XV. *Joan*'s placket.

Reputations back'd and hew'd,
Can never be mended again;
Yet nothing ſtints the tattling prude,
Who joys in another's pain.
Thus while ſhe rends
Both foes and friends,
By both ſhe's torn in twain.
Reputations back'd and hew'd,
Can never be mended again.

Theaſpe. You are in ſo particular a manner oblig'd to her, that I am not ſurpriſed at your taking her part.

Lycom. But, dear madam, why at preſent is all this violent flutter?

Theaſpe. Aſk your own heart, aſk your own conduct. Thoſe can beſt inform you.—'Twou'd have been more obliging if *Pyrrha* and you had kept me out of this impudent ſecret.—You know, ſir, I have reaſon.

Lycom. If one woman's virtue depended upon another's ſuſpicions, where ſhou'd we find a woman of common modeſty! Indeed, I think you injure her; I believe her virtuous.

Theaſpe. When a man hath ruin'd a woman, he thinks himſelf oblig'd in honour to ſtand up for her reputation.

Lycom. If you will believe only your own unaccountable ſuſpicions, and are determin'd not to hear reaſon, I muſt leave you to your perverſe humours.—What wou'd you have me ſay? What wou'd you have me do?

Theaſpe. Shew your hoſpitality (as you call it) to me, and put that creature out of the palace.

Lycom. I have a greater regard to your's and my own quiet, than ever to comply with the extravagant paſſions of a jealous woman.

Theaſpe. You have taken then your reſolutions, I find; and I am ſentenced to neglect——Did ever a woman marry but with the probability of having at leaſt one man in her power?—What a wretched wife am I!

[*Weeps.*

Lycom. Jealouſy from a wife, even to a man of quality, is now look'd upon as ill-manners, though the affair be never ſo public.—But without a cauſe!——I beg you, madam, to ſay no more upon this ſubject.

Theaſpe. Though you, ſir, may think her fit company for you; methinks the very ſame reaſons might tell you that ſhe is not ſo very reputable a companion for your daughters.

Lycom. Since a paſſionate woman will only believe herſelf, I muſt leave you, madam, to enjoy your obſtinacy. I know but that way of putting an end to the diſpute.

AIR XVI. We've cheated the parſon, *&c.*

Though woman's glib tongue, when her paſſions are fir'd,
Eternally go, a man's ear can be tir'd.

Since

Since woman will have both her word and her way,
I yield to your tongue; but my reaſon obey.
I obey,
Nothing ſay,
Since woman will have both her word and her way. [*Ex.*

Theaſpe. Wou'd I had been more upon the reſerve! But huſbands are horridly provoking; they know the frailty of the ſex, and never fail to take the advantage of our paſſions to make us expoſe ourſelves by contradiction.—*Artemona.*

Enter Artemona.

Art. Madam.

Theaſpe. Is that creature, that (what do you call her) that princeſs gone?

Art. Yes, madam.

Theaſpe. Why did not ſhe take that aukward thing, her daughter, with her?

Art. The advantages ſhe might receive in her education, might be an inducement to leave her.

Theaſpe. Might *that* be an inducement?

Art. Beſides, in her preſent circumſtance, it might be inconvenient to take her daughter with her?

Theaſpe. Can't you find out any other reaſon for leaving her?

Art. Your courteſy, madam; your hoſpitality.

Theaſpe. No *other* reaſon!

Art. No other reaſon?

Theaſpe. Wou'd I cou'd believe there was no other!

Art. 'Tis not for me to pry into your majeſty's ſecrets.

Theaſpe. I hate a girl that is ſo intolerably forward.

Art. I never obſerv'd any thing but thoſe little liberties that girls of her age will take, when they are among themſelves.—Perhaps thoſe particular diſtinctions the princeſſes ſhew her, may have made her too familiar—I am not, madam, an advocate for her behaviour.

Theaſpe. A look ſo very audacious! Now the filthy men, who love every thing that is impudent, call that ſpirit.—But there are, *Artemona*, ſome particular diſtinctions from a certain perſon, who of late hath been

ACT II.

Diphilus, Achilles.

ACHILLES.

I Am very ſenſible, my lord, of the particular honours that are ſhewn me.

Diph. Honours, madam! *Lycomedes* is ſtill more particular. How happy muſt that woman be, whom he reſpects!

Ach. What do you mean, my lord?

Diph. Let this ſpeak both for him and me: the preſent is worthy him to give, and you to receive.

Ach. I have too many obligations already.

Diph. 'Tis in your power, madam, to return 'em all.

Ach. Thus I return 'em. And, if you dare be honeſt, tell him this ring had been a more *honourable* preſent to *Theaſpe.*

AIR XX. Abroad as I was walking.

Diph. [Offering the ring a ſecond time.]

Such homage to her beauty,
What coyneſs can reject?
Accept, as 'tis your duty,
The tribute with reſpect.
With love I offer power;
What ſhame can ever ſtain thee,
Reſtrain thee,
Or pain thee,
When bleſt with ſuch a dower?

'Tis but an earneſt, madam, of future favours.—When *Lycomedes*'s power is your's, I intreat your highneſs not to forget your ſervant.

Ach. I ſhall remember thee with contempt and abhorrence.

Diph. I beg you, madam, to conſider your preſent ſituation.——This uncommon diſtinction requires a ſofter anſwer.

Ach.

Ach. I ſhall give no other, my lord.——I dare ſay, *Diphilus*, you think yourſelf highly honour'd by your preſent negotiation.——Is there no office too mean for ambition?—Was you not a man of quality, was you not a favourite, the world, my lord, wou'd call you a pimp, a pander, a bawd, for this very honourable propoſal of your's.

Diph. What an unmerciful weapon is a woman's tongue!——I beg your highneſs to confine yourſelf within the bounds of common civility, and to conſider who I am.

Ach. I do conſider it, *Diphilus*, and that makes thee a thouſand times the more contemptible.

AIR XXI. Butter'd peaſe.

Shou'd the beaſt of the nobleſt race
Act the brute of the loweſt claſs;
Tell me, which do you think more baſe,
Or the lion or the aſs?
Boaſt not then of thy rank or ſtate;
That but ſhews thee the meaner ſlave.
Take thy due then of ſcorn and hate,
As thou'rt but the greater knave.

Diph. Though the ſex have the privilege of unlimited expreſſion, and that a woman's words are not to be reſented? yet a lady, madam, may be ill-bred. Ladies too are generally paſſionate enough without a provocation, ſo that a reply at preſent would be unneceſſary.

Ach. Are ſuch the friends of power?——How unhappy are princes to have their paſſions ſo very readily put in execution, that they ſeldom know the benefit of reflexion! Go, and for once make your report faithfully and without flattery. [*Exit.*

Diph. This girl is ſo exceſſively ill-bred, and ſuch an arrant termagant, that I cou'd as ſoon fall in love with a tygreſs. She hath a handſome face, 'tis true, but in her temper ſhe is a very fury.——But *Lycomedes* likes her; and 'tis not for me to diſpute either his taſte or pleaſure.——Notwithſtanding ſhe is ſuch a ſpitfire, 'tis my opinion the thing may ſtill do! Things of this nature ſhou'd be always tranſacted in perſon, for there

are women ſo ridiculouſly half-modeſt, that they are aſham'd in words to conſent to what (when a man comes to the point) they will make no difficulties to comply with.

Enter Lycomedes.

Lycom. Well, *Diphilus*, in what manner did ſhe receive my preſent?

Diph. 'Tis my opinion, ſir, that ſhe will accept it only from your hands. From me ſhe abſolutely refuſes it.

AIR XXII. Come open the door ſweet *Betty*.

Lycom. *What, muſt I remain in anguiſh?*
And did not her eyes conſent?
No ſigh, not a bluſh, nor languiſh
That promis'd a kind event!
It muſt be all affectation,
The tongue hath her heart bely'd;
That oft hath withſtood temptation,
When ev'ry thing elſe comply'd.

How did ſhe receive you? Did you watch her eyes? What was her behaviour when you firſt told her I lov'd her?

Diph. She ſeem'd to be deſperately diſappointed, that you had not told her ſo yourſelf.

Lycom. But when you preſs'd it to her——

Diph. She had all the reſentment and fury of the moſt complying prude.

Lycom. But did not ſhe ſoften upon conſideration?

Diph. She ſeem'd to take it mortally ill of me, that my meddling in the affair had delay'd your majeſty's application

Lycom. What, no favourable circumſtance!

Diph. Nay, I was not in the leaſt ſurpris'd at her behaviour. Love at ſecond-hand to a lady of her warm conſtitution! It was a diſappointment, ſir; and ſhe cou'd not but treat it accordingly.—Whatever was my opinion, 'twas my duty, ſir, to obey you; but I found juſt the reception I expected. Apply to her yourſelf, ſir; anſwer her wiſhes, and (if I know any thing of woman)

woman) ſhe will then anſwer your's, and behave herſelf as ſhe ought.

Lycom. But, dear *Diphilus*, I grow more and more impatient.

Diph. That too by this time is her caſe——To ſave the appearances of virtue, the moſt eaſy woman expects a little gentle compulſion, and to be allow'd the decency of a little feeble reſiſtance. For the quiet of her own conſcience, a woman may inſiſt upon acting the part of modeſty, and you muſt comply with her ſcruples.——You will have no more trouble but what will heighten the pleaſure.

Lycom. Pyrrha!—This is beyond my hopes—*Diphilus*, lay your hand upon my breaſt. Feel how my heart flutters.

Diph. Did *Pyrrha* feel theſe aſſurances of love ſhe wou'd not appear ſo thoughtful.

Lycom. Deidamia too not with her!

Diph. She is with the queen, ſir.

Lycom. My other daughters, who ſeem leſs fond of her, are in the garden; ſo all's ſafe.——Leave me, *Diphilus*, and let none, upon pain of my diſpleaſure, preſume to intrude. [*Exit* Diph.

Enter Achilles.

Lycom. Lady *Pyrrha*, my dear child, why ſo thoughtful?

Ach. Thoughts may not be ſo reſpectful; they may be too familiar, too friendly, too true: And who about you preſumes to communicate 'em? Words and forms only are for your ear, ſir.

Lycom. You know, *Pyrrha*, you was never receiv'd upon the foot of ceremony, but friendſhip; ſo that it wou'd be more reſpectful, if you was leſs ſhy and leſs reſerv'd——'Tis your behaviour, *Pyrrha*, that keeps me at a diſtance.

Ach. If I was wanting, ſir, either in duty to you or myſelf, my own heart wou'd be the firſt to reproach me.——Your majeſty's generoſity is too ſolicitous upon my account; and your courteſy and affability may even now detain you from affairs of importance.——If you have

have no commands, ſir, the princeſſes expect me in the garden.

Lycom. Nay, poſitively, my dear *Pyrrha*, you ſhall not go.

Ach. But why, ſir?—For heaven's ſake, what hath ſet you a trembling?——I fear, ſir, you are out of order.——Who waits there?

Lycom. I did not call, *Pyrrha*.

Ach. Let me then, ſir, know your commands.——

AIR XXIII. Altro giorno in compagnia.

Lycom. *If my paſſion want explaining,*
This way turn and read my eyes;
Theſe will tell thee, without feigning,
What in words I muſt diſguiſe.

Ach. Why do you fix your eyes ſo intenſely upon me?——Speak your pleaſure, ſpeak to me then.—Why am I ſeiz'd?—Spare me, ſir, for I have a temper that can't bear provocation.

Lycom. I know there are a thouſand neceſſary affectations of modeſty, which women, in decency to themſelves, practiſe with common lovers before compliance.—But my paſſion, *Pyrrha*, deſerves ſome diſtinction.

Ach. I beg you then, ſir, don't lay violent hands upon me.

Lycom. The preſent you refus'd from *Diphilus*, accept from me.

Ach. Why will you perſiſt?——Nay, dear ſir, I can't anſwer for my paſſions.

Lycom. 'Tis not *Diphilus*, but I give it you.

Ach. That *Diphilus*, ſir, is your enemy.

Lycom. 'Tis I that offer it.

Ach. Your very worſt enemy, your flatterer.

Lycom. You ſhou'd ſtrive, child, to conquer theſe extravagant paſſions.

Ach. How I deſpiſe that fellow! that pimp, that pander!

AIR XXIV. Trip to the landry.

How unhappy are the great,
Thus begirt with ſervile ſlaves!
Such with praiſe your reaſon cheat;
Flatt'rers are the meaneſt knaves.

They

They in friendſhip's guiſe accoſt you;
Falſe in all they ſay or do.
When theſe wretches have ingroſs'd you;
Who's the ſlave, ſir, they or you?

Lycom. Is this reproachful language, *Pyrrha*, befitting my preſence?

Ach. Nay, dear ſir, don't worry me. By *Jove* you'll provoke me.

Lycom. Your affectation. *Pyrrha*, is intolerable. There's enough of it.——Thoſe looks of averſion are inſupportable.——I will have no ſtruggling.

Ach. Then, ſir, I muſt have no violence.

AIR XXV. As I walk'd along *Fleet-ſtreet.*

Lycom. *When the fort on no condition*
Will admit the gen'rous foe,
Parley but delays ſubmiſſion;
We by ſtorm ſhou'd lay it low.

I am in earneſt, lady.——I will have no trifling, no coquetting; you may ſpare thoſe little arts of women, for my paſſion is warm and vehement enough without 'em.——Do you know, *Pyrrha*, that obedience is your duty?

Ach. I know my duty, ſir; and, had it not been for that ſycophant *Diphilus*, perhaps you had known your's.

Lycom. I am not, lady, to be aw'd and frighten'd by ſtern looks and frowns.——Since your obſtinate behaviour then makes violence neceſſary——

Ach. You make ſelf-preſervation, ſir, as neceſſary.

Lycom. I won't be refuſed.

AIR XXVI. The lady's New-year's gift.

Why ſuch affectation?
Ach. *Why this provocation?*
Lycom. *Muſt I bear reſiſtance ſtill!*
Ach. *Check your inclination.*
Lycom. *Dare you then deny me?*
Ach. *You too far may try me.*
Lycom. *Muſt I then againſt your will!*
Ach. *Force ſhall never ply me.*

Lycom.

Lycom. Never was ſuch a termagant!

Ach. By *Jove*, never was ſuch an inſult!

Lycom. Will you?—Dare you?——Never was ſuch ſtrength!— [Achilles *puſhes him from him with great violence, and throws him down.*

Ach. Deſiſt then.

Lycom. Audacious fury, know you what you have done?

AIR XXVII. Puppet-ſhow trumpet tune.

[*Achilles* holding *Lycomedes* down.]

Ach. *What heart hath not courage, by force aſſail'd,*
To brave the moſt deſperate fight?
'Tis juſtice and virtue that hath prevail'd;
Power muſt yield to right.

Lycom. Am I ſo ignominiouſly to be got the better of!

Ach. You are.

Lycom. By a woman!

Ach. You now, ſir, find you had acted a greater part, if (in ſpite of your flatterers) you had got the better of your own paſſions.

Enter Diphilus *and* Courtiers.

1 *Court.* An attempt upon the king's life!——The guards! where are the guards?

2 *Court.* Such an open, bare-faced aſſaſſination!

[*They ſeize* Achilles, *and raiſe* Lycomedes.

3 *Court.* And by a woman too!

1 *Court.* Where are your wounds, ſir.

2 *Court.* Take the dagger from her, that ſhe do no farther miſchief.

3 *Court.* The dagger! Where? What dagger?

1 *Court.* You will find it ſome where or other concealed; examine her, ſearch her.

Ach. Save your zeal, ſirs, for times of real danger. Let *Lycomedes* accuſe me. —— He knows my offence.

Lycom. How have I expoſed myſelf!——*Diphilus*, bid theſe over-officious friends leave me, and, as they value my favour, that they ſay nothing of what they have ſeen.—[Diphilus *talks apart with the* Courtiers, *who go out.*] Though the inſult from any other perſon

ſon had been unpardonable, there are ways that you, madam, might ſtill take to reconcile me.

Ach. Self-defence, ſir, is the privilege of mankind. I know your power, but, as I have offended no law, I rely upon your juſtice.

Lycom. 'Twou'd be ſafer, madam, to rely on your own future behaviour.

Ach. Who was the aggreſſor, ſir?

Lycom. Beauty, inclination, love. If you will merit favour you know the conditions.

AIR XXVIII. Old king *Cole.*

No more be coy;
Give a looſe to joy,
And let love for thy pardon ſue.
A glance cou'd all my rage deſtroy,
And light up my flame anew.
For though a man can ſtand at bay
Againſt a woman's will;
And keep, amid the loudeſt fray,
His reſolution ſtill:
Yet when conſenting ſmiles accoſt,
The man in her arms is loſt.

Ach. If your reſentment wants only the ſhow of juſtice, let this *honourable* man here be my accuſer; it may be neceſſary for him to trump up a horrid conſpiracy to ſkreen his own infamous practices.

Diph. Your majeſty hath had too much confidence in this woman. The lives of kings are ſacred, and the matter (trivial as it ſeems) deſerves further inquiry.—— There muſt be ſome ſecret villainous deſign in this affair.

Ach. And are not you, *Diphilus*, conſcious of that ſecret villainous deſign?

Diph. 'Tis an offence, ſir, that is not to be pardon'd. Your dignity, ſir, calls upon you (notwithſtanding your partiality to her) to make her an example. There muſt be things of conſequence that we are ſtill ignorant of; and ſhe ought to undergo the ſevereſt examination.—— My zeal for your ſervice, ſir, was never as yet at a loſs for witneſſes upon theſe occaſions. [*To* Lycom.

Lycom.

Lycom. Don't you ſee the queen coming this way? Have done with this diſcourſe, dear *Diphilus*, and leave me.——Wou'd I cou'd forget this ridiculous affair! For the preſent, *Pyrrha*, I truſt you to return to the ladies; though (conſidering your paſſionate temper) I have little reaſon to rely on your diſcretion.

[*Exeunt* Achilles *and* Diphilus.

Enter Theaſpe *and* Deidamia.

Theaſpe. I thought I had heard *Pyrrha*'s voice.

Lycom. A jealous woman's thoughts are her own and her huſband's eternal plague; ſo I beg you, my dear, ſay no more of her.

Theaſpe. And have I no reaſon but my own thoughts, my liege?

AIR XXIX. *Dicky*'s walk, in Dr. *Fauſtus.*

What give o'er!
I muſt and will complain.
Lycom. *You plague us both in vain.*
Theaſpe. *You won't then hear a wife!*
Lycom. *I muſt, it ſeems, for life.*
Teaze no more.
Theaſpe. *Nay, ſir, you know 'tis true,*
That 'tis to her I owe my due.
No thanks to you!

It behoves kings, ſir, to have the ſevereſt guard upon their actions; for as their great ones are trumpeted by fame, their little ones are as certainly and as widely convey'd from ear to ear by a whiſper.

Lycom. Theſe chimerical jealouſies, madam, may provoke my patience.

Theaſpe. Chimerical jealouſies!—And do you really, ſir, think your ignominious affair is ſtill a ſecret?—— Am I to be ignorant of a thing that is already whiſper'd every where?

AIR XXX. Puddings and pyes.

Lycom. *The ſlips of a huſband you wives*
Will never forget:
Your tongue for the courſe of our lives
Is never in debt.

'Tis

'Tis now funning,
And then dunning:
Intent on our follies alone,
'Tis so fully employ'd that you never can think of your own.

Theaſpe. My ſuſpicions have, *indeed*, wrong'd *Pyrrha.*——How I reſpect and honour that girl!——*Deidamia*, that honourable, that virtuous creature *Pyrrha*, well deſerves both your friendſhip and mine.—As ſoon as you have found her bring her to me, that I may acknowledge the merits ſhe hath to me.

[*Exit* Deidamia.

After the repulſe and diſgrace you have very juſtly met with, you might with reaſon cenſure me for want of duty and reſpect ſhou'd I upbraid you——'Tis paſt; and if you will never again put me in mind, I chooſe to forget it. ——Yet, wou'd you reward virtue, and had you any regard for my quiet.——

AIR XXXI. My dilding, my dalding.

Ah! ſhou'd you ever find her
Complying and kinder;
Though now you have reſign'd her;
What then muſt enſue!
Your flame, though now 'tis over,
Again will recover;
You'll prove as fond a lover,
As I'm now of you.

Lycom. What wou'd you have me do?

Theaſpe. I wou'd have you diſtruſt yourſelf and remove the temptation.——I have long had it at heart to find a match for my nephew *Periphas*, and I really think we can never meet with a more deſerving woman.

Lycom. Whatever ſcheme you have for her, I ſhall not interfere with you.—I have had enough of her termagant humours; ſhe hath not the common ſoftneſs of the ſex.—'Tis my opinion, that *Periphas* will not find himſelf much obliged to you; for the man that marries her muſt either conquer his own paſſions, or her's, and one of 'em (according to my obſervation) is not to be conquer'd.

Theaſpe.

Theaſpe. Marriage, ſir, hath broke many a woman's ſpirit; and that will be only his affair.——When he takes her with him, your own family at leaſt will be eaſy.

Lycom. Her preſence juſt now wou'd be ſhocking.—I cou'd not ſtand the ſhame and confuſion.—I ſee her, and *Deidamia* with her.—Do with her as you pleaſe; you have my conſent. [*Exit.*

Enter Deidamia *and* Achilles.

Theaſpe. The character *Deidamia* hath given of you and your own behaviour, child, have ſo charm'd me, that I think I never can ſufficiently reward your merits.

Ach. Deidamia's friendſhip may make her partial.—My only merit, madam, is gratitude.

Theaſpe. To convince you of the opinion I have of you—But I muſt firſt aſk you a queſtion—Don't you think, lady *Pyrrha*, that my nephew *Periphas* is very agreeable?

Ach. That impatience of his, to ſerve as a volunteer with the troops of *Lycomedes* at the ſiege of *Troy*, is becoming his birth.——So much fire, and ſo much ſpirit!——I don't wonder your majeſty is fond of him.

Theaſpe. But I am ſure, *Pyrrha*, you muſt think his perſon agreeable.

Ach. No woman alive can diſpute it.

Theaſpe. I don't know, every way, ſo deſerving a young man; and have that influence upon him, and at the ſame time that regard for him, that I would have him happy.——Don't think, child, that I wou'd make him happy at your expence; for knowing him, I know you will be ſo.—Was the princeſs *Caliſta* here, 'tis a match ſhe cou'd not diſapprove of; therefore let that be no obſtacle, for every thing, in regard to her, I take upon myſelf.

Ach. Wou'd you make me the obſtacle to his glory? pardon me, madam, I know myſelf undeſerving.

AIR XXXII. How happy are you and I.

Firſt let him for honour roam,
And martial fame obtain:
Then (if he ſhou'd come home)
Perhaps I may explain.

Since

Since then alone the hero's deeds
Can make my heart give way;
'Till Ilion *falls and* Hector *bleeds,*
I muſt my choice delay.

Theaſpe. Nay, *Pyrrha*, I won't take theſe romantic notions of your's for an anſwer.—*Deidamia* is ſo much your friend, that, I am ſure, ſhe muſt be happy with this alliance; ſo, while I make the propoſal to my nephew, I leave you two to talk over the affair together. [*Exit.*

Ach. Was there ever a man in ſo whimſical a circumſtance!

Deid Was there ever a woman in ſo happy and ſo unhappy a one as mine!

Ach. Why did I ſubmit? why did I plight my faith thus infamouſly to conceal myſelf?—What is become of my honour?

Deid. Ah *Pyrrha*, *Pyrrha*, what is become of mine!

Ach. When ſhall I behave myſelf as a man!

Deid. Wou'd you had never behav'd yourſelf as one!

AIR XXXIII. Fy gar rub her o'er with ſtraw.

Think what anguiſh tears my quiet,
Since I ſuffer'd ſhame for thee;
Man at large may rove and riot,
We are bound, but you are free.
Are thy vows and oaths miſtaken?
See the birds that wing the ſky;
Theſe their mates have ne'er forſaken,
'Till their young at leaſt can fly.

Ach. Peſter'd and worried thus from every quarter, 'tis impoſſible much longer to prevent diſcovery!

Deid. Dear, dear *Pyrrha*, confide in me. Any other diſcovery but to me only wou'd be inevitable perdition to us both.——Am I treated like a common proſtitute? Can your gratitude (wou'd I might ſay love!) refuſe to let me know the man to whom I owe my ruin?

Ach. You muſt rely, my dear princeſs, upon my honour; for I am not, like a fond weak huſband, to be teaz'd into the breaking my reſolution.

AIR

AIR XXXIV. *Beggar's* Opera. Hornpipe.

Know that importunity's in vain.
Deid. *Can then nothing move thee?*
Ach. *Aſk not, ſince denial gives me pain.*
Deid. *Think how much I love thee.*
Ach. *What's a ſecret in a woman's breaſt?*
Deid. *Canſt thou thus upbraid me!*
Ach. *Let me leave thy heart and tongue at reſt.*
Deid. *Love then hath betray'd me.*

Ach. For heaven's ſake, *Deidamia*, if you regard my love, give me quiet.—Intreaties, fondneſs, tears, rage, and the whole matrimonial rhetoric of woman to gain her ends, are all thrown away upon me; for, by the gods, my dear *Deidamia*, I am inexorable.

Deid. But, my dear *Pyrrha* (for you oblige me ſtill to call you by that name,) only imagine what muſt be the conſequence of a month or two.—Think of my unhappy condition.—To ſave my ſhame (if you are a man of honour) you muſt then come to ſome reſolution.

Ach. Till I deſerve theſe ſuſpicions, *Deidamia*, methinks it wou'd be more becoming your profeſſions of love to ſpare 'em.—I have taken my reſolutions; and when the time comes, you ſhall know 'em: till then be eaſy, and preſs me no farther.

AIR XXXV. My time, O ye muſes.

Deid. *How happy my days and how ſweet was my reſt*
Ere love with his paſſions my boſom diſtreſt!
Now I languiſh with ſorrow, I doubt and I fear:
But love hath me all when my Pyrrha *is near.*
Yet why have I griev'd?—Ye vain paſſions adieu!
I know my own heart and I'll think thee as true;
And as you know my heart, 'twou'd be folly to range;
For who'd be inconſtant to loſe by the change?

My life, my honour, then I implicity intruſt with you.

Ach. Who wou'd have the trouble of putting on a character that does not naturally belong to him! the life of a hypocrite muſt be one continual ſcene of anxiety. When ſhall I appear as I am, and extricate myſelf out of this chain of perplexities!—I have no ſooner

ner eſcaped being raviſh'd, but I am immediately to be made a wife.

Deid. But, dear *Pyrrha*, for my ſake, for your own, have a particular regard to your behaviour till your reſolution is ripe for execution.—You now and then take ſuch intolerable ſtrides, that I vow you have ſet me a bluſhing.

Ach. Conſidering my continual reſtraint, and how much the part I act differs from my inclinations, I am ſurpriz'd at my own behaviour.

AIR XXXVI. I am come to your houſe.

Your dreſs, your converſations,
Your airs of joy and pain,
All theſe are affectations
We never can attain.
The ſex ſo often varies,
'Tis nature more than art:
To play their whole vagaries
We muſt have woman's heart.

Deid. Your ſwearing too, upon certain occaſions, ſounds ſo very maſculine—an oath ſtartles me.——— Wou'd I cou'd cure myſelf of theſe violent apprehenſions!

Ach. As for that matter, there are ladies who, in their paſſions, can take all the liberties of ſpeech.

Deid. Then too, you very often look ſo agreeably impudent upon me, that, let me die, if I have not been mortally afraid my ſiſters wou'd find you out.

Ach. Impudent! are women ſo cenſorious, that looks cannot eſcape 'em?—May not one woman look kindly upon another without ſcandal?

Deid. But ſuch looks!—Nay, perhaps I may be particular, and it may be only my own fears; for (notwithſtanding your dreſs) whenever I look upon you, I have always the image of a man before my eyes.

Ach. Do what we will, love at ſome moments will be unguarded.—But what ſhall I do about this *Periphas*?

Deid His heart is ſo ſet upon the ſiege, that I know you can have but very little perſecution upon his account.

Ach. Wou'd I cou'd go with him!

Deid.

Deid. And cou'd you leave me thus?

Ach. Have you only a womaniſh fondneſs? I thought, *Deidamia*, you lov'd me. And you cannot truly love and eſteem, if in every circumſtance of life you have not a juſt regard for my honour.

Deid. Dear *Pyrrha*, don't mention it; the very thought of it kills me. You have ſet my heart in a moſt violent palpitation.—Let us talk no more upon this diſagreeable ſubject.—My ſiſters will grow very impatient.—Shou'd we ſtay longer together, I might again be importunate and aſk to know you; and I had rather bear the eternal plague of unſatisfied curioſity, than give you a moment's diſquiet.—They are now expecting us in the garden, and, conſidering my preſent circumſtances, I wou'd not give 'em occaſion to be impertinent, for of late they have been horridly prying and inquiſitive.—Let us go to 'em.

Ach. I envy that *Periphas*. His honour, his fame, his glory is not ſhackled by a woman.

AIR XXXVII. The Clarinette.

Ach. *Ah, why is my heart ſo tender!*
My honour incites me to arms:
To love ſhall I fame ſurrender?
By laurels I'll merit thy charms.
Deid. *How can I bear the reflection?*
Ach. *I balance; and honour gives way.*
Deid. *Reward my love by affection;*
I aſk thee no more than I pay.

ACT III.

Theaſpe, Periphas, Artemona.

THEASPE.

PERIPHAS, I have a favour to aſk of you, and poſitively I will not be refuſed.

Per. Your majeſty may command me.

Theaſpe. Nay, nephew, 'tis for your own good.

Per. To obey your commands, madam, muſt be ſo.

Theaſpe.

Theaſpe. I am not, *Periphas*, talking to you as a queen, but as a relation, a friend.——I muſt have no difficulties; therefore I inſiſt upon your abſolute promiſe.

Per. I am not in my own power, madam.——*Lycomedes*, you know, hath acceded to the treaty of alliance; that to furniſh his quota, his troops are already embark'd, and that I have engaged myſelf in his ſervice.

Theaſpe. Why will you raiſe obſtacles before you know the conditions? 'Tis a thing I have ſet my heart upon, and I tell you 'tis what in honour you can comply with.

Per. My duty, my obligations, put me entirely in your diſpoſal.

Theaſpe. You promiſe then ſolemnly, faithfully—

Per. I do.

Theaſpe. I have remark'd, *Periphas*, that you are prodigiouſly fond of the princeſs *Caliſta*'s daughter.

Per. I fond of her, madam!

Theaſpe. Nay, *Periphas*, are not you eternally at her ear?

Art. How I have ſeen that formidable hero, general *Ajax*, ſuffer upon your account!——Of all his rivals you are his eternal torment.——He reddens, ſighs, and (as much as is conſiſtent with ſuch a bluſtering ſoldier's valour) languiſhes whenever you are near her.

Theaſpe. You may ſafely own your paſſion, *Periphas*, for I know you think her agreeable.

Art. Beſides her being the faſhionable beauty of the court (which is ſufficient vanity to make all the young fellows follow her) you, of all mankind, in gratitude ought to like her.——I know all of 'em envy the particular diſtinctions ſhe ſhews you.

Theaſpe. I am convinced of her merits; and your marrying her I know wou'd make you both happy.

Per. Let me periſh, madam, if I ever once thought of it!

Theaſpe. Your happineſs you ſee hath been in my thoughts.——I take the ſettling this affair upon myſelf.

Per.

Per. How cou'd you, madam, imagine I had any views of this kind!——What, be a woman's follower with intention to marry her! Why, the very women themſelves wou'd laugh at a man who had ſo vulgar a notion of gallantry, and knew ſo little of their inclinations.———The man never means it, and the woman never expects it; and for the moſt part they have every other view but marriage.

Theaſpe. But I am ſerious, nephew, and inſiſt upon your promiſe.

AIR XXXVIII. No ſooner had *Jonathan* leap'd from the boat.

What are the jeſts that on marriage you quote?
All ignorant bachelors cenſure by rote;
Like critics you view it with envy or ſpleen:
You pry out its faults, but the good is o'erſeen.

Per. 'Tis not in my power, madam; 'tis not in my inclinations.——— A ſoldier can have but one inducement to marry (and the woman may have the ſame reaſon too), which is, the opportunities of abſence.

Theaſpe. You know, nephew, you have promis'd.

Per. But ſuppoſe I am already engaged.

Theaſpe. That will be another merit to her.

Per. 'Tis impoſſible, madam.———In a day or two you know I am to ſet out for the campaign.

Theaſpe. A lady of her romantic ſpirit can have no objections to following the camp.

AIR XXXIX. Love's a dream of mighty pleaſure.

Soldier, think before you marry,
If your wife the camp attends,
You but a convenience carry
For (perhaps) a hundred friends.
If at home ſhe's left in ſorrow,
Abſence is convenient too;
Neighbours now and then may borrow
What is of no uſe to you.

I indeed fear'd *Pyrrha* might have ſtarted ſome difficulties; but if you rightly conſider the propoſal you can have none.

Per.

Per. What is the cauſe of the war we are now engaged in? Does not the fate of *Menelaus* ſtare me in the face?

Theaſpe. I will have no more of your trifling objections, *Periphas*; and as to your part, from this time I will look upon the affair as happily concluded.——— All that now remains to be done is with *Pyrrha*. I have left her to *Deidamia*'s management; and without doubt her good offices muſt prevail, for you can never have a better advocate.——But ſhou'd the girl be perverſe and obſtinate!——'Tis impoſſible. For however her heart is already engaged, no woman alive can reſiſt the ambition of ſuch an alliance.

[*Exeunt* Theaſpe, *and* Artemona.

Per. Had I ſo little taſte of liberty as to be inclin'd to marry, that girl is of ſo termagant a ſpirit!—The braveſt man muſt have the dread of an eternal domeſtic war.——In a tongue-combat woman is invincible, and the huſband muſt come off with ſhame and infamy; for though he lives in perpetual noiſe and tumult, the poor man is only ridiculous to his neighbours.——— How can we ever get rid of her?———*Hercules* conquer'd the ſeven-headed *Hydra*, but his wife was a venom'd ſhirt that ſtuck to him to the laſt.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. This rencounter, *Periphas*, is as I wiſh'd.—The liberties you have taken———you know what I mean——when my honour is concern'd——an indignity, and all that!———'Tis not to be put up; and I muſt inſiſt upon an explanation.———There is a particular affair, my lord.———

Per. Your accoſting me in this particular manner, lord *Ajax*, requires explanation.———For let me die, if I comprehend you!

Ajax. Death, my lord, I explain! I am not come here to be aſk'd queſtions.———'Tis ſufficient that I know the affront, and that you know I will have ſatisfaction.———So, now you are anſwer'd———

Per. I can't ſay much to *my* ſatisfaction, my lord; for I can't ſo much as gueſs at your meaning.

Ajax. A man of honour, *Periphas*, is not to be trifled withal.

Per. But a man of honour, *Ajax*, is not obliged in courage to be unintelligible.

Ajax. I hate talking.———The tongue is a woman's weapon. Whenever I am affronted; by the gods, this ſword is my only anſwer.

Per. 'Tis not, *Ajax*, that I decline the diſpute, or wou'd upon any account deny you the pleaſure of fighting; yet, (if it is not too much condeſcenſion in a man of honour) before I fight I wou'd willingly know the provocation.

AIR XL. *Maggy Lawther.*

Ajax. *What is all this idle chat?*
Words are out of ſeaſon.
Whether 'tis or this or that,
The ſword ſhall do me reaſon.
Honour call'd me to the taſk;
No matter for explaining:
'Tis a freſh affront to aſk
A man of honour's meaning.

Be it as it will, *Periphas*; we have gone too far already to retract.———You know, I ſuppoſe, of my pretenſions to a certain lady.———Now are you ſatisfy'd.

Per. If you had her, my lord, it had been much more to my ſatisfaction. I admire your courage.

AIR XLI. Lord *Frog* and lady *Mouſe.*

Oh, then it ſeems you want a wife!
Shou'd I conſent,
You may repent,
And all her daily jars and ſtrife
You may on me reſent.
Thus ev'ry day and ev'ry night,
If things at home ſhou'd not go right,
We three muſt live in conſtant fight.
Take her at all event.

Ajax. Hell, and furies! I am not to be rally'd out of my reſentment.

Per.

Per. Now, in my opinion, 'tis flinging away your courage to fight without a cauſe; though indeed the men of uncommon proweſs, by their loving to make the moſt of every quarrel, ſeem to think the contrary.

Ajax. You are not ſo ſure of the lady, *Periphas*, as you flatter yourſelf; for whenever I am a rival, by *Jove*, 'tis not her conſent, but my ſword, that muſt decide the queſtion.

Per. Sure never a rival (as you will call me) had a better reaſon for fighting than I have at preſent; for if I am kill'd, I ſhall be out of danger of having the woman.

Ajax. You might ſpare your jokes, *Periphas*, for my courage wants no provocation.—If I fall, *Pyrrha* may be your's: You will then deſerve her.——'Till then—

Per. So he that conquers, as a reward, I find is to be married.—Now dear *Ajax*, is that worth fighting for?——

Ajax. Your paſſion for that lady, *Periphas*, is too public to bear diſpute.—Have not I ſeen you whiſper her, laugh with her? And by ſome particular looks at the ſame time, 'twas too evident that I was the ſubject of your mirth.

Per. Looks, *Ajax!*

Ajax. Yes, looks, my lord; and I never did or will take an impertinent one from any man.

Per. Impertinent one!

Ajax. Furies! This calm mockery is not to be borne.—I won't have my words repeated.

Per. Such language, *Ajax*, may provoke me.

AIR XLII. *Richmond* ball.

Per. *What means all this ranting?*
Ajax. *Ceaſe your joking;*
'Tis provoking;
Per. *I to my honour will ne'er be wanting.*
Ajax. *Will you do me right?*
Per. *What means all this ranting?*
Ajax. *Ceaſe your joking;*
'Tis provoking,
Per. *I to my honour will ne'er be wanting.*

Ajax. *Talk not then, but fight.*
Give then by action
Satisfaction.
Per. *I'm not in awe, sir.*
Ajax. *Death! will you draw, sir?*
Tittle-tattle
Is a battle.
You may safer try.
Per. *Yet, first, I'd fain know why.*

Ajax. By *Jupiter*, *Periphas*, 'till now I never thought you a coward,

Per. Nay then—since my own honour calls upon me.——Take notice, *Ajax*, that I *don't* fight for the woman. [*They fight.*

Enter Theaspe, Artemona, *and* Guards.

1 *Guard.* Part 'em.—Beat down their swords.
[*They are parted.*

2 *Guard.* How dar'd you presume to fight in the royal gardens?

1 *Guard.* Nay, in the very presence!—For see, the queen.

Ajax. 'Tis very hard, sirs, that a man shou'd be deny'd the satisfaction of a gentleman.

Theaspe. Lord *Ajax*, for this unparallel'd presumption, we forbid you the palace.

Ajax. I shall take some other opportunity, my lord.
[*Exit.*

Theaspe. And as for you, *Periphas*——

Per. Your majesty's rigor can do no less than forbid me the woman.

Theaspe. The woman, *Periphas*, is the only thing that can reconcile me to your behaviour.

Per. That blundering hero *Ajax* will have it that I am his rival. The man will be almost as miserable without her, as 'tis probable he might be with her.—Oblige us both then, madam, and let the general be miserable in his own way.

Theaspe. I cou'd not have imagin'd that obstinate girl cou'd have had any scruples to the match; but *Deidamia* tells me she finds her as difficult as you.

Per.

Per. Since you know, madam, that *Pyrrha* will have her own way; for both our sakes, and to save yourself unnecessary trouble, your majesty had better give up this impossibility.

Enter Diphilus *and* Guards.

Diph. To prevent future mischief, my lord, his majesty puts you under arrest, and commands you to attend him.—General *Ajax* is already in custody.—'Tis his pleasure too, that (after you have paid your duty to him) you embark with the troops immediately; and you are not to come ashore again upon pain of his majesty's displeasure.

AIR XLIII.

In war we've nought but death to fear,
How gracious is the sentence!
For that is easier far to bear,
Than marriage with repentance.
Beset with foes, by numbers brav'd,
I'd bless the happy crisis;
The man from greater danger sav'd,
The lesser ones despises.

Per. Your majesty then, you find, must dispense with my promise 'till after the expedition.——If the general shou'd be so happy, to bring *Pyrrha* with him to the camp, perhaps we may like one another better.

Diph. The king, madam, wants to talk to your majesty upon affairs of consequence.—You will find him in the royal apartment.

Theaspe. My daughter, with *Pyrrha*, have just turn'd the walk, and are coming this way.—You may stay with 'em, *Artemona*, 'till I send for you.

[*Exeunt* Theaspe, Periphas, *&c.*

Enter Philoe *and* Lesbia.

Phil. 'Tis horridly mortifying that these trades-people will never get any thing new against a birth-day. They are all so abominably stupid, that a woman of fancy cannot possibly have the opportunity of shewing her genius.

Leſbia. The fatigue one hath of talking to thoſe creatures for at leaſt a month before a birth-day, is inſupportable; for you know, ſiſter, when the time draws ſo very near, a woman can think of nothing elſe.

Phil. After all, ſiſter, though their things are deteſtable, one muſt make choice of ſomething or other. I have ſent to the fellows to be with me this morning.

Leſbia. You are ſo eternally ſending for 'em, one wou'd imagine you was delighted with their converſation. For thoſe hideous ſtuffs they will ſhew us from year to year are frightful, are ſhocking. How can a woman have ſo ill a taſte as to expoſe herſelf in a laſt year's pattern!

Phil. Dear madam, I beg your pardon. Let me die, if I ſaw you!

Leſbia. Our meeting her was lucky beyond expreſſion, for I never felt ſo uneaſy a thing as a ſecret.

Phil. You know, ſiſter, we had agreed to truſt her with our ſuſpicions.

Leſbia. Yet after all, when a ſiſter's reputation is concern'd.

Phil. But is not the honour of a family of greater conſequence?

Leſbia. Tho' ſhe is a woman and a favourite, I dare ſay, if *Artemona* promiſes, whatever ſhe ſuffers ſhe will inviolably keep it to herſelf.

Art. If I had not this quality, I had little deſerved *Theaſpe*'s friendſhip.—By all that's ſacred, ladies, you may ſafely truſt me.

Phil. 'Tis impoſſible, ſiſter, but ſhe herſelf muſt have obſerved it.

Leſbia. Whatever people have obſerved, 'tis a thing you know, that no creature alive can preſume to talk upon.

Phil. Deal fairly and openly with us, *Artemona.*—Have you remark'd nothing particular of *Deidamia* yonder of late?

Art. Of *Deidamia!*

Leſbia. Only look upon her, madam.

Phil. Well—what do you think of her?

Leſbia. Are you blind, *Artemona*, or dare not you believe your eyes.

Art.

Art. Her particular intimacy with *Pyrrha* do you mean?

Phil. Dear madam!—Then I find we muſt ſpeak firſt.

Leſbia. Now, dear *Artemona*, can any woman alive imagine that ſhape of her's within the compaſs of common modeſty?

Art. But how can one poſſibly have thoſe ſuſpicions?

Phil. She is a woman, madam; ſhe hath inclinations, and may have had her opportunities that we know nothing of.

AIR XLIV. Minuet of *Corelli* in the ninth *Concerto*.

We may reſolve to reſiſt temptation;
And that's all we can do:
For in the hour of inclination
What cou'd—I or you?

Leſbia. Though the thing is improbable, 'tis ſo monſtrouſly evident that it cannot bear a diſpute.

Phil. Then her boſom too is ſo prepoſterouſly impudent!—One wou'd think a woman in her condition was not conſcious of her own ſhame.

Leſbia. Or imagin'd other people cou'd overlook it as well as herſelf.

Phil. Then ſhe is ſo ſqueamiſh and ſo frequently out of order.—

Leſbia. That ſhe hath all the outward marks of female frailty, muſt be viſible to all womankind.

Phil. But how ſhe came by 'em, there, *Artemona*, is ſtill the ſecret.

Leſbia. I muſt own that, by her particular intimacies with that forward creature *Pyrrha*, I ſuſpect her to be her confident in this accident.

Art. I beg you, ladies, to turn this diſcourſe; for *Deidamia* and *Pyrrha* are juſt coming upon us to join the converſation.

Enter Deidamia *and* Achilles.

Leſbia. Now I dare ſwear that careleſs creature *Pyrrha* hath not once thought of her clothes.

Art. Nay, dear lady *Pyrrha*, the thing is not ſuch a trifle, for 'tis the only mark of reſpect that moſt peo-

ple are capable of ſhewing. And though that is not your caſe, I know your gratitude can never omit this public occaſion.

AIR XLV. *Tom* and *Will* were ſhepherds twain.

Think of dreſs in ev'ry light;
'Tis woman's chiefeſt duty;
Neglecting that, ourſelves we ſlight
And undervalue beauty.
That allures the lover's eye,
And graces ev'ry action;
Beſides, when not a creature's by,
'Tis inward ſatisfaction.

Ach. As I am yet a ſtranger, ladies, to the faſhions of the country, 'tis your fancy that muſt determine me.

Phil. How can a woman of common ſenſe be ſo unſolicitous about her dreſs!

Leſbia. And truſt a woman to chooſe for her! 'Tis a temptation to be ſpiteful that very few of us can reſiſt; for we have not many pleaſures that can equal that of ſeeing another woman ridiculous.

Phil. But you have not, *Pyrrha*, miſplaced your confidence.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your embroiderer, madam.

Phil. That woman is everlaſtingly peſtering me for employment. Now can ſhe imagine, that to promote her tawdry trade I can be talk'd into making myſelf ridiculous by appearing eternally in her odious embroidery?—I can't ſee her now.—But perhaps I may want her for ſome trivial thing or other.—Let her call again to-morrow.

Serv. The anti-chamber, madam, is crowded with trades-people.

Phil. Did not I tell you that I wou'd not be troubled with thoſe impertinent creatures?—But hold——I had forgot I ſent for 'em.——Let 'em wait.

Leſbia. But if thoſe foreign merchants who lately came into port are among 'em———

Phil. There, ſiſter, is all my hope. I ſhall be horridly diſappointed if they don't ſhew us ſomething charming. Leſbia.

Leſbia. Shou'd any woman alive get ſight of their things before us———

Phil. I cou'd not bear it.—To appear in what another woman had refuſed, wou'd make the creature ſo intolerably vain!

Leſbia. Are thoſe merchants, I aſk you, among 'em?

Serv. They have been waiting, madam, above this half hour.

Leſbia. And did not you know our impatience?—— How cou'd you be ſo ſtupid!—Let us ſee them this inſtant. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter Ulyſſes *and* Diomedes, *diſguis'd as merchants.*

Art. Unleſs you have any thing that is abſolutely new and very uncommon, you will give us and yourſelves, gentlemen, but unneceſſary trouble.

Ulyſ. Our experience, madam, muſt have profited very little by the honour of dealing with ladies, if we cou'd imagine they cou'd poſſibly be pleas'd twice with the ſame thing.

Diom. You might as well offer 'em the ſame lover.

Ulyſ. We have learnt the good manners, madam, to diſtinguiſh our cuſtomers——To produce any thing that had ever been ſeen before, wou'd be a downright inſult upon the genius of a lady of quality.

Diom. Novelty is the very ſpirit of dreſs.

Leſbia. Let me die, if the fellows don't talk charmingly!

Phil. Senſibly, ſiſter.

Leſbia. 'Tis evident they muſt have had dealings with ladies of condition.

Diom. We only wait your commands.

Ulyſ. We have things of all kinds, ladies.

Phil. Of all kinds!—Now that is juſt what I wanted to ſee.

Leſbia. Are not theſe, ſiſter, moſt delightful creatures?

Ulyſ. We know a lady can never fix unleſs we firſt cloy her curioſity.

Diom. And if variety can pleaſe, we have every thing that fancy can wiſh.

AIR XLVI. The bob-tail laſs.

In dreſs and love by like deſires
Is woman's heart perplext;
The man and the gown ſhe one day admires,
She wiſhes to change the next.
The more you are fickle, we're more employ'd,
And love hath more cuſtomers too;
For men are as fickle, and ſoon are cloy'd,
Unleſs they have ſomething new.

Leſbia. But, dear man, conſider our impatience.

Ulyſ. Wou'd you command the things, ladies, to be brought here, or wou'd you ſee 'em in your own apartment?

Phil. How intolerably theſe fellows love talking!

Leſbia. How canſt thou, man, aſk ſuch a queſtion!

Phil. Here——immediately.

Ulyſ. Nay, 'tis not, madam, that our goods can be put out of countenance by the moſt glaring light——as for that matter——

Leſbia. Nay, pry'thee, fellow, have done.

[Diomedes *goes out, and returns with* Agyrtes.

Ulyſ. I wou'd not offer you theſe pearls, ladies, if the world cou'd produce ſuch another pair.

Phil. A pair, fellow—Doſt thou think that jewels pair like men and women, becauſe they were never made to agree?

Diom. Now, ladies, here is all that art can ſhew you.—Open the packet.

Leſbia. This very individual pattern, in a blue pink, had been infinitely charming.

Phil Don't you think it pretty, *Deidamia?*

Leſbia. For heaven's ſake, lady *Pyrrha.*—Nay, dear child, how can any creature have ſo little curioſity!

Ulyſ. Look upon it again, madam.—Never was ſo delightful a mixture!

Diom. So ſoft! ſo mellow!

Ulyſ. So advantageous for the complexion!

Leſbia. I can't bear it, man; the colour is frightful.

Phil. I hate our own tame home-bred fancy.—I own I like the deſign—but take it away, man.

Art. There muſt be ſomething pretty in every thing that is foreign. [Ulyſſes ſhews another piece.

Deid.

Deid I am ſure, madam, this muſt convince you to the contrary.—Never was any thing ſo deteſtable!

Leſbia. For heaven's ſake, ſir, open that other packet; and take away this hideous trumpery.

Ulyſ. How cou'dſt thou make this miſtake?——Never was ſuch an eternal blunderer. [*Opens the armour.*

Phil. How ridiculous is this accident!

Diom. Pardon the miſtake, ladies.

Leſbia. A ſuit of armour!——You ſee, *Philoe*, they can at leaſt equip us for the camp.

Phil. Nay, *Leſbia*, for that matter it might ſerve many a ſtiff aukward creature that we ſee every day in the drawing-room; for their dreſs is every way as abſurd and prepoſterous. [*Another packet open'd.*

Ulyſ. If your expectations, ladies, are not now anſwer'd, let fancy own herſelf at a ſtand. 'Tis inimitable! 'Tis irreſiſtible!

[*As the ladies are employ'd in examining the ſtuffs,* Achilles *is handling and poizing the armour,* Ulyſſes *obſerving him.*

Ach. The workmanſhip is curious; and ſo juſtly mounted! This very ſword ſeems fitted to my hand—The ſhield too is ſo little cumberſome; ſo very eaſy!——Was *Hector* here, the fate of *Troy* ſhou'd this inſtant be decided.—How my heart burns to meet him!

Ulyſ. [*Aſide to* Diom.] That intrepid air! That godlike look! It muſt be he! His nature, his diſpoſition ſhews him through the diſguiſe. [*To* Achilles.] Son of *Thetis*, I know thee, *Greece* demands thee, and now, *Achilles*, the houſe of *Priam* ſhakes.

Ach. But what are you, friend, who thus preſume to know me?

Ulyſ. You cannot be a ſtranger, ſir, to the name of *Ulyſſes*.

Ach. As I have long honour'd, I ſhall now endeavour, ſir, to emulate your fame.

Ulyſ. Know, ſir, *Diomedes*; he too is ambitious to attend you, and partake your glory.

Diom. Come, *Agyrtes*; with him we carry conqueſt to the confederates.

[Agyrtes *takes a trumpet, which lay amongſt the armour, and ſounds.*

AIR

AIR XLVII. My dame hath a lame tame crane.

Ulyſ. *Thy fate then,* O Troy, *is decreed.*
Diom. *How I pant!*
Ach. *How I burn for the fight.*
Diom. *Hark, glory calls.*
Ach. *Now great* Hector *ſhall bleed.*
Agyr. *Fame ſhall our deeds requite.*

[As *Achilles* is going off, he turns and looks on *Deidamia.*

AIR XLVIII. *Geminiani's* Minuet.

Ach. *Beauty weeps.—Ah, why that languiſh?*
See ſhe calls and bids me ſtay.
How can I leave her? my heart feels her anguiſh.
Hence, fame and glory. Love wins the day.

[He drops the ſword and ſhield.

Trumpet ſounds, and he takes 'em up again.

AIR My dame hath a lame, *&c. as before, ſung in four parts as a catch.*

Ulyſ. *Thy fate then,* O Troy *is decreed.*
Ach. *How I pant! How I burn for the fight!*
Diom. *Hark, glory calls Now great* Hector *ſhall bleed.*
Agyr. *Fame ſhall our deeds requite.*

[As they are going; *Achilles* ſtops, with his eyes fix'd on *Deidamia.*

Art. For heaven's ſake, ladies, ſupport *Deidamia.*

Phil. Never was any thing ſo aſtoniſhing!

Leſbia. Run then, *Artemona,* and acquaint the king and queen with what hath happen'd. [*Exit* Artemona.

Phil. Ah ſiſter, ſiſter, the myſtery then of that particular intimacy between you and *Pyrrha* is at laſt unravell'd.

Leſbia. Now if it had not been a man of this prodigious conſequence, it had been the ſame thing—— Sure never unguarded woman was ſo unaccountably lucky!

Deid. Can you leave me, *Achilles?*—Can you?

Ulyſ. Conſider your own glory, ſir.

AIR

AIR XLIX. Gavotte of *Corelli.*

Ach. *Why this pain?*
Love adieu,
Break thy chain,
Fame purſue.
Ah, falſe heart,
Can'ſt thou part?
Oaths and vows have bound me.
Fame cries, Go;
Love ſays, No.
Why d'ye thus confound me?

Deid. Think of my condition.—Save my honour.

Ulyſ. Think of the honour of *Greece.*

Deid. Think of your ſolemn oaths and promiſes.

Ulyſ. Nations depend upon you.——Victory, ſir, calls you hence.

Deid. Can you, *Achilles*, be perfidious?

Ulyſ. Can you loſe your glory in the arms of a woman?

Deid. Can you ſacrifice the fame of your faithful *Deidamia?*

AIR. L. The ſcheme.

Ach. *O, what a conflict's in my breaſt!*
Ulyſ. *What, ſtill in ſuſpenſe? bid fame adieu.*
Deid. *See me with ſhame oppreſt:*
I curſe, yet I love thee too.
Ulyſ. *Let not her ſighs unman your heart.*
Deid. *Can you then go, and faith reſign?*
Ach. *Shou'd I!——How can I part?*
Deid. *Your honour is link'd with mine.*

Enter Artemona, Lycomedes, Theaſpe, Diphilus, Periphas, *and* Ajax.

Lycom. Hence, *Diphilus*; and preſume no more to come into my preſence. 'Twas your paltry flattery that made me ridiculous.——Such a genius can never be at a loſs for employment, for I have found you qualified for the very meaneſt offices. [*Exit* Diphilus.

Theaſpe. My daughter, ſir, I hope, hath put confidence in a man of honour.

Ach.

Ach. My word, madam, is as ſacred as the moſt religious ceremony.——Yet (though we are already ſolemnly betroth'd to each other) 'tis my requeſt, madam, that before I leave the court the prieſt may confirm the marriage, [Theaſpe *whiſpers* Artemona, *who goes out.*

Theaſpe. This might have proved a ſcurvy affair, *Deidamia*; for a woman can never depend upon a man's honour after ſhe hath loſt her own to him.

[Achilles *talks apart to* Ulyſſes, Periphas, *&c.*

Lycom. You muſt own, madam, that 'twas your own jealouſies that were the occaſion of *Deidamia*'s diſgrace.

Theaſpe. How can you have the aſſurance to name it? Does it not put you in mind of your own?——Let her marriage to *Achilles* make us forget every thing paſt.

Ach. As you was ſo furiouſly in love, lord *Ajax*, I hope I ſhall ſtill retain your friendſhip.

Ajax. No joking I beg you, young man.——But pr'ythee, how came you here? and in a woman's dreſs too!——Your ſetting out, ſtripling, did not ſeem to promiſe much.

Ach. The adventure wou'd be too long to tell you.——I ſhall reſerve the ſtory for the camp.

[Artemona *returns, with the prieſt.*

Art. The prieſt, ſir, is ready.

Lycom. The ceremony waits you.

Ach. It ſhall be my ſtudy, *Lycomedes*, to deſerve this alliance.

Lycom. May you be happy!

Theaſpe. Let the prieſt then join your hands.

[Achilles, Deidamia, Lycomedes, Theaſpe, Leſbia, Philoe, Artemona, *retire to the back part of the ſtage. The prieſt performs the ceremony.*

Per. Our duel, *Ajax*, had made a much better figure if there had been a woman in the caſe.——But you know, like men of violent honour, we were ſo very valiant that we did not know what we were fighting for.

Ajax. If you are too free with your wit, *Periphas*, perhaps we may know what we quarrel about.

Ulyſ. What, teſty *Ajax!* Petticoats have led many a man into an error. How lucky was the diſcovery! for had you found a real complying woman, you had

irretrievably

irretrievably been married.——The preſence of *Achilles* ſhall now animate the war.

AIR LI. The man that is drunk, &c.

Per. *Was ever a lover ſo happily freed!*
Ajax. *Try me no more; and mention it never.*
Ulyſ. *Suppoſe you had found her a woman indeed.*
Ajax. *Muſt I be teaz'd and worried for ever!*
Diom. *By conqueſt in battle we finiſh the ſtrife;*
Per. *But marriage had kept you in quarrels for life.*
Ajax. *Muſt you be fleering?*
Truce with your jeering.
Know that you wits oft' paid for your ſneering.

Per. If you had been deceived by a woman——'tis what we are all liable to.

Diom. But *Ajax* is a man of warm imagination.

Ajax. After this day let me hear no more of this ridiculous affair.

Per. Nay, for that matter, any man might have been deceived; for love, you know, is blind

Ajax. With my ſword I can anſwer any man.——I tell you, I hate joking. [*Lycomedes, &c. come forward.*

Lycom. I have the common cauſe ſo much at heart, that I wou'd not, ſon, detain you from the ſiege.

AIR LII. There liv'd long ago in a country place.

Deid. *How ſhort was my calm! in a moment 'tis paſt;*
Freſh ſorrows ariſe, and my day is o'ercaſt.
But ſince 'tis decreed——Let me ſtifle this tear.
Be bold, yet be cautious; my life is thy care;
On thine it depends; 'tis for thee that I fear.

Lycom. As both her country and your glory are concern'd, *Deidamia* muſt learn to bear your abſence.——In the mean time, *Achilles*, ſhe ſhall be our care.——As the marriage is confirm'd; let the dancers, who were preparing for th' approaching feſtival, celebrate the wedding.

Ajax. But hearkee, young fellow,——This is the old ſoldier's play; for we ſeldom leave quarters but the landlord's daughter is the better for us.——Hah! [*To* Achilles.

DANCE.

DANCE.

Ulyſ. We may for a while put on a feign'd character, but nature is ſo often unguarded that it will ſhew itſelf.
——'Tis to the armour we owe *Achilles.*

AIR LIII. Minuet of *Corelli.*

Single. *Nature breaks forth at the moment unguarded.*
Chorus. *Through all diſguiſe ſhe herſelf muſt betray.*
Single. *Heav'n with ſucceſs hath our labours rewarded.*
Chorus. *Let's with* Achilles *our genius obey.*

AIR LIV. Saraband of *Corelli.*

Ulyſ. *Thus when the cat had once all woman's graces;*
Courtſhip, marriage, won her embraces:
Forth leapt a mouſe; ſhe, forgetting enjoyment,
Quits her fond ſpouſe for her former employment.

CHORUS.

Minuet of *Corelli.*

Nature breaks forth at the moment unguarded;
Through all diſguiſe ſhe herſelf muſt betray.
Heav'n with ſucceſs hath our labours rewarded;
Let's with Achilles *our genius obey.*

THE

THE

DISTRESS'D WIFE:

A

COMEDY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS COMEDY, and the Rehearſal at Goatham were finiſhed by Mr. GAY, and intended for the ſtage before his death; when they were left, with his other papers, to the care of his noble friend and patron the DUKE of QUEENSBURY: His grace accordingly permitted them to the preſs, and they are here printed from the original in the author's own hand-writing.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Sir Thomas Willit.
Barter, *a merchant, uncle to ſir* Thomas.
Lord Courtlove.
Pert,
Forward,
Flutter, } *viſiters at lady* Willit's.
Trenchwell, *a farmer, tenant to ſir* Thomas.
Humphrey, *butler to ſir* Thomas.
Fibbet, *porter to ſir* Thomas.

W O M E N.

Lady Willit.
Lady Frankair, *ſiſter to lord* Courtlove.
Lady Rampant.
Mrs. Buxom.
Mrs. Clackit.
Miſs Sprightly, *niece to lady* Willit.
Miſs Friendleſs, *couſin to lady* Willit.
Fetch, *lady* Willit's *woman.*

THE DISTRESS'D WIFE.

ACT I.

Sir Thomas Willit, *Mr.* Barter.

BARTER.

WHY did you bring her to town at all? Why did not you pack her off into the country three months ago?

Sir *Tho.* But to fall upon the ſex in ſo *ſevere* a manner looks like pique. You old bachelors ſhould not judge of *all* women by thoſe you have convers'd with.

Bart. Had I been ever married, nephew, you might have ſuſpected me of pique and prejudice. Conſider too, that a looker-on very often ſees the overſights of thoſe that are engaged in the game; and of all mankind, according to my obſervations, a huſband ſees the leaſt of what his wife is doing.

Sir *Tho.* But there may be exceptions, ſir.

Bart. I tell you, nephew, 'tis every huſband's caſe. A wife hath a thouſand ways of blinding you. — (Not to mention lying) What think you of flattery, fondneſs, and tears? Thoſe are hood-winks that wives have ready upon every occaſion.

Sir *Tho.* Perhaps I have not the ſtrongeſt reaſons to be an advocate for matrimony; yet, for our own ſakes, we ſhould conceal our wives infirmities; for, if family

diſputes

ment?—What were you to give for it?—I know the common way of dealing hath been, for ſo much honour, or ſo much conſcience; but there have been thoſe too, who have dealt for wives, daughters, and nieces.—In ſhort, no place is to be had without a valuable conſideration ſome way or another.

Sir *Tho.* I know there have been propoſals from lord *Courtlove*; but what is that to me?

Bart. The world (in things of this nature) will ſuppoſe a man and his wife agreed, though they know ten thouſand inſtances to the contrary.—'Tis impoſſible for us to diſtinguiſh to whom the folly or indiſcretion properly belongs, with that exactneſs you can do between yourſelves; ſo that your wife's conduct, in this particular, muſt reflect upon you.

Sir *Tho.* That old beau is an arrant aſſembly-haunter.

Bart. But this is a ſerious affair.

Sir *Tho.* Not a young girl of any conſequence can appear, but he is her profeſs'd follower; and they all coquet it with him only to turn him into ridicule.

Bart. That is not the caſe here. Indeed, nephew, your wife's behaviour is downright ſcandalous.

Enter lady Willit.

La. *Willit* How can you be ſo provoking, ſir *Thomas?* Was there no place in the houſe to bring your company into but my dreſſing-room?—Mr. *Barter*, your ſervant.—After all, this is intolerable, that one can never have a room to one's ſelf.

Sir *Tho.* My uncle, madam, was deſirous of paying his reſpects to you.

La. *Willit.* And why had not you brought him to my bed-ſide?

Bart. If your ladyſhip is out of humour. [*Going.*

La. *Willit.* Pardon me, Mr. *Barter*; I was not ſpeaking to you. But you muſt allow that (notwithſtanding the privileges of a huſband) a wife ought to be treated with common good manners.—That's all.

Sir *Tho.* Your objections then, madam, are to me, it ſeems.

La. *Willit.*

La. *Willit.* Bleſs me, how can any creature alive be ſo captious? I vow, Mr. *Barter*, I look upon your viſit as very obliging.——But when one is juſt out of bed!—You might have been ſo civil, methinks, to have ſent up to know if one ſaw company or not.

Sir *Tho.* Nay, prithee, child, don't make yourſelf ridiculous. How can you put yourſelf out of humour for ſuch trifles?—I have ſent for my uncle to adviſe with him about ſettling my affairs upon our leaving the town.——

La. *Willit.* How ſhould he be judge of our affairs?

Sir *Tho.* I am judge of 'em, madam.——I wiſh you were ſo too.

La. *Willit.* I wiſh ſome people would not be ſo over-fond of their own opinions.——'Tis aſtoniſhing a man can have ſo perverſe a conduct, as to make it impoſſible for one to ſerve him.

Sir *Tho.* What do you mean, madam?

La. *Willit.* To ſpeak plainer then, you are *not* a judge of your own affairs—Sure you will allow *me* to know what I am doing.

Sir *Tho.* Then I muſt ſpeak plainer too, madam, and acquaint you, that my circumſtances oblige me to put an end to your negotiations, and that my reſolutions are taken to retrieve, to look after, and ſupport the eſtate I was born to.—The wildgooſe chaſe is over.—Let the neceſſitous and ſycophants haunt levees, and ſeek to ſpunge upon the public; 'tis a purſuit beneath a free-born country gentleman. So, madam, I will not be the occaſion of one lie more, either from you or your friends, for I here cancel all court promiſes; and frankly own, that I am aſhamed of the part you have made me act.

La. *Willit.* I beg you ſir *Thomas*, don't ſpeak ſo diſagreeably loud.—My head akes, and you worry one to death.

Sir *Tho.* Have you call'd in all your tradeſmen's bills?

La. *Willit.* One would think you had found thoſe creatures forward and impertinent enough without my encouragement.

Sir *Tho.* But theſe are things, child, that muſt be ſettled.

La. *Willit.* Always upon this topic! A man with theſe vulgar ſcruples about him is his own eternal dun.—Was there ever a man, who grew to be of any conſequence, who did not run out?——Would you have credit, and not make uſe of it?—Now, Mr. *Barter*, is not this narrow way of thinking provoking?

Bart. You would not, madam, condeſcend to appeal to a merchant upon this ſubject.—We live on in the humdrum way of honeſty and regularity: We think, we act, differently from people at your end of the town; and as it never yet was known, can it now be expected, that courtiers ſhould ever ſtoop to regulate their conduct by our's?—As I am no judge, you muſt excuſe me from giving my opinion.

La. *Willit.* I wiſh you had never given your opinion to ſomebody elſe; for my huſband is never ſo unreaſonable as after he hath converſed with you.——Would your wiſdom adviſe him now, out of caprice, to abandon a very conſiderable thing, that is ready for his acceptance?

Sir *Tho.* You know my reſolution, and I adviſe you to prepare for it.

La. *Willit.* And do you really think this language is even becoming a huſband—For heaven's ſake have done.——You know I am out of order, and company kills me; ſo that I muſt beg to be excuſed.——— A brute! [*Exit.*

Bart. I never enter into a diſpute with a woman; for every reaſon againſt her, only ſerves to make her the more obſtinate in her own opinion.

Enter Fibber.

Fibber. Lord *Courtlove*, ſir. [*Exit.*

Enter lord Courtlove.

Ld. *Court.* The buſineſs of the day will make the levee ſooner than uſual this morning. If you will give me leave, ſir *Thomas*, I will have the honour of waiting upon you.—I hope I do not break in upon buſineſs.—*Pray*, who is this gentleman? May one talk before ?—You will pardon my caution. Sir

Sir *Tho.* My uncle, my lord.

Ld. *Court.* Mr. *Barter*, your moſt obedient ſervant.—The honour of being known to you is what I have been long ſoliciting.—Are we to have the favour of your company?—Shall I have the honour of preſenting you?

Bart. To whom, and where, my lord.

Ld. *Court.* Sir *Thomas* and I are going together to the levee.

Bart. My nephew may do what he pleaſes; I have neither buſineſs, nor any thing to aſk; and I would not make myſelf ſeem a dependent, to ſwell any great man's vanity in Chriſtendom.

Ld. *Court* I beg your pardon, ſir. You merchants have your own ways of thinking.———

Bart. And of ſpeaking and acting too.——But you know, my lord, we are a particular race of people.

Ld. *Court.* Pray, ſir *Thomas*, hath Mr. *Barter* been diſobliged?—I think it would not be prudent to talk upon your affair before him.

Sir *Tho.* My uncle is perfectly well acquainted with every ſtep I am taking, and I beg you to give him no ſuſpicions of me.

Ld. *Court.* Believe me, ſir *Thomas*, you have not a common promiſe; I would not have your impatience ſhew you look upon it as ſuch.—Your want of confidence of late, I know, hath given ſome unjuſt jealouſies, but all thoſe may be got over.———And will you juſt now, by any little omiſſions, make your affair impracticable?—You are ſenſible all my ſmall intereſt is engaged to ſerve you: I have made a point of it, and the thing ſhall be done.

Sir *Tho.* And ſo you have anſwer'd for my attendance this morning.——I have buſineſs, my lord.

Ld *Court.* At this particular time, ſir, I know your abſenting yourſelf muſt be taken notice of; and it would not eaſily be forgiven.——My zeal, ſir, for your intereſt, was the occaſion of this viſit.

Sir *Tho.* Is attendance and homage then expected from me as a duty?—Am I number'd among the proſtitute hirelings of power?—I hope my behaviour hath not made me appear to the world in the contemptible

light I do to you and your friends. 'Tis high time, my lord, that my conduct ſhould rectify your miſtake.

Ld. *Court.* Without your further appearing in it, ſir *Thomas*, I ſay the thing ſhall be done.——But at preſent I wave the diſcourſe.——You muſt pardon me, ſir, if I am ſomewhat ſolicitous about my own ſucceſs.—Am I to be happy with Miſs *Sprightly?* Did ſhe liſten to the laſt propoſals I made to lady *Willit?*

Sir *Tho.* The girl never aſk'd my advice; but if your lordſhip aſks it, I own I think the inequality of your age makes the thing ridiculous.

Ld. *Court.* The alliance, the fortune I hope is unexceptionable.

Sir *Tho.* 'Tis not, my lord, that I think your applications deſperate; for daughters, as well as fathers and mothers, ſet their hearts on nothing but title and fortune. As to love, daily examples ſhew you, they ſeldom wholly rely upon a huſband.

Ld. *Court.* We are upon no ſecret, Mr. *Barter.*—You cannot be a ſtranger to my treaty of marriage with Miſs *Sprightly.*

Bart. If the girl was not ſo great a fortune, methinks your lordſhip's love would appear ſomewhat more diſintereſted.

Sir *Tho.* I have quitted all my pretenſions to an employment; and did your lordſhip weigh the affair rightly, you would give up your's to a wife.——An employment frequently runs you into every faſhionable extravagance, luxury, and debt: does not a wife do the ſame?——An employment influences your words and actions, even againſt reaſon and common ſenſe: a wife hath done, and can do the ſame——As I am reſolved to do one reaſonable thing myſelf, I adviſe your lordſhip to do another.—Keep your reaſon, keep your liberty, and think no more of my niece.

Ld. *Court.* She ſeems to wait only for your approbation.

Sir *Tho.* Excuſe me, my lord.—If I know her; ſhe is not to be influenced, but by her own inclinations: What thoſe are I could never find out; perhaps they *may* be at preſent to a title; after you have her, they may

may be to ſomething elſe.——Were it in my power, I would not do your lordſhip ſo ill an office.

Ld. *Court.* I truſt myſelf to your friendſhip.——I am ſorry I cannot have the honour of your company where I am going; when I return to pay my reſpects to the ladies, I hope to bring you proofs that my friendſhip was not merely profeſſion. [*Exit.*

Bart. I find you have the uſe of your reaſon when your wife is not by; conſider yourſelf as a man, and conſider her as a woman, and you may have it then too.—You were born to freedom, and would you ſeek to make yourſelf a ſlave? You were born to fortune, and would you ſtoop to make yourſelf a beggar? For of all beggars, I look upon a miniſter's follower to be the meaneſt.

Sir *Tho.* I have ſtill, ſir, ſo much of the ſpirit of a true *Briton*, that I deſpiſe myſelf for the ſteps I have been led into.——'Tis true, I am one fleſh with my wife, but my mind is my own; and you ſhall ſoon be convinced, that I have ſo reaſonable a regard for her, that my own honour ſhall govern me, and not her capricious paſſions.

Bart. That you may not be diſappointed of the ſum upon this emergency, it ſhall be my immediate buſineſs to find out a perſon to ſupply you. I'll be with you again an hour or two before dinner.

Sir *Tho.* I ſhall ever own the obligation, and you will ſoon have the pleaſure to ſee that your good offices were not thrown away. [*Exit* Barter.

Enter Humphrey.

Sir *Tho.* Well, *Humphrey*, what want you?

Humph. My lady, ſir, hath order'd me to call upon the wine-merchant for ſix dozen more of champaign. Now the caſe is, Mr. *Butler* won't deliver a drop more without ready money.—Alack-a-day, ſir! things are hugely alter'd from what they were in old ſir *Thomas*'s time.—But ſervants muſt ſee all, and ſay nothing.

Sir *Tho.* 'Tis no matter, *Humphrey*.——You may tell my wife, that I gave you orders to the contrary.

Humph. Well,—it is no wonder that your fine folk live ſo great, when they pay for nothing.——Now to

my thinking, to ſquander more than a man hath, is not ſo reputable a thing as your people of quality ſeem to think.—Why now, an't like your honour, there's your taylor uſes you like a dog.——My lady too, methinks, had better play leſs and pay better.——But ſervants, they ſay, muſt ſee, and ſay nothing.——What, though it be the faſhion, to my thinking, there is no ſuch mighty matter of greatneſs in being bubbled by knaves, and ſpunging upon induſtry.——Now, for my part, I can't find out where would be the leſſening of a great man, though he ſhould pay his debts.——Great folk have great privileges, that's certain——But, troth, I think 'tis e'en as creditable to be juſt and honeſt.

Sir *Tho.* I thank thee, *Humphrey*, for thy blunt reproof. I feel the ſhame of being in debt.——'Tis a life of dependance, and beneath a man of honour.

Humph. And they tell me too, that matters are going at a wild rate in the country yonder. Hath your honour ſpoke with your tenant *John Trenchwell*, who came to town laſt night?—But here he is himſelf, and he can better inform your honour.—He would very fain have ſeen your honour as ſoon as he came to town.

Enter Trenchwell.

Sir *Tho.* Farmer *Trenchwell*, I am glad to ſee you. Pray, what buſineſs brought you to town?

Trench. My buſineſs, ſir *Thomas*, is merely upon your account. As I have always found you a kind landlord, I thought it my duty to ſerve you to the beſt of my power.

Sir *Tho.* What is that paper in your hand? Hath a life dropp'd, and do you want to renew?

Trench. That you might not look upon it as a private pique of mine, you will find there the hands of moſt of your creditable tenants.——Your ſteward *Survey*, ſir, hath abuſed you.

Humph. Open his eyes, Maſter *Trenchwell*. Be a rogue never ſo rich and great, 'tis the part of an honeſt man to detect him.—Fear him not, farmer *Trenchwell*. A knave, before he is found out is proud and inſolent; but after he is found out, he is the meaneſt of cowards.

——Speak

——Speak out; ſpeak plain. 'Tis what every ſervant of the family hath long thought of him.

Sir *Tho.* 'Tis a remonſtrance I ſee againſt *Survey*, my ſteward.

Trench. He never had any thing to tranſact with any one tenant, but he had a private job of his own.—— By what means, think you, hath he purchaſed all thoſe fine tenements round you?—Only give your tenants a hearing, and you will not want proofs.

Sir *Tho.* I always took *Survey* to be an honeſt fellow.

Trench. And do you think ſo ſtill?

Sir *Tho.* I don't know what to think.

Trench. Read on.——Only ſee how he hath acted ſince he was left to himſelf.

Humph. Well ſaid, teach him to know a rogue from an honeſt man 'Tis a leſſon that country gentlemen almoſt always pay for learning.—Now he does not care to find him out, becauſe it will give him the trouble of looking into his own affairs.—Then too, none of your high-born gentlemen ever care to own they have been impoſed upon.

Sir *Tho.* The facts charged againſt him are very ſtrong.

Trench. And very true.

Sir *Tho.* I have been very kind to the fellow.

Trench. Knavery, ſir *Thomas*, is not confin'd to *London*. We are not ſo ignorant of the ways of the world. Pray, how think you ſtewards get richer than their maſters?——Ah, dear ſir——*they* know how to make the moſt of a place too.

Enter lady Willit.

La. *Willit.* How can you have your creatures in one's dreſſing-room?—You know I want to dreſs.—— What buſineſs have you here?—Did not I order you to go to the wine-merchant?

Sir *Tho.* I ſhall give direction about it, child.—— Here's my honeſt neighbour *Trenchwell* hath brought me a moſt flagrant information againſt *Survey*.

La. *Willit.* A gentleman would have a fine time on't to be influenced by a few diſcontented peaſants.

Sir *Tho.* But the thing, madam, muſt be enquired into.

La. *Willit.* How can any creature be ſo dull, ſo unentertaining, to be always pothering over his own affairs! Can you be ſo unlike a gentleman, to think your father left you an eſtate to look after it?—What are ſtewards for?

Sir *Tho.* To look after fools eſtates, till they leave 'em nothing to look after.

La. *Willit.* Short and pithy.—But why am I to be worried—I am not your ſteward;—am I?——Do you know that I am to have company to breakfaſt?——*Fetch*, get my things ready to dreſs this inſtant.

[*Calls at the door.*

Sir *Tho.* Since the company and diſcourſe are diſagreeable to you, we'll talk farther upon this affair below.

La. *Willit.* What is the wench ſtupid?—*Fetch.*——No—let the diſagreeable crew be gone firſt.—And let me know when every thing is ready. [*Exit.*

Sir *Tho.* Where ſhall one look for honeſty?——Who hath it?——Or of what uſe is it to the owner?——'Tis a reſtraint upon a man's fortune; 'tis a curb upon opportunity, and makes either a public or private truſt worth nothing——What's its reward!—Poverty——Is it among the rich? No: for it never keeps company with avarice, luxury and extravagance.—Is it among the vulgar? No: for they act by imitation.——Who can one truſt?——If I truſt my ſervant, I tempt him.——If I truſt my friend, I loſe him.——If I truſt my wife, for the quiet of the family, ſhe looks upon it as her duty to deceive me.

'Tis then ourſelves who, by implicit truſt,
Tempt ſervants, friends, and wives to be unjuſt.

ACT

ACT II.

Lady Willit, Fetch.

Lady Willit *ſitting at her toilet.*

Lady WILLIT.

BLESS me!—How can any mortal be ſo aukward [Fetch *combing her hair.*]—Doſt think I have no feeling?—Am I to be flea'd alive?—Go——begone. [*going.*] Come hither. [*returning.*]——Who do you think is to dreſs me?——Tell 'em I'll have the tea-kettle ready this inſtant [*going.*]——Is the wench diſtracted?—What, am I to ſit all day long with my hair about my ears like a mermaid? [*returning.*]——Now I'll be ſworn for't, thou haſt not ſpoke for the tea-water all this while, though I order'd it an hour ago.

Fetch. Not by *me*, madam.

La. *Willit.* So you tell me I lye—that's all. [*going.*]—What is the blundering fool doing?—Am I to be dreſs'd to day or no? [*returning*]—Bid the porter bring me up the book of viſits.—Why don't you go? [*going*]—Muſt I bid you do the ſame thing a thouſand times over and over again?——I am to have no breakfaſt to-day, that I find you are determin'd upon. [*ſtops at the door.*]

Fetch. Your ladyſhip bid me call the porter.

La *Willit.* And where is he?—Thou haſt not done any *one* thing that I have order'd thee all this day. [*going.*]—Bring me the lavender-drops. [*returning.*]—No, I won't have any now—you know I hate 'em——One would think the wench had learn'd from her maſter, and that I was born to be contradicted.——The viſiting-book, I ſuppoſe, is to be a ſecret; and I am the laſt of the family who is to be truſted with it.——Go, get you out of my ſight, provoking ſlut. [*ſtops at the door.*]

Fetch. Your ladyſhip hares one ſo—ſo—ſo, that you will not give one ti—ti—me—to do a hundred things at once.

La. *Willit.* Don't ſtand there a pouting and blubbering.——Is the creature grown a changeling?—*Fetch, Fetch, Fetch,*——come hither, I ſay. [*raiſes her voice every time ſhe calls.*]—Well, madam, now I ſpeak to you calmly. [Fetch *returns.*]——Will you be ſo obliging as to deſire the porter to bring me the book of viſits, as ſoon as he and you ſhall think convenient. [*going.*]——But firſt (d'ye hear me?) [*returns.*] bring me the cellar yonder. [*brings the box.*]——What am I to drink out of?—A tea-cup, fool.

Fetch. I hope your ladyſhip is well. [*brings the tea-cup*]

La. *Willit.* Thou art ſo intolerably ſtupid, there's no enduring thee.——I have rav'd myſelf into the ſpleen,—hold, hold. [*pours ſome cordial water into the tea-cup.*]

Fetch. What ſignifies that drop or two?——Indeed, madam, your ladyſhip ſhould take a little more.

La. *Willit.* There, there; enough.——One would think, girl, thou hadſt a mind to fuddle me [*drinks*]—So, then you won't take it away again!——What art thou pothering about?——*Fetch,* how long is it ſince we came to town?

Fetch. The four months, madam, are out this week.

La. *Willit.* Well; methinks, it is but a day, an hour, a minute.——I am determin'd he ſhall *not* have his will in ev'ry thing.——I am *not* to be dangled about whenever and wherever his odious buſineſs calls him.—Well.——And where's the porter? [*Exit* Fetch, *lady* Willit *riſes.*] Sure, nothing can be more ſhocking than knowing the day of one's death, except knowing the day one is to be buried in the country! There to be ſtuck, and to have a new ſuit every ſpring like a tree, for the benefit of the birds of the air and the beaſts of the field; to be gaz'd at every *Sunday* at church by ploughmen and their cubs, and draw the envy of their wives and daughters.

Enter

Enter Fetch *and* Fibber.

La. *Willit.* Thou wilt always be a blundering fellow, *Fibber*, [*ſits down.*]——Give me the book then. [*ſnatches the book out of his hand and looks on it every now and then.*]—Wilt thou never learn to know any body? every creature is let in you ſhould keep out, and I am deny'd to every body you ſhould let in——I am not at home this morning—d'ye hear me?—I mean to no odd-body; to no formals—I'll ſee no-body whatever.——To me viſits are now as troubleſome as to a man under ſentence. Hath your maſter, *Fibber*, given any orders about going into the country?

Fibber. The ſervants, madam, talk of this week.

La. *Willit.* Servants will always be talking impertinently.——I deſire I may have no more of your blunders.—You may go. [*going*]——But ſtay; [*returns*] You know I always am at home to Mr. *Pert*. [*going.*]—Now, *Fetch*, pray tell me ſincerely; who do you think the prettieſt fellow of all my viſitors?—*Fibber.*—Call him back, and bid him wait without.——[Fetch *goes out and returns.*] Well,——Why don't you anſwer me? [*Riſes.*

Fetch. Dear madam!

La. *Willit.* Nay, *Fetch*, you *ſhall* tell me.

Fetch. Why, madam, I own, (if I muſt ſpeak truth) I think Mr. *Pert* is a *charming* man.

La. *Willit.* Now, *Fetch*, you ſay that to flatter me.

Fetch. Sure no creature alive was ever half ſo entertaining.—'Tis a pity he is ſo given to whiſper.——

La. *Willit.* After all, a woman, as well as a miniſter, would loſe half her importance without her whiſperers——They give one an air of conſequence at an aſſembly.——I know the women hate me for it, for it makes the men appear too particular.

Fetch. Now I love a man that ſpeaks out.

La. *Willit.* Well,—and what's the uſe of a whiſper?——The fault of it, *Fetch*, is, that it is often too plain.

Fetch. Your ladyſhip ſhould not betray his whiſpers.

La. *Willit.* How dare you?——I won't ſuffer you, *Fetch*, to be impertinent.——But why is not the porter here?—

here?—Would'ſt thou have *me* call him! [*Exit* Fetch, *and returns.*]—For what was it I wanted him?—oh—

Enter Fibber.

If Mr. *Forward* calls, I think——Yes——You *may* let him in——But no one living creature beſides, [*going.*]——Hold——Where is the ſtupid fellow going? [*returns*]——And lord *Courtlove* too.——No——'Tis no matter.——But be ſure you let me know when he is with Miſs *Sprightly.*

Fetch. Your ladyſhip hath forgot Mr. *Flutter.*

La. *Willit.* The fellow could not be ſuch a block-head to deny me to him.——You know he is always admitted.

Fibber. And if lady *Frankair* calls——

La. *Willit.* How canſt thou aſk ſuch a queſtion! Have not I ſent to her twice this morning? If ſhe is not here in five minutes, order the footman to go again.——Now you know my commands.——But, be ſure you let in no fuſties. [*Exit* Fibber.] How happy is that creature!——Of all the women in the world I envy lady *Frankair.*

Fetch. Why ſo, madam?

La. *Willit.* She hath her will in every thing, be it ever ſo unreaſonable.——Then too, ſhe hath not (like moſt of our fine ladies) loſt her reputation, I ſhould ſay gain'd a reputation for nothing——Beſides, who lives more elegantly? Who dreſſes better? Who hath more command in her family? Who plays deeper and handſomer? Who hath the credit of more intrigues, and hath really had 'em? Half of the women in town have had nothing but the vanity of having loſt their reputation——Sure there was a time, when men and women had other pleaſures beſides vanity!——The flirting fellows now play at making love, as the children make believe goſſipings and chriſtenings. But, lady *Frankair*; ſure, ſhe hath more wit and more real pleaſure!——Wou'd I were that very individual woman!

Fetch. But they ſay ſhe runs her huſband in debt moſt monſtrouſly.

La.

La. *Willit.* And would'ſt thou really, *Fetch*, have a woman deny herſelf the uſe of her huſband's fortune? [*ſits down.*] Thou talkeſt ſo like my huſband, there's no bearing thee.——I have an averſion to any body that is ſo intolerably wiſe.—Why doſt not thou talk to me too of oeconomy?——I am ſurfeited with that hideous word.——Don't you know we have company to dinner, and that I am to be dreſs'd to-day?——Nay, prithee, wench, don't lay violent hands upon me.——I won't dreſs yet.——See if the tea-things are ready.

Enter Fibber.

Fibber. Lady *Frankair*, madam.

La. *Willit.* Why did not you bid her come up, fool? [*riſes.*] [*Exit* Fibber.

Enter lady Frankair.

La. *Frank.* Sure, child, you can never be ſo tame a domeſtic animal as to ſubmit to dwell with birds and beaſts! The town was built for rational creatures.—Pluck up the ſpirit of a woman of ſenſe, and be obſtinate.

La. *Willit.* How different is the ſtate of marriage!—To you 'tis a convenience, to me 'tis a bridle; to you 'tis liberty, to me 'tis chains; to you 'tis a gallant, to me 'tis only a clog, a dog in the manger,——a huſband.

La. *Frank.* All this is owing to your too eaſy complying temper. I dare ſay (as if he were another man) you now and then ſit with him, converſe with him, and have been unguarded enough to have been convinced by him.——Now that is what I can have no notion of.——'Tis ſuch as you, child, that make huſbands impertinent.——But, after all, why in theſe violent agonies?——The employment, that I know will be offer'd him, *muſt* keep him in town.——My brother *Courtlove* tells me the thing is ſure.—But pray, how are he and Miſs *Sprightly* together at preſent?

La. *Willit.* Never were two ſuch unaccountable creatures!——The thing may ſeem incredible, yet 'tis certain, the man abſolutely will not accept of an employment, and the woman refuſes a title.——In ſhort,

my

my dear, there are a thouſand diſagreeable circumſtances, that concur to make my caſe deſperate.

La. *Frank.* 'Tis not, child, that he hath any objections to an employment; 'tis the expectation, 'tis the delay, that hath diſguſted him. A promiſe hath diſobliged many a country gentleman; but the employment never fails to reconcile 'em again.

La. *Willit.* But there are other things too.—Could you imagine him ſtill ſo little acquainted with good breeding as to be jealous?——There are creatures who can never get the better of their natural ruſticity.—— Beſides, 'tis evident, I am beſet with ſpies. He keeps that aukward couſin of his in the houſe for nothing elſe, who worries me with her company eternally; and though ſhe leads the life of a dog, like a ſpaniel, ſhe is the fonder of me for her ill uſage. That girl, I ſuſpect, hath been a devil to me.

La. *Frank.* I really think her pretty; then too, ſhe ſeems a harmleſs, good ſort of a creature: I dare ſwear ſhe is inoffenſive, that is to ſay, unobſerving.

La. *Willit.* Hang her, I hate her.

La. *Frank.* But your buſineſs, my dear, at preſent is to gain time: you muſt contrive to defer the journey, or you are utterly loſt.

La. *Willit.* What muſt be, muſt be.——'Tis merely poſſible the country may be agreeable to cows and aſſes; I hate meadows and trees.——The country air for health!——'Tis a lye.——'Tis plague, peſtilence, and death.

La. *Frank.* Why can't you be ſick?

La. *Willit.* To have the immediate ſentence of baniſhment by the preſcription of a phyſician.

La. *Frank.* But what think you of the ſpleen, vapours, fits?——Never fear, child, the phyſicians will keep ſuch patients in town for their own ſakes.—The ſpleen hath weaken'd many a huſband's authority; the vapours have blown up many a dreadful reſolution; and by well-tim'd fits I have known the moſt miſerable ſlaves of wives grow to abſolute dominion.

[Fetch

[Fetch *enters*; *the tea-table brought in.*]

La. *Willit.* Nay, I muſt and will try what can be done; for I had rather really *die* in town than *live* in the country; though I hate paradiſe, 'tis painted ſo monſtrouſly like it. What is death, but leaving the company one likes?—And is not one deprived of that in the country? Death is oblivion, 'tis a ſtate of forgetfulneſs; but *there* we live and hear of pleaſures that we are ever debarr'd from; and where's the difference of being buried in a church-yard, or an odious country-houſe? A reſtleſs, walking, dead thing, who is ſenſible ſhe is dead, and feels herſelf buried!

La. *Frank.* Only gain time, child, and you muſt gain your ends.

La. *Willit.* 'Twas the malicious penny-poſt letter, about me and Mr. *Pert*, that made him thus entirely untractable.——I will get to the bottom of it, I am determin'd—I know the girl hates me.——*Fetch*, go call my couſin *Jenny* to me this inſtant. [*They ſit down at the tea-table.*] [*Exit* Fetch.

Enter Miſs Friendleſs, *and* Fetch.

La. *Willit.* Heavens! How like a mawkin the thing looks! Whence came you now?——From ſlopping of tea to be ſure?—Miſs *Sprightly* and you are always nuzling your heads together.—I will have no pouting——don't ſtand biting your thumbs, but ſit you down.——Now, *Jenny*, don't deny it; for I know that giggling flirt and you are always turning the family into ridicule, that you are oblig'd to.

Friendl. How can your ladyſhip think me ſo ungrateful!——Let me entreat you, madam, to have a little conſideration for me before company.

La. *Frank.* Are you for a cup of tea, Miſs *Friendleſs*?

La. *Willit.* Don't trouble yourſelf, madam; the girl is ſo cramm'd already, that ſhe can't guzzle down a drop more. You, that are an obſerver in the family, without doubt, muſt know all things.——Will lord *Courtlove* carry his point with Miſs *Sprightly*?——Now I take *Jack Forward* to be her favourite.

La.

La. *Frank.* Miſs *Friendleſs*, your tea will be cold.

La. *Willit.* Dear madam, do you mean to drown the girl? I told you ſhe had breakfaſted already.—But, *Jenny*, why don't you anſwer me?———Don't be in your ſullens.

Friendl. She truſts me with none of her ſecrets.

La. *Willit.* How monſtrouſly this girl will lye!——There. [*She riſes and turns her round, and then ſits down*, Friendleſs *remains ſtanding.*] Turn about and ſhow yourſelf.——Now pray tell me, lady *Frankair*; is this creature fit to appear in civiliz'd company?

Friendl. How can you be ſo inhuman? [*Going.*

La. *Willit.* Nay; you ſhan't ſtir.——Now, *Jenny*, let me aſk you one queſtion, and know that I will have an anſwer.——How frightfully the girl ſtares!——What letter was that, which put ſir *Thomas* in ſuch inſufferable ill-humour yeſterday? Come, own it fairly.——'Twas Miſs *Sprightly* ſet you upon it.——That flirt would have a regiment of lovers. I have long obſerved ſhe hath an eye to Mr. *Pert*, and ſhe thinks I prevent his coquetting it with her.———Now is not this true, couſin *Jenny*?

Friendl. Your ladyſhip ſure is not in earneſt.

La. *Willit.* Let me have a direct anſwer; for know, I will be ſatisfied.

Friendl. You may believe me, madam.

La. *Willit.* But I won't believe you.——The thing ſhall be brought to light.——Now will I be hang'd if ſhe hath not another letter in her pocket to carry on the ſame miſchief.——*Fetch*, turn out the creature's pocket.——I know I am your averſion.

Friendl. What a life am I born to! chamber-maids, kitchen-maids, ſcullions are to be envy'd, I am tormented, like a boy's bird, merely for diverſion.

La. *Frank.* Really, madam, you are now too ſevere.

La. *Willit.* Nay, madam, that is my buſineſs.——*Fetch*, do as I bid you, huſſy.

Friendl. Ah!

La *Willit.* Why does not the wench give it me?—What a luggage is here!——Why doſt not thou carry a knap-ſack?

Friendl.

Friendl. I beg it of you.——How can your ladyſhip expoſe one ſo!

La. *Willit.* What have we here?—A tawdry purſe of her own work. Couldſt thou imagine this a thing that cou'd ever be of uſe in thy pocket!——Here; take your dirty trumpery ——The top of a tooth-pick caſe, a bit of ſealing-wax, and a huſwife.——There; why don't you take your trolloping things as I give them you? A knotting-needle, a glaſs necklace, and a mother of pearl ſnuff box.——So, now I ſee which way all my ſnuff goes.——There——pick 'em up when I bid you.

Friendl. 'Tis not to be borne.——I *will* have my pocket.

La. *Willit.* You will!——How?——Am I to be inſulted thus?——Am I to be talk'd to in this manner?——You *will!*——*Fetch*, keep the girl from me till I have done——You ſhall find, madam, that I have the command in my own houſe.——You grow ſo monſtrouſly uneaſy, that I fancy the ſecret is not far off.—This broken-claſp pocket-book, may b worth peruſal; and this letter too, may make ſome diſcovery.——There, take all your naſty litter; [*Flings her the pocket. They riſe from the tea table.*] it makes me ſick; there's no enduring it.——*To Mrs.* Elizabeth Pantry.——Pray, how long hath this correſpondence been between you and my houſekeeper?

Friendl. Your ladyſhip cannot be ſo ill-bred as to break open one's letters.

La. *Willit.* That ſuch a creature ſhould talk of good-breeding! [*breaks open the letter.*] Are you *now* convinced, lady *Frankair*, of the girl's impertinence?——[*reads.*] "Mrs. *Pantry*, As I promiſed to give "you intelligence of our leaving *London*, that you "might get things in order, I can now tell you, that "I gueſs it will be the latter end of this week. Your "friend and humble ſervant, *Jane Friendleſs.*"——You are beaſt enough to be fond of the country, I find; and I am to be lugg'd thither to keep you company.——But the pocket-book may be of more conſequence.——[*reads*] "For ſeeing the play with Mrs. "*Fetch*, one ſhilling and ſixpence. Loſt at cribbage

"10

" to Mrs. *Fetch*, twopence halfpenny. For ſeeing the " wax work in *Fleet-ſtreet*, ſixpence."——Nothing but a paultry account of her expences.——But what have we here? [*reads*] " A collection of the neweſt ex- " preſſions in uſe among the fine gentlemen and ladies. ——What can'ſt thou mean by all this nonſenſe?—— [*reads.*] " *Having an affair with a lady. Being well* " *with a lady.*——Expreſſions not fit for a modeſt pen " to explain.——*To follow a woman.* That is, when " a man takes all occaſions to ſhew the town that he " follows her."

Friendl. You tear me to pieces. Dear madam, have ſome mercy.

La. *Willit.* [*Reads.*] " *A dangler.* One that paſſes " his time with the ladies; who ſays nothing, does " nothing, means nothing, and whom nothing is meant " to. It puts one in mind of Mr. *Flutter.*"——— Fool!——" *A flirt.* One who gives himſelf all the " airs of making love in public; that is of vaſt conſe- " quence to himſelf, and to nobody beſides.——*Some-* " *thing of Mr.* Pert,"——ridiculous ſlut!——[*reads.*] " *A fine man.*——Juſt what I take Mr. *Pert* to be. " A man who knows little, and pretends to every " thing."——horridly ignorant! [*reads.*] " *A pretty* " *fellow*——that is, a fine dreſs'd man with little ſenſe " and a great deal of aſſurance.——Mr. *Forward* is " what one may call a pretty fellow."——Fooliſh be- yond expreſſion!——" *The man is married*;——that " is, had an extravagant wife, is hen-peck'd and a " cuckold, like——[*looking on lady* Frankair.] The girl is horridly ſcurrilous.——" *Fuſties, formals, and* " *odd-bodies.* That is, her own, and her huſband's " relations."——The only juſt remark thou haſt made! ——Here, take your impertinent book, get into your own room, and darn your tatter'd pinners.——flattern.

[*Exit Miſs* Friendleſs.

La. *Frank.* Suppoſing the girl innocent, your paſſion made you very provoking.

La. *Willit.* I can't endure any thing ſo intolerably forward.——Sure all the fine men have abandon'd me to-day; they deſert me as rats do a falling houſe; they have

have a preſentiment of my diſgrace, my ruin, my baniſhment.

La. *Frank.* That is the point you are to guard againſt. Don't inſiſt upon too much; get but a reprieve, and with *my* inſtructions you ſhall carry every thing you wiſh.

La. *Willit.* Now is that creature gone to grunt out her grievances to Miſs *Sprightly*——But ſhe ſhall not have that ſatisfaction.

La. *Frank.* Make *her* your ſingle view. On the ſucceſs of my brother *Courtlove's* affairs, in ſhort, depends your happineſs or miſery.

La. *Willit.* I know that malicious couſin of his, underhand oppoſes me in every thing.——Let us break in upon their converſation.

La. *Frank.* I am for *working* up the girl to the match.——Reſpect keeps a man from hurrying on an affair, which may be the very thing a woman wiſhes; now upon ſuch an occaſion, 'tis incredible how much we women can do with one another.——'Tis certain, my brother is extravagantly fond of her, for it is not to be ſuppoſed but he might have as good offers.

La. *Willit.* Your ladyſhip ſpeaks my very ſentiments. ——Let us about it this moment.

La. *Frank.* Man knows us not; we trifle with their art:
Woman can only judge of woman's heart.

ACT III.

Lady Willit, *Lady* Frankair, *Miſs* Sprightly.

SPRIGHTLY.

BUT after all, lady *Frankair*, the match would be ridiculous; you muſt think lord *Courtlove* too old.

La. *Frank.* What can you mean, child? I am propoſing him for a huſband, and you are thinking of a lover. Now thoſe, in my opinion, require very different qualifications.

La. Willit.

La. *Willit.* You ſhould conſider, niece, he is a man of quality

Spright. I ſhould conſider too, that many a woman hath paid too dear for a title.

La. *Willit.* But then his eſtate——

Spright. No doubt is ſufficient to keep more women than one.——No woman can be ſo unreaſonable, as to expect my lord ſhould live beneath his quality.

La. *Willit.* Beſides all this, his employment——

Spright. That is one of the ſtrongeſt temptations to a man to give up himſelf, I grant you; but women have other temptations that are more prevalent.

La. *Willit.* What temptations but theſe can induce a woman to marry?—I always thought the girl wanted diſcretion; but now, child, you have convinced me you know nothing of the world

Spright. And you really would perſuade me to make myſelf an old child's rattle, one that will be every day more and more a child, one that can never grow to a man!——Pardon me, madam, I had forgot he was your ladyſhip's brother!——but, however, you know that can't make him younger, and I ſpeak only of my lord's age.

La *Frank.* Miſs *Sprightly* hath ſo many lovers, that ſhe doth not care to determine on one for fear of loſing all the reſt.——Now is not that the caſe, miſs?——Believe me, child, after marriage all the reſt will double their application.

La. *Willit.* You have then ſo little conſideration for your own happineſs, that you would venture on a young fellow.——Now, lady *Frankair*, is it not ſurprizing that girls can have ſo little judgment?——Suppoſe that Mr. *Pert* really was in earneſt.——Nay, don't colour, niece, for I know he hath ſent you verſes.

Spright. What then?——That is, not that he admires me, but that I may admire him.——That's but a pump, madam; I know where his paſſion lies, though I think his moſt prevalent one is his own dear ſelf.

La. *Willit.* Nay, now, child, you are piqued.—But perhaps I may be miſtaken, for *Jack Forward* is perpetually flirting it with you.

Spright.

Spright. Ever talking, and ever ſaying nothing.——There is more entertainment in the chattering of a monkey, becauſe one may imagine that creature *means* ſomething.

La. *Willit.* Yet you ſeem to liſten, niece, to what you now give yourſelf ſuch violent airs of deſpiſing.—Perhaps after all, *Flutter* is the man.

Spright. I do ſeem to liſten, I grant you.——But does not your ladyſhip think there is a pleaſure in hearing fools expoſe themſelves?——Some women liſten for one reaſon, and ſome for another.

La. *Willit.* Though every woman thinks ſhe hath it, 'tis evident a *true* taſte for men is very uncommon. Look ye, niece, I have conſider'd your happineſs more than your inexperience can poſſibly conſider it; and I muſt own to you, that lord *Courtlove* hath had my conſent.

La. *Frank.* All miſs *Sprightly*'s objections ſeem to ariſe from her particular notions of that family convenience, a huſband. Look round, miſs, among the huſbands that you converſe with, and then tell me, by what you ſee, what 'tis you expect.

La. *Willit.* 'Tis morally impoſſible, child, you can think of love and a huſband together.——You are paſt ſixteen; and 'tis high time for you to have the views of a reaſonable woman.

La. *Frank.* Would you ſeek to put yourſelf in the power of one man, take a young huſband; would you have many men in your own power, chooſe an old one.

La. *Willit.* Are not a jointure and pin money ſecurity for every huſband's good behaviour?

La. *Frank.* Are they not the pledges, the inſurance of our liberty and independance?

La. *Willit.* What can a woman wiſh for more?——Is not every pleaſure included, child, in the having your own will?

La. *Frank.* You ſeem to have no notion of the real pleaſures of a woman.——I am convinced, miſs, you read romances.

La. *Willit.* Were you, like me, to loſe three parts of your life in a deteſtable country houſe, it might be a frightful propoſal.

La. Frank.

La. *Frank.* But to have for life the opportunity of maſquerades, aſſemblies, operas, plays, park, and drawing-rooms!

La. *Willit.* How can ſuch a woman be ever unhappy!——Let me die, girl, if I don't envy you.

La. *Frank.* As lord *Courtlove* is my brother, whatever I ſay may be thought partial.

La. *Willit.* The flirting with young fellows is converſing with them in their own way; they mean nothing elſe; but lord *Courtlove*'s addreſs is of the laſt conſequence. Now don't be ridiculous, child; I hope you will think yourſelf obliged to me.——But here he comes.——Lord *Courtlove*, your ſervant.

Enter lord Courtlove.

Ld. *Court.* Ladies, your moſt humble ſervant.

Spright. No whiſpering, I beg you.——

Ld. *Court.* Though 'tis look'd upon as ill-manners, it is always excuſable in a lover.

Spright. Your lordſhip's propoſals are no ſecret; and why ſhould we make believe love, when you are only talking of marriage?——Lady *Frankair*, and lady *Willit*, have been inſtructing me in the duty of a wife.——But are we really in earneſt about this affair, my lord?——Nay I *muſt* own they have ſet the thing in an agreeable light enough on one ſide.——But——'tis aſtoniſhing to me, how a man with ſo much wiſdom about him, can take it into his head to marry!——My good aunt here tells me, ſhe hath promiſed for me; perhaps, 'tis becauſe ſhe knows that no woman knows her own mind, or in this caſe, can anſwer for herſelf.—Take care, my lord, what you offer; ſhould I take you at your word, I know you are a man of honour, whatever may be the conſequence.

La. *Willit.* I now, niece, for your ſake, will look upon the affair as concluded.

La. *Frank.* There may be ſome things they would not chooſe to talk over before company.

[*Exeunt lady* Willit *and lady* Frankair.

Ld. *Court.* Lady *Willit*, madam, hath promiſed that this day ſhe will deliver happineſs into my poſſeſſion.

Spright.

Spright. Then lady *Willit*, my lord, hath promis'd ſhe does not know what: for, as I take it, your happineſs will depend more upon me than her; and no woman knows what a wife ſhe ſhall make any more than ſhe knows what ſhe ſhall be in t'other world; perhaps an angel, perhaps a fury.—Look ye, my lord, you may venture if you pleaſe;—all I can promiſe is to be a wife as the world goes.——Now you know what you have to truſt to.

Ld. *Court.* Could I but obtain your conſent.———

Spright. What ſignifies my conſent?————After marriage I can act without your conſent, as you act without mine before.————That's a moſt enormous perriwig, my lord; o' my conſcience, 'twould load an aſs, and cover head, ears and all.

Ld. *Court.* You ramble from the queſtion, madam.

Spright. Look ye, my lord, I tell you before-hand, I won't be grave; it is ſo like dullneſs, I hate it.

Ld. *Court.* If candour, benevolence, and affability can cement affections, our mutual happineſs will know no period.

Spright. And are candour, benevolence, and affability all that I am to expect?

Ld. *Court.* Incluſive of the juſt duties of conjugal affection.

Spright. Your lordſhip ſpeaks with ſo much ſolemnity, and ſo much deliberation, that your thoughts ſeem to be run away, and your words, I fear, will never overtake 'em.

Ld. *Court.* While I feel the ſatyrical ſtrokes of your wit, I admire it.

Spright. I am glad you like it, for 'tis what I can't help, and you muſt expect.——An owl! an aſs!——Sure all grave animals are ridiculous————but man. Really, my lord, whenever I ſee you in this ſolemn wiſe way, I ſhall think of a grave animal; and I muſt laugh, whatever be the conſequence.

Ld. *Court.* Shall I never have the favour of a ſerious anſwer? How can I leave my heart in ſo undetermin'd, ſo precarious a ſtate!————This, madam, is a day of public importance too; and I think it hard, that the care of kingdoms ſhould call me from what I value

more.

more.——Though it is a particular miniſterial point, and I have given my word and honour; if poſſible, I will get my attendance diſpenſed withal. Think, madam, how I ſhall ſuffer with impatience. [*Exit.*

Enter Forward.

Forw. What, in the name of love, can you mean, madam? Marriage would infallibly turn the jeſt upon yourſelf: The whole town have given you to lord *Courtlove*. To make a man ſo perfectly happy, without the leaſt proſpect of a return, is the utmoſt pitch of generoſity.——Now I (who know the men you have in your power) have a better opinion of your judgment.——Think of the conſequence of *ſuch* an huſband.—To wed, to ſleep;——no more!

Spright. Am I to be terrified with *Shakeſpear?* Let *Shakeſpear* then thus anſwer you.

" Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
" It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange women ſhould fear;
" Since marriage is a neceſſary ill,
" And will come when it will come.

Why, *Forward*, you have not the leaſt idea of love; who can mention that and judgment together. Love and judgment! they are things, *Forward*, that are incompatible.

Forw. Only think on *me*, madam.—*You* are witneſs of my love, and no creature alive can diſpute my judgment.

Spright. Yes, I diſpute it; or why this contemptible opinion of *me?* For I am not that credulous fooliſh thing, to imagine you ever meant to marry me.—All the fine ladies in town would tear my eyes out.—You belong to the ſex, and 'twould be inhuman to rob 'em of ſo innocent an amuſement.

Forw. Innocent!—That ſuch a charge ſhould ever light upon me!—Wou'd (for ſome lady's quiet, who ſhall be nameleſs) that all huſbands were of your opinion.——Yet, perhaps, I may have this infamous character, and it may be owing to my ſecreſy and diſcretion.

Spright.

Spright. Suppoſe, now, I ſhould pin you down to your propoſal.—Poor lady *Frankair!*

Forw. The town is malicious.—Gallantry, nothing but gallantry.

Spright. But lady *Rampant.*

Forw. Importunate, ſilly woman! I have left her off theſe three weeks.

Spright. The widow *Buxom* too.

Forw. Sure the women themſelves muſt have a vanity in telling it!—Where the devil got you your intelligence?

Spright. And the forlorn, diſconſolate, Mrs. *Clackit.*

Forw. Defend me from her!——She is of ſo forward a conſtitution, that her reputation was ſing'd at fifteen.——Was the girl ever ſuch an ideot to think I meant to marry her?

Spright. I am not that ideot, *Forward*——Some women are to be ruin'd one way, and ſome another; but 'tis not every woman's good fortune to be ruin'd by marriage.——How can your fine women be ſo unconſcionable!—Nay, there's my aunt too, lady *Willit*, would never forgive me.—I know this viſit was meant to her; ſo I ſhall not have the vanity to take it to myſelf.

Forw. You know, miſs *Sprightly*, where ſhe is particularly; but I take it to be more owing to *Fetch*'s inſinuation than her inclinations; for that *Pert* is a moſt egregious coxcomb; he hath juſt capacity enough to corrupt a chamber-maid.

Spright. You are now, *Forward*, giving proofs of your ſecrecy and diſcretion; for you know 'tis not ſafe to truſt one of the family.

Forw. No, faith, madam, I am in earneſt.—Not that I think his ſucceſs ſo ſure neither.—For by this time (for ſome reaſons I know) I believe ſir *Thomas* ſmoaks their intimacy.

Spright. For ſome reaſons!

Forw. I mean, madam, the affair is grown ſo very public.——But what's all this to the purpoſe? I come, madam, to ſave you.——Only imagine yourſelf married to your old fellow. He *may* be jealous; he muſt be inconvenient; for huſbands will every now and then

be thruſting themſelves into their wives parties of pleaſure.

Spright. Theſe are terrors we muſt riſque; but woman's reſolution gets the better of them all.——Now, *Jack Forward*, don't take this to yourſelf.—Between one fool's vanity, and another's reſentment, a woman's reputation is in prodigious ſafe hands among you fine gentlemen.

Forw. What do you mean, madam?

Spright. Did not you ſay juſt now that *Pert* was a coxcomb? 'Tis plain you converſe with the ladies, for the fineſt woman alive could not treat a friend more familiarly ——But ſhould my aunt ſurpriſe us together, her jealous temper would conclude I don't know what —So Mr. *Forward* your ſervant. [*Exit.*

Enter Fetch, Flutter, Pert.

Fetch. My lady, ſir, is in the utmoſt confuſion, that any buſineſs ſhould make you wait;——in two or three minutes ſhe'll be at liberty.——Now, don't go, Mr. *Forward*, I know ſhe'll take it mortally ill.—Mr. *Flutter*, your ſervant.——Mr. *Pert!*——I *muſt* own I am always glad to ſee you, though I bluſh to tell you ſo.—Were not you very impudent laſt night?—How could you have the aſſurance to make me ſuch a propoſal?—But then, how can I have the aſſurance to remember it?

Forw. You muſt always be particular.—Why may not we too ſhare the pleaſure of Mrs. *Fetch*'s converſation?

Fetch. You muſt excuſe me, gentlemen, for I dare not ſtay;—My lady will be with you immediately. [*Exit.*

Flutter. Moſt certainly ſhe muſt be at prayers; for that is the only thing the fine women are now aſham'd to do before us.

Pert. Perhaps ſhe is with her huſband, and would not chooſe to appear ridiculous, by being caught in ſuch diſagreeable company.

Flutter. Let me die, if I don't think *Jack Forward* is well with more women than any one man in *England.*

Pert.

Pert. Only mention him, and they cry, that *Forward* is ſo eaſy, ſo good-natur'd.

Flutter. Good-nature is another name for flattery, 'tis upon that ſcore the women are ſo fond of it.

Pert. But is your viſit, *Forward*, to lady *Willit* or miſs *Sprightly*?

Flutter. How can you, *Jack*, be ſo inhuman, as not to reſcue the girl out of the paws of that old baboon?

Forw. You muſt always take a woman in her own way.—She hath her ſcruples about marriage; and I had always (though ſhe was a fair hit) too much good-nature to ruin her.

Flutter. I'll lay you fifty guineas there is one in the company that ſtill might have her.

Pert. You might have ſaid three, and had a ſure bet on't.—One does not care to ſhock the girl.—Let me die, if I have not been forced to turn the diſcourſe, to prevent her propoſing it.

Forw. I dare ſwear ſhe hath aſk'd *Flutter*.

Flutter. Never directly, as I hope to be ſav'd.

[*Adjuſting himſelf at the glaſs.*

Pert. Let her marry.—That is not our affair; a huſband is a ſtalking horſe, that makes the game the ſurer.

Forw. That *Flutter* hath ſo much vanity, and ſuch a ſtock of aſſurance!

Pert. And what accompliſhments are more ſucceſsful? His vanity takes with the women, as they are fond of what is like themſelves.

Forw. And without aſſurance they find a man good for nothing.

Pert. The fellow is a fool; but what then? a fool with a woman may have his merits.

Forw. What, in contemplation!

Pert. Why, *Flutter*, you ſeem as if you were thinking.

Flutter. I hate that *Forward*.———Wherever he is admitted he makes others appear as inſignificant as himſelf.———You know him to be a conceited puppy.

Pert. But we muſt bear him; for whoever follows the fine women muſt take up with the company they keep.

Flutt. Why ſo diſconſolate, *Forward?* never deſpair upon miſs *Sprightly*'s account.

Pert. Let lord *Courtlove* have her.———We ſhall have her flirting about, and taking all the liberties of a wife in a fortnight. [Pert *at the looking glaſs.*

Forw. I am ſick of that *Pert.*——The fellow follows me every where like a ſhadow, and is of no more conſequence.

Flutt. Then too he hath invention equal to his vanity.

Forw. The puppy muſt think we have the faith of prudes, who are ready to believe all ſcandal for the ſake of telling it again.

Enter Sir Thomas Willit.

Sir *Tho.* Gentlemen, your ſervant.—My wife is a little indiſpos'd, and begs to be excus'd this morning. ———I have buſineſs, and you muſt pardon me.

[*Exit.*

Pert. Whoſoever makes love to the wife muſt ſometimes bear the huſband's impertinence.

Forw. Let me die, if I don't pity the poor woman who muſt bear both his and her huſband's too. [*To Flut.*]

[*Exeunt* Forward *and* Flutter.

[Fetch *enters and twitches* Pert *by the ſleeve.*

Fetch. Never was any thing ſo unlucky! O dear Mr. *Pert!*———What is it that we have done?

Pert. Nothing yet, my dear girl: and you cannot blame me.

Fetch. There's no enduring you. How can you be ſo impudent? Now don't look upon my calling you back as an encouragement; for if you are ſo provokingly rude again, let me die if I don't tear your eyes out.

Pert. Would you have me love you, and not tell you ſo?———Nay, pr'ythee child ———What is the meaning of theſe airs?

Fetch. Let go my hand, you devil.———I won't be pull'd and haul'd.———Why am I to be talk'd to in this audacious manner?———What do you take me

Pert.

Pert. You ſhall not go, child.——I will know what hath happen'd.

Fetch. Don't be rude then.——The minute you grow uncivil, depend upon it I'll leave you.

Pert. 'Tis in vain, child; I will have it ſo.——You ſhall ſit down by me.

Fetch. I tell you I won't.——Should I be caught *(ſits down)* in this familiar way, what is there people might not think of me?——And ſo you muſt know, you have made a moſt dreadful quarrel in the family.—That impudent letter you ſent to diſſuade me from going into the country, ſet me in ſuch a flutter, that in the hurry and confuſion I only burnt the cover, and ſir *Thomas* found the letter; and his jealouſy imagines it was ſent to his wife.——Now you know, be the conſequences never ſo terrible, I dare not tell the truth, and take it upon myſelf.——We may ſet out for the country to night for ought I know.——Every thing hath that appearance.

Pert. Well, my dear, what's all this to us?—*Now* is your time to reſolve them.

Fetch. What! to be a whore!——[*Riſes.*] I am not that credulous fool you take me for.

Pert. You miſtake the thing, child.——I have more regard for your reputation, and I never propos'd but to keep you.

Fetch. Keep me! impertinence.

Pert. Why not? Marriage of late is grown to that prodigious expence, that few eſtates can ſupport it.—Pr'ythee, child, how do you think that young gentlewomen of ſmall fortunes diſpoſe of themſelves?——'Tis become quite reputable. You ſee 'em admitted every where.——Then where can lie your objection?

Fetch. I wonder how I can have the impudence to liſten to you.

Pert. Only look upon that paper.

Fetch. I look upon your odious papers?

Pert. A hundred, and for life.

Fetch. I tell you I won't be ruin'd.

Pert. 'Tis a ſettlement, child. Do not all women, even in marriage, look upon that as the moſt material part of the ceremony.

Fetch. So you wont be anſwer'd!

Pert. Let us ſign and ſeal.

Fetch. Let me die if ever I ſee your face again!

Pert. A hundred, and for life.

Fetch. A whore! faugh.——Becauſe you are a pretty man, you think you may ſay any thing. Let me go.

Pert. For life! look upon it, read it.

Fetch. Inſinuating monſter! you know I like you, and that makes you give yourſelf theſe liberties.——I tell you again, I *won't.*——What would you have me ſay to you?

Pert. You are determin'd then, like your lady, to loſe your life in the country, in marriage and penitence.

Fetch. If any man could prevail——But what am I ſaying?—I *won't.*——Dear Mr. *Pert*, don't inſiſt upon it.——I *won't.*——My reputation!

Pert. What doſt thou mean, child, by reputation? Why ſhould you frighten yourſelf with ſuch unfaſhionable ſcruples?——If you were a wife, you could not be ſo ungenteel as once to think of it; and 'tis really ſilly to make thoſe diſtinctions between before marriage and after.

Fetch. I am afraid to truſt my words with my thoughts.—I don't know what to ſay.

Pert. You will then.

Fetch. Sure the only ſecurity of any woman's virtue is to keep it out of temptation! [*Sighs.*

Pert. Well then, my dear, the affair is fix'd.

Fetch. I was not ſo impudent to conſent, was I?—I have *not* given my word, Mr. *Pert.*—But if you are reſolv'd to ruin me.—My lady rings, and I muſt leave you this moment——My dear, dear Mr. *Pert*, I won't be kiſs'd.——But am I to take that paper with me?

Pert. Hold, child, things of this nature like marriage muſt be done in form. Every thing ſhall be ready when next we meet.—Think my dear what I have ſaved you from.——Had you gone into the country with theſe ſcruples about you, you muſt have dy'd a maid, or at leaſt have been married.——How many married women will now envy you!

How ſweet, though ſhort, would be the nuptial life!
It 'twas no longer love, no longer wife.

ACT

ACT IV.

Lady Willit, Fetch.

Lady WILLIT.

WELL!—And what is become of all the men?—Did not I charge you not to let 'em go?

Fetch. Sir *Thomas*, madam.———

La. *Willit.* Sir *Thomas!* always Sir *Thomas!*—I have ſo much of him, that I am ſick of the very name.—— For heaven's ſake, talk of ſomething more agreeable.—Can I never have any one thing done that I order?—— Are they gone, I aſk you?

Fetch. Your huſband then, madam———

La. *Willit.* Huſband! hideous!———How *can* the wench be ſo vulgar! huſband!—Didſt thou ever hear that word even in mix'd converſation that was commonly well-bred; for who can tell but there may be married women in company?—To my face too—What have I done to be mortified in this brutal manner?

Fetch. Your ladyſhip aſk'd me a queſtion.——

La. *Willit.* And why don't you anſwer me?

Fetch. Sir *Thomas* then, madam, told 'em you were indiſpos'd, and deſir'd to be excus'd.

La. *Willit.* A ſavage!—You could have told him he ly'd.———

Fetch. There are familiarities that might become your ladyſhip.———

La. *Willit.* Impertinence! don't talk to me. It kills me to think of his behaviour.—I'm ſick to death of him.—[*Flings herſelf on the couch.*] The ſalts ——— Where are they?—Where have you miſlaid the bottle, monſter?———What is the blund'ring fool looking for?—I know you ſaw I had it in my hand, and thou would'ſt not have the humanity all this while to tell me of it.—So you won't then give me that play-book when I bid you!—I'll read, and try to forget him.

Fetch. Your ladyſhip changes your mind ſo often, that 'tis impoſſible for any ſervant alive to keep pace with it.

La. *Willit.* You will talk then!

Fetch. When one does all one can to pleaſe you.—

La. *Willit.* Hold your tongue, I ſay, and don't provoke me.—I hate this ſilly traſh.—

[*Flings away the book.*

Enter Fibber.

La. *Willit.* What does this fellow want? How dar'd you come into the room without being ſent for?—Where's the blockhead going?—Well, what haſt thou to ſay to me now?

Fib. Miſs *Clackit* preſents her humble ſervice to your ladyſhip, and hopes that you have not forgot that ſhe is to go to the opera with your ladyſhip at night.—She'll call upon your ladyſhip at half an hour after five.

La. *Willit.* Say that I'm out of order; that I ſee no company:—Say any thing.—Now, *can* that brute ever make me amends for the loſs of an opera?

Fib. Mrs. *Buxom*, madam, ſent word, that ſhe hath ſecur'd a box for the new play next week, and that there will be room for your ladyſhip, lady *Frankair*, and miſs *Sprightly*.

La *Willit.* What *will* become of me! I muſt and will keep my engagements.—Why did I ever know there was ſuch a place as *London*?——Was there nobody beſides?

Fib. Lady *Rampant* depends upon your ladyſhip to make up her quadrille party after the opera.

La. *Willit.* 'Tis intolerable, that one muſt ſet every agreeable thing aſide for the impertinent buſineſs of a huſband.—You may go.—But haſt thou any thing elſe to ſay to me?

Fib. Only the man left the maſquerade tickets for your ladyſhip—Here they are, madam.

La. *Willit.* Blockhead! fool! [*Tears them to pieces.*] But why, I pray, were not theſe meſſages deliver'd me as they were ſent?

Fib. Your ladyſhip was with ſir *Thomas*; and I had his poſitive orders to the contrary.

La. *Willit.* Get you out of my ſight.—How dar'd you to think of obeying him in any thing that related to me? [*Exit* Fibber.] This couſin of his is a moſt hypocritical

pocritical jade—I muſt and will unravel this affair.—Call her to me then.——[*Exit* Fetch, *and returns with* Friendleſs.] But now I think on't I'll ſtay till I have ſeen lady *Frankair*.---Have you any buſineſs with me, madam?

Friendl. Did not your ladyſhip ſend for me?

La. *Willit.* I ſend for you!—Don't flatter thyſelf; girl, I am not in ſuch miſerable diſtreſs for company.---You may go again. [*Exit* Friendleſs.

La. *Willit.* How could you be ſuch a blundering creature?—Did not I bid you call Miſs *Sprightly?* [*Going.*

Fetch. Really, madam, you confound me. [*Returns.*

La. *Willit.* I won't be ſpoke to.—Where are you going? [*Going.*] I won't ſee her now; I've chang'd my mind.

Fetch. If it be not an unreaſonable requeſt from a ſervant, I could wiſh your ladyſhip would know your own mind before you ſpeak;—'Twould ſave you a great many words, and me a great deal of trouble.

La. *Willit.* I tell you, *Fetch*, I won't bear your inſolence.—Go, ſee who 'tis that knocks.—If 'tis lady *Frankair*, that blundering fool of a porter may deny me.—I'll call when I want you. [*Exit* Fetch.

Enter Lady Frankair.

La. *Willit.* If I had done any thing to make him jealous, it wou'd not vex me.

La. *Frank.* Hath he ſtill the uſe of his reaſon? ſure he muſt be more than man, or you leſs than woman!——What, let a man that loves you have his own way!——How can you anſwer it to the ſex?

La. *Willit.* The creature fancies too he hath buſineſs.

La. *Frank.* And fancies you have pleaſure——Why cannot each of you follow your own amuſement?——Did ever any man but a huſband talk to a woman about buſineſs——one would imagine they did not know what we were made for.

Enter Fibber.

Fib. Lord *Courtlove*, madam. [*Exit.*

Enter Lord Courtlove.

La. *Willit.* Is the affair ſettled? you muſt pardon me, my lord; for I am very impatient.

Ld. *Court.* The promiſe is renew'd, but the place is gone. What is a promiſe?——A civility, and nothing more; and yet greedy neceſſitous fools will depend upon it; they will flatter, they will lye, they will betray for it; they will run in debt upon it; they take it too as current coin, and, till their creditors fall upon 'em, they never find the miſtake.——Excuſe me, ladies, for I have loſt all temper.

La. *Willit.* Then I am wretched.

La. *Frank.* You are a loſt woman if you truſt yourſelf in the country with him——We muſt defer it.

La. *Willit.* But how, how! that's the queſtion, my dear lady *Frankair.*

La. *Frank.* Miſs *Sprightly* muſt have my brother. ——Nay, child, we muſt ſome way or other bring it about.

La. *Willit.* Wou'd I cou'd marry him!

La. *Frank.* I hope ſir *Thomas* hath never ſeen you in this tame governable way.——Shou'd he imagine you had ſo much condeſcenſion in your conſtitution, there is no huſband alive but wou'd take the advantage of it. ——How many of 'em have I known ſpoil'd to all intents and purpoſes by our compliance to what they call reaſonable things!——Now I can have no notion that a huſband can propoſe a reaſonable thing.

La. *Willit.* I am ſorry your ladyſhip hath ſo mean an opinion of my underſtanding.—Sir *Thomas* may give himſelf what airs he pleaſes, but upon this head I have nothing to accuſe myſelf.

La. *Frank.* Support the dignity of your character now or never.——Though you are his wife, determine to be always your own woman.

La *Willit.* But who can hinder the creature from thruſting his advice upon one?——Had I ever taken it, I ſhould not wonder at him.—But, dear lady *Frankair,* can you think of any ſcheme to ſave me, for I hate to be obſtinate when there is no occaſion for it?

La. Frank.

La. *Frank.* Keep your temper, child; your caſe is not yet deſperate.——Now wou'd not any one ſwear that man was really unhappy? So diſconſolate, ſo ſighing, and all for the loſs of a woman!——Had he been a year or two married, he would have learnt to have borne a loſs of this kind with more philoſophical reſignation.——Brother, nay prithee, brother, is it the ill uſage of friends, or of your miſtreſs that touches you?

Ld. *Court.* 'Tis not that I am ſo unexperienc'd in public buſineſs, as to expect that every promiſe ſhould be comply'd with; but 'tis hard, ſiſter, that one of my conſequence ſhou'd be treated like a common country gentleman.

La. *Frank.* Have you not told me, child, that Mr. *Barter* influences your huſband in every thing?——We muſt make that man our friend.

La. *Willit.* Never think of it.——Had it not been for that meddling fool, mine had never once thought of his debts, nor the family been in this confuſion.

La. *Frank.* Yet there may be ways of ſoftening him.

La. *Willit.* You don't know him.

La. *Frank.* Pardon me, madam.

La. *Willit.* 'Tis impoſſible.

La. *Frank.* Have not you obſerv'd, that he and I of late are very well together?——He makes up to me upon all occaſions.——We only aſk him, child, to ſpeak and act contrary to his opinion; trifles that, my brother knows, are every day got the better of in things of greater conſequence.—What offers hath he refus'd? hath he ever been rightly apply'd to?

La. *Willit.* But then that curſed devil of a girl *Friendleſs*, is ſo ſet againſt me.

La. *Frank.* Now I really don't think the girl, in common juſtice to herſelf, ſhould part with her intereſt in miſs *Sprightly* for nothing.—My brother ought to have offer'd her ſome ſort of civility. As the intereſt with our friends is a ſaleable commodity, pray, why ſhould not ſhe make the beſt of it too?

Ld. *Court.* Without doubt it hath been a ſhameful omiſſion.

La. *Willit.*

La. *Willit.* Now is it not aſtoniſhing, madam, that that hideous girl ſhould ever be of conſequence enough to be brib'd? —'Tis ridiculous.

Ld. *Court.* That, madam, ſhall be my affair.

La. *Frank.* You are now, my dear, in the right way.

La. *Willit.* What a ling'ring death have you ſav'd me from! *Fetch*, tell my couſin *Jenny* to come to me immediately——Lady *Frankair* and I, my lord, will leave you to manage that aukward creature—'Twou'd make one mad to think that ſuch a wretch ſhould thrive upon my diſtreſſes.

Enter Miſs Friendleſs.

La. *Frank.* Don't you think the girl prodigiouſly genteel to-day?—Come hither, child.—I never ſaw a head more becoming. This is a mighty pretty ſilk, miſs *Friendleſs*; the ſleeve too is ſo eaſy.—Was this apron, child, of your own work?

Friendl. Your ladyſhip's civility is ſo like flattery, that it puts me in confuſion.—I am ſo unacquainted with both of 'em, that 'tis hard for me to diſtinguiſh one from t'other.

La. *Willit.* Now wou'd any body imagine by that creature's looks, that ſhe had ſo much miſchief and malice within her? [*To lady* Frankair.

Ld. *Court.* The diſtinctions miſs *Sprightly* ſhews you, are to me indiſputable proofs of your merit.

[*To* Friendleſs.

La. *Frank.* I differ with you, madam:——Miſs *Sprightly*, in my opinion, does *not* want ſenſe.

[*To lady* Willit.

La. *Willit.* And yet ſhe ſeems to think love the moſt reaſonable motive to marriage—Now is that like a woman of common underſtanding?—The girl is unaccountable.

La. *Frank.* Our laſt converſation muſt have had ſome effect upon her.

La. *Willit.* Is miſs *Sprightly*, couſin *Jenny*, in her own room?

Friendl. I left her there, madam.

La. *Willit.* Let us ſet upon her once again: ſhe is the only woman I ever knew that another woman could not

not find out; though we are ſuch riddles to men, we are not ſuch myſterious things to one another.——I leave you, couſin *Jenny*, to entertain lord *Courtlove*.

[*Exeunt lady* Willit, *and lady* Frankair.

Ld. *Court*. Thoſe eyes! were not my heart already engag'd, I muſt have lov'd now.

Friendl. I am unus'd to flattery, my lord; 'tis thrown away upon me, for I have not yet learnt that eaſy happy faith, to join with every flatterer in flattering myſelf.

Ld. *Court*. That modeſty, madam, is too ſevere, which takes offence at truth.——You cannot be a ſtranger to my paſſion, who enjoy the intimacies of a converſation, which (though you deſerve) I always envy.——Were *your* friendſhip to ſecond my addreſs to miſs *Sprightly*, it could not poſſibly fail of ſucceſs.

Friendl. Your lordſhip's ear perhaps is as little acquainted with truth as mine is with flattery; ſo that to one of your rank I cannot be ſo ill-bred, to ſpeak it without permiſſion.——Pardon me, then, my lord, if I am not of your opinion.

Ld. *Court*. I know you could do it, miſs *Jenny*.

Friendl. I ſhould deceive your lordſhip, if I did not diſſuade you from this purſuit.

Ld. *Court*. Would ſhe but let me know her objections.

Friendl. As in this caſe they generally depend upon fancy and caprice, a woman either can't give 'em, or won't give 'em.

Ld. *Court*. I know, miſs, you have good-nature; I know too the credit you have with her.—Might I hope for your good offices, you ſhould not find me ungrateful.

Friendl. What do you mean, my lord?

Ld. *Court*. Mean, madam!——I ſaid I would not be ungrateful.

Friendl. Have I ever call'd your gratitude in queſtion, my lord?

Ld. *Court*. I thought the courtly phraſe of tranſacting buſineſs had been better underſtood.

Friendl. But why are you ſo myſterious?

Ld. *Court*.

Ld. *Court.* I mean then, madam, (you muſt pardon me) that the thing ſhall turn out to your own intereſt too.

Friendl. To my intereſt!

Ld. *Court.* A thouſand guineas, or a diamond ring of that value.

Friendl. For what?——To ſell my friend? were I a man you wou'd not have had the courage to have offer'd me this affront.

Ld. *Court.* Excuſe me, madam; 'tis an affront that men of the greateſt diſtinction pocket up without the leaſt ſcruple.

Friendl. Is it becauſe I want fortune you preſume to uſe me thus?——Which of us two thinks the other the moſt contemptible?

Ld. *Court.* The preſent is not ſo inconſiderable, but the richeſt perſon might have accepted it.

Friendl. A man who wou'd bribe me to be his friend (by tacitly calling me a knave) very juſtly makes me his enemy. Could I ſerve you, were I inclin'd to ſerve you, my honour would now forbid me.

Enter Fetch.

Fetch. My lady, and lady *Frankair* are in the drawing-room, and deſire your lordſhip's company immediately.

Ld. *Court.* I hope, miſs, you will think more favourably of me, and not miſinterpret a civility. [*Exit.*

Friendl. Is miſs *Sprightly* alone, Mrs. *Fetch?*

Fetch. My lady bid me charge you not to ſtir from this room till ſhe ſent for you.—You had beſt not provoke her; for miſs yonder, hath put her moſt horridly out of humour.

Enter Miſs Sprightly.

Spright. I have left my aunt like a woman diſtracted: ſhe thinks me very unreaſonable that I won't be married for her conveniency; now I think a woman runs a ſufficient riſque who marries for her own.

Friendl. Your lover hath been juſt now offering me proofs of his *good* opinion of *you*, and his *ill* opinion of *me*; for he would have brib'd handſomely for you.

Spright.

Spright. I am ſure, child, he muſt hold thy parts in prodigious contempt:——'Tis the great commerce of the world: for a man of rank or figure is above ſelling any thing——but his friend,—or himſelf.

Friendl. How can you divert yourſelf by being worried every day of your life?——Have you put an end to it at laſt by a peremptory anſwer?

Spright. My uncle, I find, holds his reſolution of going into the country, and then there's an end of all his wife's ſchemes at once. 'Tis a ſphere that ſtints the genius of an extravagant affected woman.——Inclination may be the ſame, but opportunities muſt be wanting; and ſhe cannot have thoſe frequent temptations of making herſelf and her huſband ſo conſpicuouſly ridiculous.

Friendl. The want of fortune is felt ſo ſeverely in no condition of life, as in being oblig'd to a proud imperious relation. While ſhe is talking to me, I am in ſuch awe, that my very reaſon is not my own ——In all places my circumſtance muſt be the ſame.

Spright. You will always find a friend in me.

Friendl. Her very civilities are inſults.

Spright. That lady *Frankair* hath been the poor woman's ruin.

Friendl. She affects her phraſes.——

Spright. Her very vices, like an imitating poet.

Friendl. Then, without the common ſkill or views of a gameſter, ſhe plays immoderately.

Spright. And 'tis by that (if I miſtake not) lady *Frankair* pays herſelf for her inſtructions.

Friendl. Now were I a man, I ſhould be the moſt jealous of my wife's *women*-companions.

Spright. She is over-run with affectation; ſhe is an awkward copy of that very woman, or rather of every woman of faſhion.—Why does ſhe paint? not that ſhe wants a complection, but becauſe lady *Flareit* does it.—Why are all the fops in town admitted to her toilette? Becauſe ſhe hath ſeen 'em at lady *Frankair*'s.——Why are common cheats and ſharpers admitted among her viſitors? Becauſe ſhe hath ſeen the particular civilities ſhown 'em at lady *Quadrille*'s.—She is aſham'd of going to church, becauſe lady *Frankair* hath no religion.——

Then

Then too ſhe wou'd fain have the reputation of making her huſband a cuckold, in imitation of —— a hundred of the fine ladies of her acquaintance.

Enter Fetch.

Fetch. Miſs *Friendleſs*, my lady wants you this moment.

Sprigbt. Nay, you ſhall not go, child; for, in the humour ſhe is in; I know ſhe wou'd uſe you like a dog.

Fetch I dare not, madam, return without her.—— 'Tis well for us that her humours are divided among her huſband and the whole family; for if they were to light upon one,——where's the patience that could bear 'em?

Sprigbt. You know, *Fetch*, miſs *Friendleſs* hath always had her full ſhare of her.

Friendl. But, after all, miſs *Sprightly*, I muſt go.

Enter Lady Willit *and Lady* Frankair.

La. *Willit.* I knew they were together.——You impertinent ſlut, why did not you bring me an anſwer? [*To* Fetch.]——Well, miſs, and does your aukward privy counſellor there, applaud you for being ſo obſtinately bent againſt your own intereſt?—[*To* Sprightly.] ——Why is lord *Courtlowe* thy averſion, girl?——Only becauſe he is my friend.——Who haſt thou in thy eye for her? [*To* Friendleſs.]——Depend upon it, that malicious creature intends to ſell thee, child. [*To* Sprightly.]

Sprigbt. Let me have the honour and ſhame of my own actions; for, like your ladyſhip, I am influenced by my own paſſions only.——I am as much averſe to advice as you can be: do all you can, you ſee I take my own.

La. *Willit.* Ah *Jenny*, *Jenny*, thou art a devil.

Friendl. You wrong me, madam.——But gratitude keeps me ſilent; I dare not truſt myſelf with a reply.

La. *Willit.* That is to ſay, you con'd be ſaucy if you wou'd.——Nay, I cannot be ſurpriz'd at the inſolence of every one in the family, when my huſband ſets 'em an example.

Sprigbt. Does your ladyſhip never accuſe yourſelf as well as other people? La. *Willit.*

La. *Willit.* I don't want accuſers, miſs *Sprightly:* I think that matter is but too evident.——That ſullen creature, [*pointing to* Friendleſs] lady *Frankair*, is a proof, that miſchief is the only cunning of fools.—— What does the fellow want?

Enter Humphrey.

Humph. My maſter, madam;—no offence I hope to your ladyſhip——

La. *Willit.* And didſt thou think this a likely place to find him in?—Theſe aukward country clowns think a man and his wife inſeparable.

Humph. Nay, madam, I am not ſo fond of ill words, for that matter, as to ſeek to talk to you great ladies. —Then too, I have liv'd ſo long in a great family, that (as 'tis my duty) I leave my lady in the wrong whenever ſhe pleaſes to be ſo; no offence I hope, madam. [*Going.*

La. *Willit.* This inſufferable fool will eternally be talking.—Who wants your maſter?—That that creature's maſter ſhould be mine!—Why does not the fellow anſwer me?—Who wants him?

Humph. His uncle, madam, Mr. *Barter*,

La. *Willit.* My huſband too out of the way! never was any thing ſo lucky.—Lay hold of this opportunity, my dear lady *Frankair*.—Tell Mr. *Barter*, that I deſire the favour of his company. [*Exit* Humphry.]——Lady *Frankair* and I have buſineſs; ſo you two may go together and rail at me.——In a minute or two do you, *Fetch*, come and whiſper me. [*Exeunt Miſs* Sprightly, *Miſs* Friendleſs *and* Fetch.

Enter Mr. Barter.

La. *Willit.* After I have given your ladyſhip a ſufficient time to tempt him as a woman (don't think, lady *Frankair*, that I ſuſpect your parts)——I'll ſend lord *Courtlove* to ſecure your conqueſt by what governs the world, Intereſt.—Love alone will never do! men think as cooly, and as reaſonably, child, upon theſe affairs as we.—Mr. *Barter*, your ſervant.

La. *Frank.* Buſineſs takes a man off from his friends ſo immoderately, that one hath very ſeldom the plea-

ſure

ſure of ſeeing you.——Now, dear Mr. *Barter*, tell me ſincerely; don't you at ſome hours of the day, think of what is more entertaining?——I can have no notion that a reaſonable creature (as you are) can entirely loſe himſelf in the city; for you ſhould never perſuade me that ſuch converſation can poſſibly be agreeable.

Bart. Why not agreeable? We have our affectations, our vanities, our follies, and our vices.——We rail, we are civil, and laugh at one another with the ſame familiarity and friendſhip as you do.—Then too, as you laugh at us, we laugh at you; ſo that we are never at a loſs for ſomething diverting and ridiculous.

[Fetch *enters and whiſpers.*

La. *Willit.* You'll excuſe me, madam—I beg your pardon, Mr. *Barter*: 'Tis an affair that cannot detain me long. You ſee I uſe you both without ceremony.

[*Exit.*

La. *Frank.* How cou'd you be ſo provoking, as not to be at my laſt aſſembly?——I hope you don't put me upon the foot of ſending to you.

Bart. You know, madam, I had been at one before; and my curioſity was fully anſwer'd———Every body was talking round me, and not a creature had any thing to ſay;—not a man or woman but what was in the hurry of buſineſs, and not one of 'em had any thing to do; till at laſt I found all of them worn down, and diſpirited with one another's impertinence, except a few friends who were ſeeking to ruin each other at the gaming-table.

La. *Frank.* But, dear Mr. *Barter*, how can you be ſo ſevere? 'Tis impoſſible to enter into the diverſions of the place at once.—'Tis what one may call the exchange of love and gallantry; the tranſactions and bargains are ſettled in the crowd, but the buſineſs is concluded in a *tête a tête* at their own houſes.——You may depend upon it, by its being ſo much frequented, that it anſwers the men's and women's ends ſome way or other.

Bart. But I have no ſchemes of that kind.

La. *Frank.* Why have you not?

Bart.

Bart. At my time of life, madam, I ſhall not begin to make myſelf ridiculous.

La. *Frank.* At my time of life!—When did you ever hear a woman make uſe of that expreſſion?—Are not you a man? beyond diſpute you make yourſelf ten times as ridiculous by forgetting you are one.——Were you once ſettled among us; I ſee you have it about you to reliſh life.——A woman is a better judge in this caſe than you are of yourſelf.

Bart. I have not vanity enough to be work'd into a fool by flattery.

La. *Frank.* How can you take a thing ſo maliciouſly?

Bart. Really, madam, one wou'd not chooſe to be an aukward fool!—the genteel follies and vices never ſit eaſy upon a man of buſineſs; the pretty fellows owe 'em entirely to education.

La. *Frank.* Let me die, Mr. *Barter*, if I am not ſerious in this affair! ſuppoſe now, by my brother's marriage to miſs *Sprightly* (which I know your advice cou'd eaſily bring about) our families were link'd in the ſame intereſt; and that your nephew, by a conſiderable employment, was oblig'd to reſide in town, there might be things too worth *your* acceptance; and, pray, what objections cou'd you have to living among us?

Bart. I am *not* aſham'd of my profeſſion, madam.

La. *Frank.* But you muſt allow, that at our end of the town we live with greater elegance.——*Why* is the purſuit of riches, but to attain eaſe and pleaſure?

Bart. I hate luxury and oſtentation.

La. *Frank.* To what purpoſe have you wealth? wou'd you not enjoy it?

Bart. I do—Extravagance and profuſion *never* enjoy'd it.—Beſides, 'tis a life that I am unqualified for.——I have the narrow ſtinted genius of honeſty and independance, and ſhou'd but expoſe my education by living within my fortune.

La. *Frank.* But, dear Mr. *Barter*, after all (putting you out of the caſe) is it not monſtrouſly abſurd in your *Nephew* to ſet himſelf againſt his own intereſt? To abandon a preferment that is thrown in his way?——How are families rais'd?

Bart.

Bart. They *ought* to be rais'd, madam, by induſtry and honour.

Enter lord Courtlove.

La *Frank.* Dear brother, I am glad you are come to my aſſiſtance.——I know you will think Mr. *Barter* prodigiouſly in the wrong.

Ld. *Court.* Though I have as yet the misfortune to be very little known to him, I am ſo well acquainted with his character, that I own myſelf partial to his opinions.

La. *Frank.* I have been making down right court to him; and wou'd fain perſuade him to divide himſelf between buſineſs and pleaſure, and live at our end of the town.

Ld. *Court.* The life muſt unqueſtionably be more agreeable, and it might too be attended with its advantages.

Bart. Luxury, neceſſity, and dependance, are advantages inconſiſtent with our way of life.——Induſtry and commerce (however unfaſhionable) oblige us to œconomy and juſtice; and (notwithſtanding the politer examples of the *world)* our credit does *ſtill*, in a great meaſure, depend upon our moral character.

La. *Frank.* We all know you city people get a prodigious deal of money; but ſtill a merchant——there's ſomething in that word that gives one an idea of—of—of I don't know what:——In ſhort we ladies have an unaccountable prejudice againſt you.

Bart. Is the name then a term of reproach?——Where is the profeſſion that is ſo honourable?—What is it that ſupports every individual of our country? 'Tis commerce.——On what depends the glory, the credit, the power of the nation?——On commerce.——To what does the crown itſelf owe its ſplendor and dignity?——To commerce.——To what owe you the revenue of your own half-ruin'd eſtates? To commerce: and are you ſo ungrateful then to treat the profeſſion with contempt by which you are maintain'd?

Ld. *Court.* A city life, ſiſter, may be diſagreeable to you fine ladies; but your's is not the opinion of *all* the people of faſhion and quality.

Bart.

Bart. When people of rank and figure can profeſs gaming, I am not ſurpriz'd that we are ſo contemptible? for commerce is the very reverſe of it.——In gaming, one man's gain is t'other's ruin; but commerce is for the mutual advantage of both.

Ld. *Court.* But you muſt allow, ſir, that advantages have been made by a good correſpondence at this end of the town; (which upon certain occaſions might be of uſe to you.)—You know inſtances, many inſtances, among you of what I mean.—The countenance of men in power, early intelligence, a ſeaſonable hint!——Some of your greateſt fortunes have been rais'd this way.

Bart. 'Tis too evident, my lord—But then one exorbitant fortune of this ſort hath made at leaſt a thouſand beggars.—'Tis the moſt fraudulent, the moſt pernicious gaming, under a more ſpecious denomination; and thoſe who practiſe it, diſgrace the profeſſion of a merchant.

Ld. *Court.* Pardon me, ſir? I meant the propoſal as a civility.

Bart. Your ſiſter, my lord, I perceive is to flatter me, and you are to bribe me to influence my nephew to ſell his niece.—The caſe is plain; or, why all this ſolicitude, this artifice about miſs *Sprightly?*

La. *Frank.* How can you, brother, talk to a creature who is ſo horridly out of humour?——One would imagine Mr. *Barter* had a mind to the girl himſelf.

Ld. *Court.* Nay, dear ſiſter, keep your temper.

Bart. This whole proceeding, in the eye of the world, appears ſo very mercenary, ſo very corrupt, that your honour ſuffers.——Pardon my freedom, my lord.

Ld. *Court.* As to notional honour, you are undoubtedly in the right of it; but what is that to the practice of mankind?——

Bart. 'Tis you, my lord, and ſuch as you that influence the manners of mankind.——Common charity obliges thoſe of your rank to ſhow clear and conſpicuous proofs of honour and diſintereſtedneſs; for when

even

enough to think *that* a motive to reconcile me to his brutal behaviour?—The love of a husband, girl, is not of that *prodigious* consequence.

Friendl. The importunity of creditors in town, the frauds of his steward in the country must have made him uneasy.

La. *Willit.* Don't be impertinent, *Jenny*—How dare you think of the affairs of the family?——Answer the question I ask you.——Why am I thus outrageously insulted? Who hath set him against me?—That devilish letter, *Jenny.*

Friendl. Miss *Sprightly* told me, that *Forward* did as good as own it, and that 'twas writ in pique and envy to *Pert.*—The *occasion* of jealousies is always to be avoided; for be the *suspicion* either true or false, the *mischief* is the same; and what hath now happen'd must convince you, that the *vanity* of fools hath embroil'd more families than real intrigues.

La. *Willit.* Thou art grown most affectedly wise, *Jenny.*

Friendl. That daily flutter at your toilette may be only innocent amusement to you, but it may gall the heart of a husband

La. *Willit.* 'Tis then the company I keep, that gives you and him the offence——How intolerably like my husband the girl talks!——Dost thou think, child, that I was married to deny myself the common liberties of a married woman?——Would'st thou have a man and his wife so disagreeably malicious, as to be eternally intruding themselves into each other's company?---Ah, *Jenny, Jenny!* 'tis now a clear point who is his abettor: 'tis *you* that set him on.——Impertinence!——Get you out of my sight.

Enter Sir Thomas Willit.

Sir *Tho.* Nay, dear child, why are these unreasonable passions?

La. *Willit.* Unreasonable passions!——*You* know, sir *Thomas,* I have had my unreasonable provocations.—Do you imagine that nobody has the talent of saying or doing a shocking thing but yourself?

Sir *Tho.*

Sir *Tho.* You need not go, couſin *Jenny.*

La. *Willit.* Go, I ſay.

Sir *Tho.* Dear child, keep your temper.

La. *Willit.* I won't.——*Hear* her, *believe* her, and make me and yourſelf unhappy.—I ſhall not interrupt the converſation. [*Exit.*

Sir *Tho.* Get yourſelf ready, couſin *Jenny*, to ſet out for the country upon the firſt notice; for the moment I take my reſolution, nothing upon earth ſhall defer it.——But ſtay, child,——The preſent uneaſineſs of the family can be no ſecret to you.

Friendl. Wou'd it were in my power to remedy it.

Sir. *Tho.* I am not ſo moroſe, to deny a wife the natural caprice and coquetry of the ſex.——But of late her conduct hath been inſupportable.

Friendl. 'Tis the way of the world that offends you.——Her behaviour is owing to imitation more than inclination.——Are not all the ladies of her acquaintance ſo many precedents for every thing ſhe ſays or does?—There is a faſhion in converſation, in amuſements, in follies, in vices, as well as in dreſs.

Sir *Tho.* This deteſtable town is more infectious than the plague: a woman lives not one day in it without catching ſome faſhionable vice or other.

Friendl. Were men to judge by appearances, the whole town would be over-run with jealouſy; for a woman is aſham'd to ſeem to love her huſband.——I am not vindicating the manners of the ſex, yet I am an advocate for her innocence.

Sir *Tho.* Innocence!——Such innocence hath every bad conſequence of guilt.——I don't know what to think of her.

Friendl. Conſider, ſir, the faſhionable hypocriſy of the age is to appear vicious.

Sir. *Tho.* This is the firſt time I ever ſuſpected you for her confidant.——But, as a woman, 'tis natural to think a huſband muſt be in the wrong when he is jealous.

Friendl. I ſpeak in juſtice to her, and in duty and ſincerity to you.

Sir *Tho.* Whatſoever they ſay behind one another's backs, to deceive a huſband, one woman will vindicate

another.——But it may be the girl's real opinion; ſhe is credulous, and good-natur'd.——I have buſineſs now. ——— You may go, child. [*Exit* Friendleſs.

Enter Barter.

Bart. Were we to remove into another room, we ſhould be leſs liable to be interrupted.---You ſee I have not forgot the offence I committed in the morning.

Sir *Tho.* I have no notion of theſe ceremonies and punctilios between man and wife.---Sit down, ſir; we will not be interrupted.

Bart. Your debts turn out greater than you imagin'd. Theſe receipts have exhauſted the whole ſum.—Mrs. *Glib*, the lace-woman's bill, of a year and a half's ſtanding (which was not in your liſt) amounts to a hundred and fifteen pounds.---Here's a bill too of *Mr. Gloſs*, the mercer, of eighty-three; and this of Mrs. *Spangle*, the embroiderer, of thirty-ſeven. I have ordered 'em to call upon me to-morrow, and, if you are ſatisfied in their demands, I will diſcharge the debt, and place it to account.—You ſee, nephew, I am willing to do every thing in my power to forward the reaſonable, the honeſt reſolution you have taken.

Sir *Tho.* 'Tis not enough that a man means to be juſt, when by his negligence, indolence, or vanity in living beyond his fortune, he puts it out of his own power to be ſo.---You are not ſupplying a ſquanderer, but retrieving a family: that is the obligation I ſhall have to you.

Enter Fibber.

Fibb. Your honour's letters, ſir, by the poſt. [*Exit.*

Sir *Tho.* The ſeal is quite broken, and not ſo much as botch'd up again.---The curioſity or fears of mankind are prodigious.

Bart. 'Tis a grievance that is become ſo general, that no particular will take it upon him to complain.

Sir *Tho.* "Madam"———The letter I find is directed to my wife.---How could the fellow be ſuch a blunderer!---This is a liberty I never allow'd myſelf; but as 'tis my ſteward's hand, and can be no ſecret, you will excuſe me.

[*Reads.*]

[*Reads.*] "Madam, your ladyſhip muſt protect me "from the information of *Trenchwell*, or the money I "have advanced to you from time to time muſt all be "brought to account"———

To what will not a woman condeſcend to gratify her extravagance? [*Sitting thoughtfully.*

Bart. No ill news, I hope.

Sir *Tho.* 'Tis not her fault; 'tis my own negligence———

——"In ſhort, madam, my affairs are in ſuch con-"fuſion, that unleſs I receive a ſatisfactory letter from "your ladyſhip the very next poſt, I ſhall be obliged "to make the beſt of my way to *Calais*."

SURVEY.

——Read it, ſir.——Know me before you truſt me. [Barter *reads.*]—Well!—Now I am to be truſted?

Bart. The more you want a friend, the more ready I am to ſerve you.

Sir *Tho.* An hour may be of the utmoſt conſequence. ——I have taken my reſolution.

Bart. There are people of your's below, that ſtay for me. [*Exit.*

Enter Humphrey.

Sir *Tho. Humphrey*,—— let the coach and ſix be got ready with all the expedition poſſible.

Humph. Before the ſervants have din'd, ſir!

Sir *Tho.* I don't dine in town.

Humph. Now I cou'd not help ſatisfying you, if you did not know where I was going.——But ſervants muſt not aſk queſtions.

Sir *Tho.* Saddle horſes too for the ſervants.——D'ye hear?

Humph. Yes, ſir.

Sir *Tho.* Let 'em be ready, and in the way, for I ſhall not ſtay a minute for any one of 'em.—But hold, *Humphrey*——Tell my wife I wou'd ſpeak with her immediately——Go then.

Humph. Methinks, that you might be ſure you knew your own mind rightly, you had better ſee my lady firſt.

—Or what hath been, may be; and we may, mayhap, have every thing to undo again. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady Willit.

Sir *Tho.* Dear child, I am glad you are come.——I had juſt ſent to deſire to ſpeak to you.

La. *Willit.* And what diſagreeable thing have you to ſay to me?—If it is about buſineſs, let me entreat you, dear ſir *Thomas*, to keep it yourſelf; for I won't be plagu'd and worried every hour of my life with ſuch impertinent trifles.

Sir *Tho.* As I am ſettling accounts with my creditors——

La. *Willit.* You know I hate accounts.—What have I to do with your creditors? wou'd you have me pay 'em?

Sir *Tho.* Do you know any thing of theſe bills, child?

La *Willit.* To-morrow morning,—a week hence,—ſome time or other, when I have nothing elſe to do,—if I don't forget it,—I will aſk you for 'em.

Sir *Tho.* I only want to be ſatisfied if any thing hath been paid.——Some of the people themſelves are below.

La. *Willit.* If you like to be entertain'd with their impertinence ſend for 'em up.—Whether they or you dun me, the thing is much the ſame.——But after all, what wou'd you have me do?——Give me your hideous papers then. *Sarah Glib*——never was any thing like the impudence of that woman! ſhe had the aſſurance t'other day to aſk me for her money; a creature who takes ſuch intolerable liberties, by my conſent ſhou'd never be paid.——*Glaſs* and *Spangle* too!—Once a week ever ſince we came to town have theſe odious names been laid upon my toilette.——Send the creatures away, I beg you; people of faſhion ſhould not encourage 'em, and (for the quiet of one another) ſhou'd *never* comply with a dun.——Was it upon this important affair I was ſent for. [*Flings down the bills.*

Sir *Tho.* Nay; ſtay, child.

La. *Willit.* I hate you when you are in this provoking wiſe way.

Sir Tho.

Sir *Tho.* I have ſomething of conſequence to acquaint you with.

La. *Willit.* I han't time to hear it now.

Sir *Tho.* But I muſt ſpeak with you.

La. *Willit.* Speak then.

Sir *Tho.* I have order'd the coach and ſix to be at the door as ſoon as it can be got ready.

La. *Willit.* The coach and ſix!

Sir *Tho.* To ſet out for the country immediately.

La. *Willit.* Immediately!

Sir *Tho.* The very moment the coach is ready.

La. *Willit.* You might have been ſo civil to have aſk'd me if I wou'd have the horſes kept in town—— Now, dear Sir *Thomas*, wou'd not a hir'd ſet have ſerv'd your purpoſe full as well?

Sir *Tho.* Take nothing with you but what is abſolutely neceſſary upon the road.——Every thing elſe, child, ſhall be ſent after us.

La. *Willit.* Am I a neceſſary part of your baggage, that I am to be bundled up with you at an hour's warning?

Sir *Tho.* Our affairs, child, have made it abſolutely neceſſary.

La. *Willit.* Well! and do I detain you?

Sir *Tho.* You know it is impoſſible for us to ſtay in town.

La. *Willit.* That a dun or two can put you ſo hideouſly out of humour——Don't you almoſt every where ſee, that they are the everlaſting retinue of a man of fortune?

Sir *Tho.* You muſt allow me to know my own affairs, madam.

La. *Willit.* And you muſt allow me to know my own mind—ſir.

Sir *Tho.* My reſolutions, madam, are taken; ſo ſend for your maid, and order your things, for the coach will be at the door in leſs than half an hour.

La. *Willit.* In leſs than half an hour!—My head akes moſt intolerably; and it kills me to talk. [*Sits down.*

Sir *Tho.* The journey, the air, the exerciſe, child, will do you good.

La. *Willit.* To do me good was never a motive for your doing any thing.——I wonder how you can have the aſſurance to give that for a reaſon. Your uſage, ſir, of late hath prepared me to bear your abſence for ten or twelve days; and you can have no buſineſs that can keep you longer.——Therefore ſay no more about it, for I will not go.

Sir *Tho.* But, dear child, conſider——

La. *Willit.* I won't.

Sir *Tho.* 'Tis impoſſible the family can ſubſiſt in town a day longer.—'Tis in vain to diſpute; the thing muſt be done.

La. *Willit.* Muſt!

Sir *Tho.* Will you get yourſelf ready then?

La. *Willit.* No.

Sir. *Tho.* Shall I call your maid to you?

La. *Willit.* No.

Sir *Tho.* Will you think reaſonably?

La. *Willit.* No. [*Sobbing and crying.*

Sir *Tho.* This is not to be borne——Nay; pr'ythee, child, don't give way to theſe paſſions.——'Twill be to no purpoſe to act this part over and over again.——Wipe your eyes, my dear; and when a thing muſt be done, tho' it is a huſband's propoſal, do it chearfully. [*Takes her by the hand.*

La. *Willit.* For heaven's ſake, ſir *Thomas*, let me alone.

Sir *Tho.* Anſwer me then.——

La. *Willit.* I won't be haul'd and worried.

Sir *Tho.* You or I, my dear, muſt get the better of theſe capricious humours.—— [*Rings, Enter* Humphrey.] Tell *Fetch* to come to your miſtreſs.

Humph. She's not in the houſe, ſir.

Sir *Tho.* My couſin *Jenny* then. [*Exit* Humphrey.] Speak to me, child.——Theſe fits of unreaſonable obſtinacy are owing to my unreaſonable compliance; and the low ſpirits you ſo often and ſo opportunely complain of, are owing to your too high ſpirits.—Leave off the fine lady, and be a reaſonable woman.

La. *Willit.* Inhuman creature! ah—— [*Screams. Enter*

Enter Friendleſs.

Sir *Tho.* A glaſs of water and the hartſhorn immediately, couſin *Jenny*.

Friendl. My lady is in her uſual way, I ſee.

Sir *Tho.* But I am not in my uſual way.—Leave her to me, child; and pack up thoſe things that will be neceſſary upon the road.——The key, you ſee is in the travelling-box.

Friendl. My lady will travel in her ſultane, I ſuppoſe.

Sir *Tho.* In any thing——Nay, pr'ythee, child, get the better of yourſelf, and order what you wou'd take with you.——What *are* you doing couſin *Jenny*.

Friendl. This cordial-water box *muſt* go, for my lady never travels without it.

Sir *Tho.* Diſpatch, girl, and aſk no queſtions.

Friendl. And her toilette too——

Sir *Tho.* Only the things that are neceſſary.—Every thing elſe ſhall be ſent after her. [*The cover of the box falls down.*

La. *Willit.* How can you kill one with theſe intolerable noiſes? [*Starts.*

Sir *Tho.* Recover your reaſon, my dear; and give her directions yourſelf. [*She riſes.*

La. *Willit.* How dar'd you touch any thing without my orders?——Lay every thing where you found it ——audacious ſlut!

Sir *Tho.* Will you tell her then what you *wou'd* have done?

La. *Willit.* No.

Sir *Tho.* Pack it up then, couſin *Jenny*.

La. *Willit.* How!——did not you hear what I ſaid?

Sir *Tho.* You muſt go as you are then; for nothing ſhall detain me—— I have affairs with my brother below; ſo agree the matter between yourſelves. [*Exit.*

La. *Willit.* Are theſe the proofs of your gratitude to me, for all the kind things I have done for you?

Enter Fibber.

Fib. Lady *Frankair*, and three or four ladies more, to wait upon your ladyſhip.

La. *Willit.* Get you gone, both of you. [*Exeunt* Friendleſs *and* Fibber.

Enter Lady Frankair, *Lady* Rampant, *Mrs.* Buxom, *and Mrs.* Clackit.

La. *Willit.* The brute hath really ruffled me.—[*At the looking-glaſs.*] I look horridly fluſter'd.—To be got the better of by a huſband!—Shou'd it ever be known, I ſhou'd be deſerted by the men, and laugh'd at by the women.——Though I feel myſelf miſerable, I won't make myſelf ridiculous. Lady *Frankair*, your ſervant.

La. *Frank.* What is the meaning of this ſudden reſolution?——If you go with him, child, you go to eternal baniſhment.

La. *Ramp.* Are you really leaving us, my dear?

Bux. I thought I had known you.

Clack. Are you mad, child?

La. *Ramp.* What a wretched hideous thing is a country-houſe!

Bux. 'Tis an everlaſting *tête a tête* (without the chance of one agreeable interruption) and with whom? with a huſband.

La. *Willit.* Ah! [*Sighs.*

La. *Ramp.* That is a terrible circumſtance.

La. *Willit.* But he hath real buſineſs, lady *Rampant*; and 'twas I prevail'd upon him.

Bux. A new opera next week, and lady *Willit* not at it!

Clack. 'Tis incredible!

La. *Ramp.* 'Tis impoſſible!

Bux. Nay madam, 'tis for our intereſt that you never ſhou'd come to town; for we ſhall have all the fine men flirting at us again.

La. *Willit.* The loſs of a new opera is a mortification.—Sir *Thomas*, indeed, wou'd have perſuaded me to ſtay, but I know his affairs muſt ſuffer.

La. *Ramp.* You are grown moſt unaccountably conſiderate.

Clack. But, dear child, what an odious journey are you taking?

Bux. Why ſir *Thomas*'s houſe is a thouſand miles off.

La. *Willit.*

La. *Willit.* 'Tis a dreadful way, that's certain.
[*Sighs.*

Clack. Now, I proteſt, I wou'd not marry a man that had a country-houſe.——I ſhould be in perpetual apprehenſions, when a huſband had ſuch a hideous mortifying thing in his power.

Bux. You will wiſh.———

La. *Ramp.* You will be moap'd.

Clack. You will deſpair.

La. *Ramp.* Could you bear to be a country gentlewoman, Mrs. *Clackit?*

Clack. Let me die, if I ſhould not hang myſelf.

Bux. How many days journey is it?

La. *Willit.* Dear madam, don't name it.——But 'tis my own choice; and as my going, ſo my return depends intirely upon myſelf.

La. *Ramp.* How many women have been loſt to all true pleaſure, by truſting themſelves with their huſbands a hundred miles from *London!*

Clack. Believe me, child, 'tis a moſt terrible undertaking.

Bux. 'Tis like hell; 'tis eaſy to get thither.—But to return,——there's the point.

Clack. I adviſe you as a friend, my dear, let him do his buſineſs by himſelf, and don't truſt yourſelf with him.

La. *Willit.* When I ſaw his affairs requir'd it, it was my duty to perſuade him.

La. *Ramp.* The very ſentiments of a notable country houſwife!

Clack. When a man and woman are come to take each other's advice, they have done with the world, and the world hath done with them.——So, my dear, I wiſh you a good journey.—— [*Salutes her.*

La. *Ramp.* I am afraid we incommode your ladyſhip. [*Salutes her.*

Bux. 'Tis a mortifying thing to part with you, my dear.—But I ſee you are in a hurry.— [*Salutes her.*

[*Exeunt* Clackit, *Lady* Rampant, *and* Buxom.

La. *Frank.* Really, child, you carried off your diſtreſs very handſomely.

Enter Fetch.

La. *Willit.* How dar'd you to be out of the way when I wanted you?

Fetch. Your ladyſhip's affairs call you into the country; and at preſent 'tis inconvenient to me.——

La. *Willit.* To you!——hold your tongue, impertinence.

Fetch. I have born this uſage but too long.—I *was* your ſervant, madam.

La. *Willit.* Have done, I ſay.

Fetch. Your ladyſhip may ſpare your anger for her that ſhall ſucceed me.——All I aſk, madam, is my diſcharge.

La. *Willit.* There's no bearing it.——Don't talk to me.

Fetch. Your ladyſhip may treat your ſervants as you pleaſe; but as my circumſtances are chang'd, your ladyſhip, methinks, might give me better language.

La. *Willit.* You will talk then!——Sir *Thomas* below, huſſy, will pay you your wages.——Get you gone.

Fetch. Nay, madam, for that matter, unleſs your ladyſhip can behave yourſelf more civilly——I ſhall cut ſhort the converſation.—Madam, your ſervant. [*Exit.*

Enter Sprightly, *in her travelling habit.*

Spright. Is not your ladyſhip ready yet?

La. *Willit.* Dear child, what do you mean?—You have never given lord *Courtbow* a poſitive anſwer.——You may trifle with a lover too long.——I know you intend to have him. Such an offer!——You have too good ſenſe to refuſe it.

La. *Frank.* This is the only point, child, that can reſpite your ſentence. [*To lady* Willit. *They ſeem in earneſt converſation with* Sprightly.

Enter Sir Thomas, *and* Friendleſs.

Friendl. The letter that gave you ſo much diſquiet, *Fetch* own'd to me was writ to her by *Pert.* As I have the happineſs of your family at heart, I thought it my duty to let you know it.——'Tis upon his account ſhe hath quitted your ſervice.——The ſtep ſhe hath taken

town

I own ſurprizes me; but there is not ſo ſure a trap for a woman as a coxcomb.—A chambermaid is often the purſuit, when the lady loſes her reputation.

Sir *Tho.* How happy have you made me by this diſcovery! [*To* Friendleſs.]——I expect the coach at the door, child, every moment. [*To lady* Willit.

La. *Willit.* And will you haul this girl out of town from ſo beneficial an offer? how can you ever anſwer it to her or yourſelf? can a day or two longer be of ſuch conſequence?

Spright. Put me out of the caſe, I beg you, my dear aunt. I long for the country; I dream of the country.——Wou'd I were there this inſtant.

La. *Willit.* How can you be ſo malicious?

Spright. The thing muſt ſoon diſcover itſelf; ſo I had as good own it.—My couſin *Harry*, juſt before he went to *Oxford*—'tis now above four months——

La. *Willit.* What of him, child?

Spright. Married me; that's all.—There are reaſons too that would have hindered me from keeping the ſecret long; ſo, my ſweet, kind aunt, you ſee there is a juſt impediment to this moſt honourable match of your propoſal.——You may be ſurprized, you may be angry; I like him, I love him, and ſure no woman alive was ever half ſo happy!——My friend here was witneſs to my happineſs——Say what you will, you ſhall not put me out of humour, for the man is my own, and ſo is my fortune.

La. *Willit.* But after all, niece, your encouragement of lord *Courtlove* is not to be vindicated.

Spright. Your encouragement you mean.——The dear creature is now in the country ready to receive me. Wou'd I cou'd fly to him!——Now, if he is not as impatient as I am, I cou'd never forgive him.——But he is, he muſt be, and I believe him ſo.

Enter Lord Courtlove *and* Barter.

Ld. *Court.* Her perſon, her behaviour, her virtues hath won me.—I ſhall not be embarraſs'd with ſettlements, nor ſhall I be run out with extravagance.——I commit myſelf and fortune, ſir, to your diſpoſal.

Bart.

Bart. As ſhe hath a good underſtanding ſhe muſt have gratitude.—Lord *Courtlove*, miſs *Friendleſs*, offers himſelf to you for a huſband.

La. *Frank.* Dear brother, don't make yourſelf ridiculous. [Barter *talks to* Friendleſs.

La. *Willit.* 'Tis impoſſible he *can* be in earneſt.

Ld. *Court.* Your whole conduct hath charm'd me.

Friendl. So generous an offer! and in my circumſtance!

Bart. Is not to be refus'd.—I know he eſteems you; and your happineſs now depends upon your own behaviour.

Friendl. I have a dread of greatneſs, and never indulged a thought of ambition. Yet, conſidering I am taken from my preſent dependance, though I am thrown into an affluence of fortune, I muſt be leſs unhappy.

La. *Willit.* How unaccountably are women diſpoſed of!—How inſenſible is that creature of her happineſs!—Now, dear ſir *Thomas*, we muſt ſtay to ſee couſin *Jenny* married.

Sir *Tho.* I beg you, child, preſs me no further.—[*To lady* Willit.] The neceſſity will excuſe the trouble I give you,——I muſt leave this and every other thing to you. [*To* Barter.

La. *Frank.* Your ladyſhip hath forgot the ſeventy-five pounds: I ſhou'd not have aſk'd you for it, if I had not a troubleſome play-debt of my own upon my hands.

La. *Willit.* From you too, lady *Frankair!* this is a dun that is inſupportable.—I hope your lordſhip will inſiſt upon his ſtaying.

Sir *Tho.* 'Tis in vain, child.—There—read that letter from *Survey*.—Now aſk me to ſtay in town an hour longer.

Bart. To-night, miſs *Friendleſs*, you are to be my charge; to-morrow I ſhall reſign it to your lordſhip.

Spright. I wiſh your lordſhip joy.—In chooſing her, you have made me and yourſelf happy.

Enter Humphrey.

Humph. The coach is ready, ſir.

Sir Tho.

Sir *Tho.* There; take that box with you.

[*Exit* Humphrey.

Spright. My dear *Jenny*, happineſs attend you.

[*Salutes her.*

Sir *Tho.* I ſhall be impatient till I hear from you—[*To* Barter.] You will excuſe ceremony, my lord.——Come, my dear.

La. *Frank.* Now, dear child, let me beg you not to forget me—you know what I mean. [*Salutes her.*

[*Exit Sir* Thomas, *Lady* Willit, *and* Sprightly.

Bart. How happy might that woman have been if ſhe would have acted in her own ſphere!—Her affectation was not ſatisfied with her own follies, but ſhe muſt pick up thoſe of every one of her acquaintance.——And how happy might that man have been, if he cou'd have been contented with the independance of his own hereditary eſtate!——The man hath recover'd his reaſon; and the woman, when ſhe hath no more faſhionable fools to keep her in countenance, muſt return to herſelf.——Vanity and affectation wou'd be now thrown away; for unleſs people can be conſpicuouſly ſo, they never think it worth while to be ridiculous.

Thoſe, who the gifts of fortune truly rate,
Find and ſecure the independant ſtate.
How much we hazard by ſuperfluous coſt!
In ev'ry debt ſome liberty is loſt.
He then whoſe fortune and expence agree,
Is wiſe and great; for he alone is free.

THE

THE

REHEARSAL

AT

GOATHAM.

——— Ole quid ad te? MARTIAL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the life of *Gines de Paſſamonte*, alias *Peter* (a treatiſe which *Cervantes* mentions with great encomiums) we have this ſecond adventure of his *Puppet-ſhew:* it is there recorded to have happened in the town which lived in perpetual broils with the braying aldermen. In the following piece I have related the ſtory in a dramatic way; I have too taken the liberty to make it conformable to our own cuſtoms, and made *England* the ſcene of the farce: but (knowing the captiouſneſs of guilt) to prevent particular perſons from claiming general ſatire, I have choſe to place the adventure in a fictitious country town, ſuppoſed to be remote from the great ſcenes of life. Whoever will be at the pains to compare it with the *Spaniſh*, will find that (excepting theſe particulars) I have, in every material circumſtance, faithfully follow'd the original.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Braywell.
Cackle.
Sir Nathaniel Ninny.
Drone.
Slugg.
Sir Humphrey Humdrum.
Cudden.
Sir Headſtrong Buſtle.
Drawle.
Noddipole.
Pother.
Oaf.
Goſling.
Broach.
Peter.
Pickle.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Braywell.
Mrs. Cackle.
Lady Ninny.
Miſs Drawle.
Lady Buſtle.
Lady Humdrum.
Mrs. Cudden.
Mrs. Pother.
Miſs Slugg.
Miſs Noddipole.
Mrs. Drone.
Mrs. Broach.
Betty Broach.

SCENE, GOATHAM.

THE

REHEARSAL at GOATHAM.

SCENE, *The great room of an inn, ſet out for an aſſembly.*

Miſs Betty Broach, Jack Oaf, Will Goſling.

GOSLING.

MISS *Betty Broach*, is in all her airs to-day.

Oaf. And rot me, if I don't think her as well-dreſs'd and as well-bred as any of your aldermen's wives! now, *Will Goſling*, would not you rather have her than any of them? pox take me if I would not.

Goſl. Miſs *Betty* hath an eye, that's certain.

Oaf. Ay, Miſs *Betty* hath an eye—and a lip——— [*Kiſſes her rudely.*

Betty. How can you teaze and haul a-body ſo! I believe, Mr. *Oaf*, I value dreſs as little as any woman in *England*; but do but ſee now, Mr. *Goſling*, how frightfully he hath tumbled me, and when the corporation-feaſt is at our houſe to-day, and it falls out too upon an aſſembly-night, one would methinks appear a little like a Chriſtian.

Oaf. Kiſſing and anger apart then, miſs *Betty*, I came hither out of pure ſtark love and kindneſs to you

and

and your family.——Mr. *Broach* at preſent ſeems to be in a good thriving way of buſineſs.

Betty. Bleſs us all, what's the matter?——

Goſſ. Nay, there is no harm done as yet.

Betty. To be ſure my father hath been particularly oblig'd to Mr. *Goſſling*, who will condeſcend to drink at our houſe, when his uncle *Cackle* keeps the *Swan* but down the next ſtreet.

Goſſ. But after all, miſs *Betty*, how could Mr. *Broach* be ſo ill adviſ'd to let maſter *Peter* and his puppetſhew into his houſe.

Oaf. It may ſeem a trifle, madam, but, rot me, if the thing is not of conſequence.——I know it will infallibly turn out to his ruin.——Faith and troth I am ſerious about it.

Betty. I don't underſtand you, Mr. *Oaf.* The ſhew is for the amuſement and entertainment of the town, and in all likelihood it will rather promote cuſtom than leſſen it.

Oaf. You are out, miſs *Betty*, moſt damnably out.

Goſſ. How comes it to paſs that he chooſes our town for his ſhew?

Betty. As he chooſes any other, to get money if he can.

Goſſ. You make ſlight of this matter, miſs *Betty*, I perceive.

Oaf. I muſt tell you then, miſs *Betty*, that I know ſomething of this fellow. The raſcal is brib'd: Not that I think there is much in that, provided it were in a right cauſe; but the dog is brib'd againſt us. Brib'd to turn the whole corporation of *Goatham* into ridicule; this is matter of fact, miſs *Betty*.——Now pray do you conſider what will be the conſequence of your father's harbouring the raſcal?

Goſſ. Nothing alive but puppets would dare to be ſo inſolent; for we ſee all well-bred men now-a-days pay the due homage to riches and power as they ought; and your father, beyond diſpute, will be look'd upon to be the confederate of theſe impudent creatures. Remember what I tell you. I know he is brib'd, I know he is hir'd.

Betty.

Betty. And pray who hath hir'd him? whenever people are ridiculous, you need not purchaſe laughers; beſides, whenever ridiculous people grow captious and peeviſh, it only makes the laugh the ſtronger and more general. For do what we will, if ſome folks will have their follies and abſurdities, there are others who will have their laugh. I aſk you, ſir, who hath hir'd him.

Oaf. So you vindicate him then, madam;—if you knew who had hir'd the fellow, without doubt you would that inſtant give him up. You know miſs *Betty*, the townſmen of *Aſsborough* have, time out of mind, had an old grudge againſt our town—Now, who do you think hath ſet him upon us?

Goſſ. If you ſuffer the ſhew to be play'd, you may brew as good ſtrong beer as you will——

Oaf. And you yourſelf, in all your airs, miſs *Betty*, may ſit in the bar all day long to lure in cuſtomers.—You will not draw one of the corporation into your houſe, that I can tell you.

Goſſ. Miſs *Betty* is fond of a puppetſhew, to be ſure that's the caſe.

Betty. I own I am ſo fond of it, that I would not, becauſe fools are captious, have the town loſe its diverſion.

Oaf. To ſuffer *Peter* to come into the town at all was not uſage that I expected from the corporation. After the theatrical entertainments I have writ, and I may ſay without vanity, writ up to their taſtes.—I think the town ow'd me ſo much, as not to ſuffer any interlopers in a dramatic way.

Betty. But, dear Mr. *Oaf*, conſider this is only a puppetſhew. Sure you won't mention that and your own works at the ſame time.

Oaf. The town, you know, is capricious,—and one would not have it follow a low, dull, vulgar, ſpiteful, bitter, ſatirical thing. I am concern'd for the credit of our town, that's all. I wou'd have it encourage only things of taſte; and in that view, I own, it would be a mighty mortifying thing to ſee this fellow draw an audience.

Goſſ. Without doubt it would vex a man.——If the ſhew takes.——After all, it would draw cuſtom to the

houſe,

houſe; and tho' I like *Betty Broach*, I would not have my uncle entirely loſe all his buſineſs. [*To* Oaf *aſide.*

Oaf. You ſee there's nothing to be done with her.—But yonder comes *Broach* and his wife.—Let me alone, you ſhall ſee how I'll work 'em.

Enter Mr. Broach, *and Mrs.* Broach.

Mr. *Broach.* I would have ſworn, gentlemen, that I had left you drinking a bottle in the dining room with the corporation ——But I might indeed have known you were not among them, they were all ſo wiſe and grave.

Mrs. *Broach.* There are very few jokes that they reliſh.——You, gentlemen, have the wit juſt fitted for 'em,——and whenever you ſpeak among 'em, I have obſerved you never want laughers; now that is being very obliging.

Betty. To be ſure Mr. *Oaf* and Mr. *Goſling* have been always the favourite wits of our top men.

Goſl. Jack Oaf indeed is ſo comically profane upon all occaſions, that he makes them all titter and laugh 'till they are ready to burſt.

Oaf. You muſt know, Mrs. *Broach*, *Will. Goſling* thinks he hath the crack on his ſide for a bawdy jeſt. But, for all that, for your double entendres, you know, Mrs. *Broach*, there are others may have been as ſucceſsful as he perhaps.

Goſl. You know we promis'd to go back to 'em.

Oaf. 'Twas out of friendſhip to you, Mr. *Broach*, that we left 'em. We have been talking to miſs *Betty* upon the ſubject already.

Goſl. This puppet ſhew, Mr. *Broach*, I'm afraid will break you.

Mrs. *Broach.* Break him!——

Oaf. Ay, break him, by *Jupiter!*

Goſl. You are a mad-man if you ſuffer it to be play'd in your houſe.

Oaf. Is it pleaſant, d'ye think, to have the whole corporation upon your back?

Broach. Now, to my thinking, the magiſtrates ſeem'd fond of it.

Oaf.

Oaf. Dear *Broach*, I beg your pardon for that. 'Tis the way of our magiſtrates not to be what they ſeem; and give me leave to ſay, I know 'em better than you. Why, dear *Broach*, you would not have a man of conſequence ſay a thing and do it, or ſay the thing he thinks.——Tho' we are but a country corporation,—you muſt allow us to know a little of the way of the world.——One would have thought, *Broach*, you too might have known a little of the ways and manners of men in office.

Broach. But what is there then in this piece that can make it of ſuch dreadful conſequence.

Oaf. Treaſon, for ought I know.——I don't know what we may not make of it.

Goſl. And if it is ſo, Mr. *Broach*,—'tis not the puppets you will find that will be call'd to account for it.

Oaf. To be ſure you muſt quit the town.—I know it to be a heavy, biting, ſtupid, malignant ſatire upon the whole corporation. I know too the fellow was ſet on by the town of *Aſsborough*. If, after this, you ſuffer it, Mr. *Broach*, tho' hitherto I have thought well of you, I know what I ſhall think of the matter.

Broach. I know there are idle reports about maſter *Peter* and his ſhew.—But have you ſeen it, Mr. *Oaf?* have you read it, Mr. *Goſling?*

Oaf. I cannot ſay that.

Goſl. But we know enough of the thing in general.

Oaf. There are things quoted.

Goſl. Paſſages, very obnoxious paſſages.

Broach. Why then, gentlemen, I muſt acquaint you that I have heard it repeated; and I could find out none of thoſe dreadful obnoxious paſſages. I heard nothing that poſſibly could give offence.

Oaf. As they are not levell'd at you, you might very eaſily overlook them. Believe me, Mr. *Broach*, the fellow hath impos'd upon you.

Broach. You muſt excuſe me, gentlemen, if I take upon me to believe my own ears in this affair.

Goſl. This will never do, *Jack*.

Oaf. But it ſhall do, before I have done with it. I ſay it ſhall not be play'd, and of that I'll bet you fifty pounds, *and I ſay done* firſt.

Goſl.

Goſl. But you forget that we are engaged in t'other room.

Oaf. If the magiſtrates ſtill ſtick out, we can ſet their wives upon 'em at laſt, and then they muſt do it. —*Broach*, your ſervant.—When you have conſider'd better of this affair———

Goſl. You will have reaſon to thank us. [*Exeunt* Oaf *and* Goſling.

Mrs. *Broach.* But after all, huſband, you know our aldermen are a captious ſort of gentry; if they but ſurmiſe any thing againſt a man, they never fail of doing him all the real miſchief in their power. I think, in prudence, you ſhould not venture to diſoblige them.

Betty. The whole of the matter is, *Will. Goſling* is afraid the public ſhews at our houſe may make his uncle's leſs frequented. The ſplutter *Jack Oaf* makes, is the envy and rancour of an author; that's all. I hope my father knows 'em; if he does, I am ſure he does not heed 'em.

Broach. I know that they are the ſpies and buffoons of our aldermen, and that there lies their whole merit and intereſt; that they have a noiſy kind of impertinence too, which fools giggle and laugh at for wit. In ſhort, they are the ſulſome flatterers of knaves, and (themſelves included) the admiration of fools. 'Tis true, they have a general acquaintance, for every body, but men of ſenſe and honeſty, like 'em. Know 'em, girl! yes, girl, I know 'em, and would truſt 'em with my money ſooner than my converſation.

Mrs. *Broach.* My huſband, I find, does know 'em.—

Betty. To a hair.

Mrs. *Broach.* Poor maſter *Peter* little thinks how many formidable enemies he hath already, who neither know him, nor are known by him. But yonder he comes; he and you may have ſomething to ſay to one another, ſo we'll leave you. [*Exeunt Mrs.* Broach *and* Betty.

Enter Peter.

Peter. Landlord, your ſervant. After the fatigue of the day, one requires a little refreſhment; if you will do me the honour to take a glaſs with me, order a bottle of

of what you yourſelf like (for I know I ſhall like your taſte) into my room.

Broach. A bottle of neat——into the *Dragon*, preſently. I hope, maſter *Peter*, the room I have let you is for your purpoſe.

Peter. Never was any thing more convenient, and every thing is ready againſt the evening. Your town, landlord, ſeems to be a pretty polite kind of a place.

Broach. I am no townſman born, ſir; a few years ago only, I purchas'd my freedom; for 'tis reckon'd a very thriving place for public-houſes. As for what is reckon'd genteel, maſter *Peter*, you would think yourſelf in a great city. We have our balls, our aſſemblies, and now and then our plays too; we drink, we game, we whore, we run in debt; and in all ſorts of extravagancies are perfectly in the mode. But, indeed, ſir, I muſt own that we do abound in knaves and fools; our leading men have not ſenſe enough to be honeſt; and all I fear, is, that they will want parts to reliſh your performance.

Peter. But ſute, ſir, your town, by this time, muſt have learnt to be polite enough to encourage what it does not underſtand.

Broach. As for that matter, ſir, I ſhould not queſtion your ſucceſs, provided there were no ſuch things as informers, lies, and prejudice. You have enemies, ſir; particular enemies I cannot call 'em neither, but people who wiſh ill to every creature but themſelves. We have ſuch too about our topping men, who are the only people apt to believe 'em, becauſe they are flatter'd by 'em. I dare not explain myſelf further. As I am at preſent a townſman, you know, 'tis but prudence in me to keep my tongue within my teeth; I am afraid my good wiſhes for you, ſir, hath made me to ſay too much already.

Peter. After the odd unaccountable things that have happened to me, I can wonder at nothing. My puppet-ſhew, to be ſure, hath one great ſign of merit, in its time it hath ſuffer'd violent perſecution. My little actors have ſtill the wounds and ſcars upon 'em that they received by the ſword of Don *Quixote*. In my own country I was almoſt demoliſhed by a mad-man; but I

cannot be in ſuch danger now, for fools are an innocent kind of people, and not ſo miſchievous.

Broach. By your way of thinking, maſter *Peter*, 'tis a ſign you have not liv'd long in our town. Miſchief is the only ſpirit fools have; they look upon it too as the beſt and chief privilege of power, which they every now and then take care to let their neighbours know, that I can tell you.

Peter. But may not I know my enemies? who are they, Mr. *Broach?*

Broach. Thoſe who are afraid you have merit; and if ever you make it appear, you at once make all fools your enemies. It hath ever been ſo in all times, and in all countries. But 'tis high time to leave the aſſembly-room; ſome ladies, I ſee, are coming, and the bottle, maſter *Peter*, ſtays for us. Over that, converſation always grows more free and eaſy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. Cackle, *Lady* Ninny, *Lady* Humdrum, *Lady* Buſtle, *Mrs.* Braywell, *Mrs.* Pother, *Mrs.* Cudden, *Mrs.* Drone, *Miſs* Slugg, *Miſs* Drawle, *Miſs* Noddipole. *They enter two or three in a party, as in converſation.*

La. *Ninny.* Nay, dear Mrs. *Cackle*——

Mrs. *Cackle.* Pardon me, lady *Ninny*, I know my duty.

La. *Humd.* Becauſe that creature's ſpouſe was made a knight before mine, ſhe always takes occaſion to go juſt before me in all public places; not that I value precedence a ruſh, but one hates to ſee any body ſo perk'd up, and ſo fond of it; that's all.

Mrs. *Cudden.* As for that matter, Lady *Humdrum*, to be ſure there is nobody carries a title, and does it more juſtice than your ladyſhip. You have the preſence of a lady. That, madam, every body that ſees your ladyſhip muſt allow you.

La. *Humd.* You were always, Mrs. *Cudden*, extremely civil. If people of diſtinction knew how to behave themſelves to one another as well, we ſhould have leſs ill blood among us, and there would not be ſo much ſcandal ſtirring.

Mrs. Bray.

Mrs. *Bray*. To be ſure, madam, ſcandal is grown ſo rife, that if one ever does an imprudent, indiſcreet thing, our neighbours buz it about, before one can have an opportunity to find a friend to communicate it to ones-ſelf. O, dear Lady *Buſtle*, I beg ten thouſand pardons. Let me die, if I ſaw your ladyſhip.

La. *Buſtle*. But, dear Mrs *Braywell*, now—there is no occaſion for all this flutter. Really it is diſagreeable to have a title, it is ſo troubleſome to one's friends. Miſs *Harriet Noddipole!* Come hither, child. Don't you think, Mrs. *Drone*, the girl is very genteel to-night?

Mrs. *Drone*. As for that matter, madam, I know miſs *Harriet* hath not a ſcrap about her, but what is directly from *London*, and (as we all know) ſhe oftner ſets us the faſhion than any girl in town.

La. *Humd*. I thought, child, you had dreſt your own heads.

Mrs. *Cackle*. I vow 'tis mighty pretty.

La. *Ninny*. Charming!

Mrs. *Bray*. Delightful!

Mrs. *Cudden*. Sure never was any thing half ſo agreeable. Is not this your own handy-work, miſs *Harriet?*

Harriet. Excuſe me, madam, I leave thimbles to milliners. I hate what your good houſwives call work. For thoſe creatures indeed, who do not know how to amuſe themſelves any other way, 'tis well enough. I can't endure to be able, what they call to do any thing. Now there's miſs *Sukey Slugg*, yonder ſhe comes with Mrs. *Pother* and miſs *Charlotte Drawle*.—Why, now that girl is very aukward: every body may ſee ſhe dreſſes her own heads Miſs *Sukey*, your ſervant.

Mrs. *Pother*. One may know by miſs *Harriet* that the men are not come yet.

Charlotte. Nay, for that matter, Mrs. *Pother*, I muſt own myſelf like her; for whenever there are men in the room, I hate to converſe with women.

Mrs. *Pother*. To be ſure, miſs *Charlotte*, that is very natural at your time of life.

Sukey. But I wonder how any girls can have that aſſurance to own it. Beſides, forward girls do not always make forward men.

Mrs. *Bray.* Beyond all diſpute, madam, there was never ſo hard a caſe as lady *Buſtle*'s, laſt night. I am afraid it will be too much trouble to your ladyſhip to tell you her game, ſhe hath told it ſo often, madam.

La. *Buſtle.* None of theſe apologies, I beg you. You muſt know then, madam, I play'd without. I play'd in black—in ſpades; ave, 'twas in ſpades. I had five matadores and two kings. Now you know, madam, if I had been eldeſt hand, the matter would have been out of diſpute. Y u was by, Mrs. *Cackle*; pray, madam, do you remember who led? 'Twas——let me ſee——ſir *Nathaniel Ninny.* No! it could not be him, for he ſat directly over againſt me. Now I remember it, 'twas Mr. *Braywell.*—Mr. *Braywell*—yes, 'twas ſo, led a diamond; I took it with my king, which, to my ſorrow, was trump'd. My other king was called out of my hand very unluckily the very next card; that ſir *Nathaniel* took from me with his only trump, for you muſt know all the reſt now lay in a hand. In ſhort, madam, they drew all the looſe cards out of my hand 'till I had only the five matadores. One ſees, madam, the thing is juſt poſſible to happen, and that's all.

Harriet. Hath your ladyſhip made your party to-night?

La. *Buſtle.* We ſtill want one, child. But if *Jack Oaf* is not already engaged, we may depend upon him. He and *Will. Goſling* are always ſure men. But now I think on't, I won't play to-night.

La. *Humd.* Now I choſe not to engage myſelf, for nothing upon earth ſhould keep me from the puppet-ſhew.

Mrs. *Cackle.* Dear madam who ever thought of ſtaying from it. The whole town will be there to-night for certain.

La. *Ninny.* There is no body more fond of encouraging public diverſions than I am, I would not miſs it for the world. Now, would you believe it, madam, when I was in *London*—No—I am downright aſham'd to tell you how much it coſt me in opera's—And I have no ear for muſic neither, nor do I underſtand one word of *Italian.* I know it ſounds odd to ſay it; but for all that, madam, without any affectation, I do think an opera charming.

To

To them, Jack Oaf, Will. Goſling, *with ſeveral men, who mingle in converſation with the ladies, whiſpering, playing at cards*, &c.

Mrs. *Cudden*. Nay, for that matter, madam, I would not have you think I ſaid any thing againſt miſs *Charlotte Drawle*'s underſtanding. To be ſure, that is what all the world muſt allow her, for there is no woman alive knows *quadrille* more thoroughly; and ſhe almoſt always wins at it too.

Mrs. *Pother*. Why, you don't think the girl cheats.

Mrs. *Cudden*. I don't ſay that.

Sukey. But, to be ſure, madam, every lady that plays (for ſelf-defence) ought to know how.

Oaf. And is your ladyſhip really in earneſt? [*To lady* Humdrum, *after whiſpering her*.

Goſl. 'Tis downright madneſs.

La. *Humd*. I tell you, Mr. *Oaf*, I will not be of any party at cards to-night. For nothing ſhall keep me from the ſhew.

Oaf. Perhaps your ladyſhip may like to ſee your friends and relations turn'd into ridicule.

Goſl. Nay, for ought I know, ladies, you may hear ſomething of yourſelves too. Now, madam, you know, let the thing be how it will, all women have done ſomething or other that they don't care the whole town ſhould know.

Mrs. *Drone*. To be ſure 'tis diſagreeable to be put into a fluſter.

Harriet. But, dear *Jack Oaf*, now—what ſignifies a joke or two upon the aldermen, ſuppoſing the puppets are ſo impertinent? Don't we, who are their wives and daughters, love now and then to laugh at them among ourſelves.

La. *Ninny*. I beg you, miſs *Neddipole*—don't be indiſcreet, and quote any thing I may accidentally have ſaid.

Mrs. *Pother*. Nay, miſs *Harriet Neddipole* had better hold her tongue upon this ſubject, for to be ſure no body hath talk'd freer of her father and uncles than ſhe hath done.

La. *Buſtle.* But, dear Mr. *Oaf*, I am ſure Sir *Headſtrong Buſtle*, for that matter, is not afraid of any thing a puppet can ſay of him. It would be downright ridiculous in us to keep from the ſhew. Don't your ladyſhip think ſo?

Mrs. *Bray.* I am ſure I have heard enough already of what mankind ſays of my ſpouſe, to be concern'd at any thing the moſt audacious puppet can ſay.

Mrs. *Cackle.* *Jack Oaf* and *Will. Goſling*, to divert themſelves, had a mind to put us all in a fuſs; but it won't do.

Oaf. If alderman *Braywell* and ſir *Headſtrong Buſtle* had not been call'd away from dinner, I am poſitive, *Will*, we ſhould have carried our point among the corporation.

Goſl. Pox take 'em——the women, you ſee, *Jack*, will not bite.

Oaf. Let us look out for ſir *Headſtrong* and alderman *Braywell*. They are ſo fair a hit, upon ſo many accounts, that you know they are captious upon all occaſions. We muſt trump up ſome new ſtory——

Goſl. And I'll vouch it. To be ſure, *Jack*, you have a moſt prevailing turn that way. Let us about it this moment.

Oaf. There will be no cards to-night, I ſee.——So we'll juſt make a ſhort viſit, and be with you again, ladies, before the ſhew. [*Exeunt* Oaf *and* Goſling.

To them enter Alderman Cackle, *Sir* Nathaniel Ninny, *Sir* Humphry Humdrum, *Mr.* Cudden, *Mr.* Drone, *Mr.* Slugg, *Mr.* Drawle, *Mr.* Pother, *Mr.* Noddipole.

Cudden. Now is not this a fine ſight, alderman *Cackle?*

Cackle. What, to ſee our wives ſquandering and gaming, and running us in debt! neighbour *Cudden!*

Drone. 'Tis a ſight that I have been ſo long us'd to, that, for my part, I cannot ſee where the fineneſs of it lies.

Pother. Sir *Nathaniel* here is a ſort of gameſter himſelf, and goes halves with his wife in ruining his family.

Drone. You have been among the ladies, Mr. *Slugg*. Do they know any thing of Jack Oaf and *Will. Goſling?*

Slugg.

Slugg. They are gone (horridly out of humour) to make a ſhort viſit——They ſaid they would be back time enough for the ſhew.

Noddi. The ladies are all a-gog for it.

Sir *H. Hum.* *Jack Oaf* is in the wrong. Indeed he is. I thought *Will. Goſling* too had a better underſtanding. A puppet-ſhew is an innocent thing——Mr. *Drone*, if I remember, you declared your opinion very frankly upon this point in t'other room.

Drone. To be ſure, ſir *Humphry*, I am for it in the main. But for all that, after what *Jack Oaf* and *Will. Goſling* have ſaid, we muſt conclude that this maſter *Peter* is a very ſuſpicious perſon.

Noddi. After we have ſeen the ſhew, Mr. *Drone*, 'tis time enough to declare our opinion.

Sir *N. Ninny.* That, indeed, Mr. *Noddipole*, may be time enough for us who are no critics; but there is *Oaf* and *Goſling* now are ſo well acquainted with the manner and ſtyle of our writers, that they no ſooner hear an author's name, but they decide upon the performance.

Noddi. To be ſure. For they can ſcarce be call'd critics, who muſt hear or read a thing before they will venture to declare their opinion. Any body can do that.

Sir *H. Hum.* Would ſir *Headſtrong* and Mr. *Braywell* had finiſh'd their affairs! The moment they come back, we'll adjourn to the ſhew.

Sir *N. Ninny.* In the mean time, ſir *Humphry*, ſuppoſe we join in the dance. The fiddles have ſtruck up, and the company, you ſee, are preparing to begin.

Enter Sir Headſtrong Buſtle *and Mr.* Braywell.

Sir *H. Hum.* I am ſorry, ſir *Headſtrong*, you were not here a little ſooner.

Sir *N. Ninny.* Nay, for that matter, we could have provided you too, Mr. alderman *Braywell*, with a partner.

Enter Pickle, *giving about bills. Trumpet and drum without.*

Pickle. Juſt going to begin, ladies. We are this mo-

ment going to begin, gentlemen. Figures almoſt as large as the life! They move, walk, and ſpeak as naturally and as well as any of us, gentlemen. Walk in, ladies; walk in, gentlemen, and take your places.

La. *Hamd.* And what is your ſhew, I pray you, ſir? What is the name of it?

Pickle. It hath been the wonder and delight of all *Europe*, ladies! 'Tis the celebrated dramatic entertainment, called *Meliſendra*—Make room there—Make room for the ladies—Pray don't ſtop up the way—— Take Money there—I beg you, gentlemen, make way for the ladies. [*Exeunt aldermen, &c.*

Enter Jack Oaf, Will. Gofling.

Oaf. What's all the company gone? [*To* Pickle.

Pickle. Into the ſhew-room, and we are juſt going to play away; juſt going to begin, gentlemen.

[*Exit* Pickle.

Goſl. To be ſure then ſir *Headſtrong* and Mr. *Braywell* muſt be there. Mr. *Broach*, you know, told us they came into this room.

Oaf. We have nothing for it but to ſend a letter. I can diſguiſe my hand. Pen, ink, and paper here.

[*Brought in.*

Goſl. Let a porter too be ready to carry a note immediately. [Oaf *writing, and repeating as he writes.*

Oaf. At any rate, ſir, put a ſtop to the playing the puppet-ſhew. Alderman *Braywell* is perſonally and moſt maliciouſly abus'd; ſir *Headſtrong Buſtle* is moſt inhumanly ridicul'd; nay, the whole corporation are no better treated. You will be made the common jeſt of *Goatham*, and if you do not put a ſtop to it, the town of *Aſsborough* (for it was they ſet it on foot) will have their ends. This, as a friend, I thought fit to let you know.

Goſl. This will do, *Jack*, I'm ſure this muſt work.

Enter Porter.

Oaf. Deliver this to alderman *Braywell*—immediately—you will find him at the ſhew. But don't ſay from whence you came, and there's huſh-money for you——you dog, go. But, to prevent ſuſpicion, let

us

us go there before him. D'ye hear, don't be long after us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The puppet-ſhew-room.*

The whole corporation and their wives, &c. *To them enter* Jack Oaf, *and* Will. Goſling, *who place themſelves among the audience.*

Sir *N. Ninny.* Come, the prologue—the prologue.

[*Porter delivers the letter, and goes out.*

Pickle. Courteous ſpectators, ſee with your own eyes,
Hear with your ears; and there's an end of lies.

Bray. Hold! ſtop, not a word more, I charge you. Caſt your eye upon that letter, ſir *Headſtrong.*

[*They all riſe, ſome read and ſhake their heads; all in commation.*]

Sir *Headſt.* Never was any thing ſo audacious——A word more, ſirrah, ſhall lay you by the heels. Hand it about among the corporation, ſir *Humphry.*

Audience. The prologue, the prologue.

Sir *Headſt.* I charge you, fellow———not a word more.

Oaf. What's the matter, ſir *Nathaniel.*

Sir *N. Ninny.* Look you there———

Oaf. I was not to be believ'd.

Sir *Headſt.* To what end hath a man riches and power, if he cannot cruſh the wretches who have the inſolence to expoſe the ways by which he got them! This is not to be borne!

To them maſter Peter.

Peter. I beg you, gentlemen, let me know my offence.

Braywell. We know it, and that is ſufficient for us to proceed upon. We are not brought ſo low to ſuffer every paultry fellow to vindicate himſelf that we think fit to accuſe.

Sir *Headſt.* Such liberties are not to be taken. Call us to an account for our actions! Expoſe us to the public! Bray.

Bray. I have been ſo long of the corporation indeed to fine purpoſe, if at this time of day I am not above public cenſure.

Sir *Headſt.* I won't be talk'd of at all. Who ſhall dare to talk of their betters?

Cudden. You and your puppets ſhall be taught better manners, you impertinent fellow, you.

Peter. See it, hear it, gentlemen; you will then find I have been injur'd, and that you have been impoſed upon.

Bray. Impoſed upon! how impudently the fellow talks before us!

Sir *N. Ninny.* This is calling us downright fools to our faces! Were you ever impoſed upon, ſir *Humphry.*

Peter. But I hope, ſirs, you will not diſappoint the audience: conſider, gentlemen, it will be a great loſs to me.

Cackle. And ſo much the better.

Sir *Headſt.* Such audacious wretches ſhould ſtarve, who, becauſe they are poor, are ſo inſolently honeſt in every thing they ſay, that a rich man cannot enjoy his property in quiet for 'em.

Bray. You ſhall not only diſmiſs the audience, fellow, but return the money.

Pother. We muſt keep theſe wretches down. 'Tis right to keep mankind in dependance.

Sir *Headſt.* 'Tis the raſcals who live by their induſtry, who are ſo impertinent to us. We ſhould ſuffer no body in town to get money but by our licence, and then we ſhould never be treated with diſreſpect. So I tell you once again, it ſhall not be play'd.

La. *Humd.* Sir *Headſtrong* is horridly provoking now, to hinder us of our diverſion, don't you think ſo, lady *Ninny?*

La. *Ninny.* Nay, I can't ſay but I ſhould have liked to have heard it—Yet, after all, who knows what an impertinent fellow might have ſaid of any of us? Not that I am afraid of any thing the fellow can ſay of me.

Harriet. But out of curioſity one would hear a little ſample of it.

La. *Buſtle.* After all, ſir *Headſtrong*, I cannot think the fellow's requeſt ſo very unreaſonable, to be heard firſt, and judg'd afterwards.

Drawle.

Drawle. There is, without doubt, a little too much compliance in granting it. Yet there have been men in authority who have allowed it. My memory, alack-a-day, is weak, and I cannot remember precedents.

Sir *Headſt.* I have ſaid it, Mr. *Drawle*, and I never retract: the thing ſhall not be play'd.

Sir *N. Ninny.* To be ſure, ſir *Headſtrong*, it can never be expected that one of your good ſenſe and reſolution ſhould ever retract, or be convinced you have been in the wrong—We only aſk, that the fellow may be allow'd to give ſome ſhort account of his ſhew, or a rehearſal of ſome of the parts of it; there can be no harm in that ſure.

Cackle. Why, we know very well what is in it, ſir *Nathaniel.*

Sir *Headſt.* And when a man is determin'd what to do, what ſignifies hearing what a man has to ſay for himſelf?

La. *Buſtle.* Do, dear ſir *Headſtrong*; let us hear ſomething of it.

Sir *Headſt.* It looks ſo like condeſcenſion——

La. *Buſtle.* Not at all, ſir *Headſtrong*; for, right or wrong, you may ſtill abide by your point.

Sir *Headſt.* The ladies have a curioſity to hear ſome of your impertinence—You can ſoon ſatisfy them.

Peter. All I aſk, is to ſhow and prove myſelf inoffenſive. What I propoſed to repreſent, ladies, was the celebrated dramatic entertainment, called *Meliſendra*; ſo often play'd in moſt of the capital cities of *Europe.*

Sir *N. Ninny.* Who is *Meliſendra?* Who can he mean by *Meliſendra?*

Peter. 'Tis an ancient hiſtory, Sir.

Sir *H. Humd.* That may be—but for all that if my name began with an *M*, as indeed it doth end with it, I ſhould have a ſhrewd ſuſpicion it might mean ſomebody elſe.

Sir *N. Ninny.* Nay, he is very near me; for an *N* is the very next letter that follows it. My name is *Ninny*, you know.

La. *Ninny.* Dear ſir *Nathaniel*, don't interrupt the fellow.

Peter.

Peter. There ſtands my interpreter.—Begin, repeat, *Pickle.* We are not permitted to draw the curtain; ſuppoſe it drawn, and now ſay away.

Pickle. Meliſendra, ladies, wife to don *Gayferos*, is impriſon'd by the *Moors* in *Spain*; in the town of *Sanſuenna*, now call'd *Saragoſa.*

Cudden. Why in *Spain?* Why muſt it be in *Spain?* Did not you, Mr. *Drone*, ſell ſerges formerly to ſome merchant or other who traded to *Spain?* I beg you to recollect yourſelf—He'll be about ſome of us preſently; that I can ſee.

Pickle. Pray, gentlemen, have a little patience; it will be impoſſible elſe to go on. The firſt figure, gallants, we preſent you is don *Gayferos*, who is ſo unmindful of the beautiful captive *Meliſendra*, that you ſee him playing at tables. *Charlemagne*, the ſuppoſed father of *Meliſendra*, peeps out, chides, and beats him for his neglect of her. The emperor, you ſee, is in a huff———Now, mind, ladies and gentlemen, how he rates his ſuppoſed ſon-in-law don *Gayferos.* Pray, ſilence, gentlemen.

At tables, don! was ever ſuch a ſot!
His money ſquander'd, and his wife forgot!
Haſte, riſe, reclaim thy poor diſtreſſed beauty:
This cudgel elſe ſhall ding thee into duty.

Sir *N. Ninny.* Here's a raſcal now. Hold, you dog. He might as well have call'd me by my name. If I did get drunk, and loſe my money at play, and I have not what you call reclaim'd my wife; he means, redeem'd ſome of her trinkets at the pawnbrokers.—'Tis plain who you mean by your don *Gayferos.* Are family ſecrets to be divulged, raſcal?

La. *Ninny.* How can you be ſo ridiculous, ſir *Nathaniel?* I beg you don't talk of me.

Sir *N. Ninny.* I was afraid he was going to ſay ſomething about——

La. *Ninny.* Hold your tongue, I tell you.

Sir *N. Ninny.* Did you ever tell any body of this ſecret before, my dear?

La. *Ninny.* No, 'tis yourſelf have told every body of it now; you——

Sir

Sir *N. Ninny.* What?

La. *Ninny.* I was going to ſay, fool. But you know, my dear, I have a great command of myſelf before company. But, dear ſir *Nathaniel*, now don't interrupt him—Let the fellow go on.

Pickle. Don *Gayferos* now flings down the tables, and calls for his armour; his man *(Punch)* brings it to him. Now liſten, gallants. 'Tis don *Gayferos* that ſpeaks.

Thus clad in ſteel I go to riſk my life.
To which his ſervant ſays,
To bring home peace, ſir?
No, replies don *Gayferos*,
To bring home my wife.

Sir *H. Humd.* Never was ſuch audacious impertinence! My wife and I have our private wars and battles as other married folks have; but what's that to any body elſe? My lady and I brought in, in a puppet-ſhew! this is intolerable. To be ſure we ſhall hear ſomething of you and Mrs. *Pother* by and by—for I don't believe you have got the better of her yet.

Oaf. This indeed was too plain, Sir *Humphry*, downright ſcandalous! the fellow ſhould not be ſuffer'd.

[*Lady* Humdrum *and Sir* Humphry *ſeem in a violent diſpute.*

Pickle. The next figure, ladies, is his couſin *Roldan*, who offers to aſſiſt him, and in theſe words encourages him to the undertaking:

Do, couſin, what all worthy knights ſhould do:
Pride, av'rice, rapine, every vice ſubdue.

Sir *H. Buſtle.* Let us have no more of this ſpeech. You are very inſolent, fellow.

Goſling. Pride, avarice, rapine, vice! Are theſe words fit to be mention'd before the magiſtrates of our town? Every child can tell who he means.

Sir *H. Buſtle.* He hath ſaid his worſt of me. I am above calumny——ſo go on with your impudence.

Pickle. His couſin *Roldan* now lends don *Gayferos* his ſword *Durindana.*

Sir

Sir *N. Ninny.* His couſin *Roldan! Roldan* then ('tis a clear point) muſt mean you, Mr. *Cudden*, for you are my couſin you know; and to be ſure there is ſome very malignant reflection in this unintelligible paſſage that he is afraid to explain, and we ſhall never find out.

Drawle. 'Tis manifeſt, ſir *Nathaniel*, that it is a moſt bitter *inuendo*—but indeed I cannot ſay at what or at whom it is levell'd.

Peter. Pray gentlemen, have patience.—Hear it out, and you will find you miſtake the thing entirely.

Pickle. Now the ſcene changes to the tower of *Saragoſa*. *Meliſendra* appears at the window in a *Mooriſh* habit, expecting her ſpouſe from *Paris*.

Sir *Headſt. Paris.* That now is at me.

Bray. No. 'Tis at me.

Sir *Head.* I won't have *Paris* mention'd.

Bray. All the world muſt apply it to me. Do but conſider, ſir *Headſtrong*, I had a relation once there who was bubbled, and bubbled me too to that moſt conſpicuous degree, that we were both look'd upon as fools—

Oaf. Excuſe me, Mr. alderman *Braywell*, notwithſtanding what you ſay of your kinſman, the thing is manifeſtly levell'd at ſir *Headſtrong*. And there was not ſo much folly in the affair neither; for all the town agrees that neither Mr. *Pother* nor ſir *Headſtrong* are a doit the poorer for all that bubbling affair.

Pother. And why ſhould we, I pray? for, you know, when one is to do the corporation ſervice, one may very freely make uſe of the corporation's money.

Oaf. Take my advice; forbid the play at once, and hear no more of it.

Peter. Let him go on, I beg you——indeed, gentlemen, you will find me inoffenſive.

Pickle. A *Moor* ſteals ſoftly behind *Meliſendra*, and kiſſes her. Then in an open gallery appears the grave *Mooriſh* monarch *Marſilius*, king of *Sanſuenna*. Upon ſeeing his kinſman and favourite ſo ſaucy, he ſentences him arbitrarily and immediately to be whipt through the public ſtreets, without form or proceſs, or the ſhadow of legal proceeding.

Sir *Headſt.* Legal proceeding! I knew he would have t'other ſlap at me. I don't ſee why I ſhould be twitted

in

in the teeth upon this ſcore, for I am ſure I am for legal proceeding upon all occaſions, but when the corporation's or my own affairs require that it ſhould be diſpens'd withal. You were out, you ſee, Mr. *Oaf*, the *Moor Marſilius* is meant at me. Beyond all diſpute, I am the *Moor*.

Oaf. No doubt on't, tho' you are only a private man, you are ſo conſiderable a member of the corporation, that the raſcal would make you as black as ever he could. As you ſay, ſir, the *Moor Marſilius* muſt be you.

Goſl. And to be ſure every body knows who he means by his kinſman and favourite, who is ſo ſaucy.

Oaf. Mr. *Potber* is not ſo blind but he can ſee where it is meant.

Goſl. Nay, for that matter, *Jack Oaf*, by the deſcription, we cannot ſay which of his kinſmen or favourites he means.——You cannot poſitively ſay that he does mean Mr. *Potber*.

Peter. The guilty perſon can frequently make applications that no body can make but himſelf. Upon my word, gentlemen, I am perfectly aſtoniſh'd at your obſervations. I hate private ſlander. As for general ſatire; the ſatiriſt is not to be accuſed of calumny; he that takes it to himſelf is the proclaimer and publiſher of his own folly and guilt. I proteſt, gentlemen, you have told me ſeveral things that I did not know before. ——Proceed, *Pickle*, proceed.

Pickle. By this time you muſt know, don *Gayferos* is arrived at *Saragoſa*; and there meeting accidentally with ſome of his own countrymen and neighbours——

Drawle. Hold, hold, ſir. My ears very much deceive me, or he mention'd neighbours.

Drone. You were not miſtaken, Mr. *Drawle*, I heard it but too plain.

Cackle. Ay. There he is at us all. For you know all of us are neighbours to ſome body or other.

Drawle You are out, Mr. alderman *Cackle*. For he muſt mean, and can only mean, my worthy neighbour ſir *Nathaniel Ninny* and myſelf; for we really are neighbours, call one another neighbours, and live next door to one another.

Cackle.

Cackle. No ſuch matter, Mr. *Drawle.* The caſe is plain, he's at all of us.

Sir *H. Humd.* We'll have no more of this impertinence.

Sir *Headſt.* We'll hear no more on't; neighbours—nothing can be more unguarded!

Bray. Return the money, raſcal, and diſmiſs the audience.

La. *Buſtle.* You are too haſty, huſband. Becauſe you yourſelf know what you are, you think every body elſe knows it too. — Now that does not always follow.

Audience. The ſhew, the ſhew.—Play away.

Sir *Headſt.* Mr. *Noddipole,* I charge you, keep the peace.

Broach. Till now I never believ'd half that was ſaid againſt them.

Mrs. *Broach.* Indeed, huſband, I thought 'em only fools.

Audience. The aldermen—ſmoak the aldermen—huzza! [*Hooting at 'em as they go out.*

Peter. Becauſe knaves and fools are a captious ſet of people, I am to be deny'd the common privileges of induſtry.

Pickle. 'Tis very hard, 'tis very unlucky. But you have had the ſatisfaction, ſir, to ſee the fools expoſe themſelves.

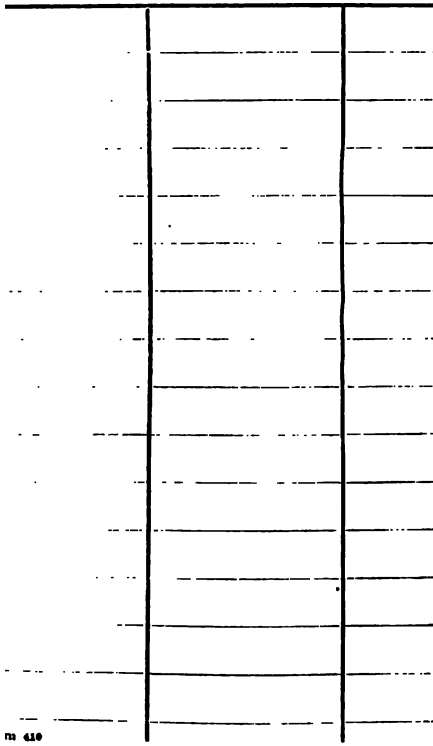
Peter. There is nothing to be done here; they have the power, and we muſt ſubmit—So to-morrow we'll leave the town. This adventure of ours hath indeed anſwer'd the main end of a good play. For

'The drift of plays, by *Ariſtotle*'s rules,
Is, what you've ſeen—expoſing knaves and fools.

F I N I S.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRA
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances t
taken from the Building



m 410